The New America
AND
The Far East

By G. Waldo Browne
AND
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With a General Introduction *by* EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

And the following Special Articles

Hawaii
By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Philippines
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China
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Alaska
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CUBA.

BY

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA.

WHAT is needed in Cuba at present is a firm but liberal and just government of the people, for the people, and by the people, under American military supervision, for the time being; this supervision to extend only to such time as the civil government shall have become fully established and running smoothly. What is to be avoided, above all things, is militarism, military pedantry, unelastic methods, and any continuance of the old Spanish system of multitudinous office-holders, filling unnecessary offices and rendering practically no return for the salaries paid them.

It must also be fully realised by those in charge that the Army of the United States is not in Cuba for the purpose of suppressing civil law and civil rights; but, on the contrary, for the purpose of restoring and establishing civil law; that it stands inactive so long as the civil officers are able to execute the laws, and interferes only when they are unable to do so. The great problem as to the Cuban people, who have lived so long under conditions in which the military authorities have been at liberty to suspend civil law whenever they thought fit to do so, is to teach them that, in a really stable government, the civil power must be absolute and supreme, and that the military force acts only in cases of dire necessity, when all other means are unable to deal with the situation. For this reason, in Cuba, it is most desirable to insist that all civil officers in all departments of the government, from the policeman up to the highest official of the law, shall be treated with respect, and every possible dignity and safeguard given to their offices.

The condition of the people in Cuba to-day is one of extreme poverty, and in many provinces great suffering for want of food. The people, contrary to the statements of those who are fond of charging the Cubans with being lazy and unwilling to work, are not only willing but anxious to work. The problem has never been one of finding workers, but of giving work to those who wished it. The present condition of the country is such that there is an enormous amount of work which it is absolutely necessary should be done in the near future, such as the reopening of roads, building of bridges and telegraph lines, rebuilding of little towns and villages that have been destroyed; in short, the restoration of the country, great sections of which have been absolutely destroyed by war. I believe that, throughout Cuba, the policy which has been adopted in Santiago Province of spending the revenues in public improvements, and issuing rations only in return for work, will meet with the success which

it has met with here. We have been able to open up many of the main roads, put the towns in order, and, in fact, scatter the people over the country in honest labour on public works, in return for which they have received either a daily wage of seventy-five cents or fifty cents and a ration. In some cases they have received three or four rations per day for ten hours' work, with no money, and by this method many labourers have been able to feed their families. Whenever we have heard of great destitution in any section of the province, officers have been sent there immediately with money and authority to start needed public works, such as those mentioned above. The result has been that, all through the province, the people have gradually gone to work in one way or another. Of course, they are desperately poor, yet all my officers and couriers, both American and Cuban, report no starvation, and, generally speaking, a quiet, contented condition of the people.

It has been impossible to follow any hard and fast policy, but we have had to meet the different conditions in different parts of the province as best we could, giving more here and less there, but giving only just enough to make it possible for the people to reëstablish themselves upon the most economical basis.

After all, it has been a good deal like housekeeping on a gigantic scale, and, as some of our best and ablest men have sprung from the very poorest families, and their development under conditions of the greatest hardships and adversity has tended to foster the very qualities which have made them successful in after life, so will the desperate struggles which these little municipalities are now having tend to make them all the better in the future. They are learning the necessity of the closest attention to every little detail. In many of them men are serving in public positions for no salary, giving their whole time to establishing affairs upon a prosperous basis. Schoolteachers are working for less than their former salaries, as indeed are all the officials of the province, but they are working cheerfully, and the spirit which is developing among them promises much for the future.

Disorders are few, and travellers passing through the province find everywhere open-hearted hospitality and cheerful greetings. The disposition of the people is buoyant and cheerful, and it is very improbable that any extensive police force will be needed, even in the wilder portions of the interior, after the people are once more fairly reëstablished on their plantations.

All that is wanted in Cuba to ensure good order is an army of workmen. Give them work, free them from militarism, and, with a moderate but efficient police force, good order will prevail. The disorders of to-day are but the disorders of hungry men without food and without money to buy it. They are willing to work, and every dollar of the revenues of Cuba, outside of the limited amount needed to establish the comparatively simple machinery of such civil government as is needed just at present, should be spent in work of a public character, which will tend to open the country once more to commerce, and to restore the towns and cities to a normal condition of cleanliness and sanitation.

The people are anxious to learn, and are keenly appreciative of every effort which has been made to reëstablish the schools. I do not know that I have ever seen more enthusiastic youngsters than those in the little Cuban schools. Of course, the present methods are primitive and defective, but all this will change with time; and from the old system, where the teacher lived in the schoolhouse, occupying most of the best rooms, we shall soon come to our own system of well-ventilated and well-lighted schoolhouses, and intelligent and uniformly progressive methods of teaching.

The claim that the Cubans are not capable of governing themselves has, thus far, not been substantiated in this province; for, in reëstablishing the civil government, every appointment has been made on the recommendation of the people themselves, who have been given to understand distinctly that all persons recommended by them for office would be appointed, so long as they acted in good faith in making these recommendations, and recommended none but honest, capable men. Up to the present time I have not had to remove a single official recommended by them. This record will certainly compare favourably with that of any people. We have had the authority to remove immediately all untrustworthy or incompetent officials, and there has been no influence to protect such officials from removal. Of course, we cannot expect a people who have never had a hand in governing themselves to take hold of the situation with the same grasp and clearness which we should expect from a people accustomed for a long time to self-government. There are many little inconsistencies which creep out among them, but they are the inconsistencies of inexperience, not those of viciousness. Some patience and tact, combined with a good deal of firmness, have been necessary, at times. to tide over troublesome periods, but at no time have we had to resort to actual force. This is, perhaps, all the more creditable to the Cubans, when it is remembered that the country has been full of hungry soldiers, with arms in their hands, unpaid for three years, without clothing, practically without food, and, in some cases, incited by lawless leaders to deeds of violence.

It is not intended in this description of affairs to claim that the Cubans are without faults, or without a great many faults; but it is a fact beyond dispute that they have come out of a chaotic condition, following a most disastrous war, have gone through what has practically been a famine, and have maintained throughout a decent respect for life and property, which would have been most creditable to any people under similar conditions. The difficulty ahead of them lies in their own temperament. They have to learn, in civil affairs, to act with deliberation, to control their emotions, and, while many think that they will be unable to do this, I am confident that they will succeed, knowing, as I do, how well they have conducted themselves during this most trying period of reconstruction.

There is another point which cannot be too strongly impressed upon our own people, and that is the absolute necessity of keeping Americans and all others than the inhabitants of the island of Cuba out of office in Cuba. We want an absolutely open, honest, clean-handed policy in dealing with the people of this island. The

military governors in the different provinces, assisted by their officers and such civilians as they may have on their immediate staffs, are all that are required, except possibly one collector in each custom-house, so long as we are directly responsible for the revenues. The appointment of Americans to office here, except as above stated, is regarded by the people as a great injustice; and, if we are here to teach them to govern themselves, it would seem that the best way to begin is by letting them try, standing here ourselves simply to supervise, and, if necessary, check, when we see affairs going wrong.

Another great benefit to the island will result from the commencement of large enterprises, such as the building of railways and the improvement of harbours on a large scale. Such work as this will give employment to many thousand people, and will do more to restore prosperity, and reëstablish the ruined towns, than almost anything else. The tastes and wants of the people are simple, and the wonderful productiveness of the soil renders it easy to obtain sufficient food, and, with steady labour, means will be furnished to the small farmers to purchase tools and, perhaps, a mule or a horse, and to establish themselves once more upon a comparatively prosperous basis.

LEONARD WOOD.

THE FRENCH CONCESSION, SHAMIEN.

CHINA—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TAIPING REBELLION.

ALTHOUGH an agricultural people and not a fighting race, never seeking the glamour of battle and the music of arms as the Japanese have done, the Chinese have a history written in crimson characters, each page filled with the killing of people by the wholesale, until it would seem to the modern reader as if the slaughter of helpless men, women, and children was carried on as a pastime. According to the custom of those warlike days few victories failed to be followed by the death of so many of the conquered people that the depopulation of the country seemed inevitable. Add to these startling numbers the appalling loss of life from epidemics, disease, and disasters, and only one result appears in view, and that the ultimate disappearance of the race. Not only in scattered regions of the great country have villages, towns, and cities been swept out of existence, leaving no trace to speak of their unhappy fate, but, says Colonel W. W. Rockhill, an American who has lived many years in China, "so bitter and relentless has been the spirit of the conquerors, that whole provinces of the Chinese Empire once densely populated now are little more than deserts." As an illustration of this terrible work of desolation, it is said that in the early part of the fifteenth century the nephew of Hung Wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, made such a raid through what was then known as the Yen province, that he is credited with putting to death every person in his pathway. The extent of this horrible slaughter of human lives, whose only crime was the fact that they belonged to the following of one prince at war with another, may be better understood when it is taken into consideration that this depopulated district stretched from the Yangtse Kiang to Pekin, a distance of more than five hundred miles through the richest plains of the Far East. This fearful act of retribution went into history as "Yen Wang's sweeping the north," and to restore this large tract of country emigration from other parts of the empire was made

imperative, and hence a great number of people from the southern provinces were settled over the depopulated country. In spite of this remorseless warfare upon human life, the million of people with whom history begins has multiplied and compounded, until to-day the population of the empire has increased four hundred fold.

Chinese justice is founded upon Chinese ideals of what is right and wrong. This must always be borne in mind when judging the race, in order to reach anything like a just comparison. We have seen that the history of the empire is made up largely of insurrections and rebellions, one faction against another, and all against the emperor in the end. So long as the head of the government ruled with what his subjects considered wisdom and humanity he was sure of ardent supporters, but as soon as he incurred their displeasure or doubt his couch was a bed of thorns. In this respect the Chinese were different from the Japanese, who never admitted that their emperor was in error. The machinery of the government might not be working right, but, however heavy fell its burdens, it was the fault of its lower officials, and not that of its sacred head.

BUDDHIST WOMEN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

It was under this spirit of dissatisfaction with the old régime that the Chinese submitted to be governed by the Manchu dynasty. This line began by meriting their favour, and for several generations displayed great wisdom and strength. Then, like those that had preceded it, the

line weakened, going rapidly from bad to worse. It was at its worst in the middle of the nineteenth century. In the midst of wide-spread murmurings of dissensions and rebellions the emperor died, leaving his son ill-prepared and little disposed to check the general uprisings, and the result was that a youth professing to belong to the Ming dynasty was proclaimed ruler.

CHINESE LADIES IN FOREIGN DRESS.

He had barely ascended the throne before rebellion broke out that was to prove in many ways the strongest, most vital in its aims, and certainly the most remarkable in the long list of attempted revolutions. It was the strongest because led by one of the ablest men that China ever knew; it was the most powerful because it was a religious revolt, which means more in China than in any other land; it was the strangest because it was a Christian insurrection headed by a disciple of Confucius, who claimed to have found through dreams special inspiration from Christ.

This powerful religious leader was the son of a simple peasant living in a suburb of Canton. His name was Hung Su-tseuen, who declared that for forty days in succession he had dreamed that he was called upon

to tear down the idols of his people and teach them the true God. He did not act at once, however, but the idea seemed to sleep until he accidentally ran across a pamphlet containing several chapters from the New Testament. Upon reading this, he exclaimed that he was the chosen one of God to spread the light of his religion over benighted China.

Among the first to be converted to his belief was one named Fung Yun-san, who soon proved to be just the man he needed to help carry on his work, the new convert proving himself to be a great soldier. The two, working together, immediately began a religious tour of the country, making believers wherever they went. The officials became alarmed at the great number of their people renouncing the time-honoured doctrines of their ancestors, and resolved to strike a prompt blow at this new creed which aimed at a destruction of the idols, in which resolve they were quickly seconded by the priests, who foresaw their own loss of support if these evangelists of doctrines so foreign to their own were not checked. Accordingly, many of the disciples of Hung Su-tseuen were arrested and thrown into prison, among the others Fung Yun-san. But this course of action failed to gain the object intended, as it aroused the people to renewed interest in the coming creed. Fung Yun-san even converted his captors, and made proselytes of the very soldiers sent to guard him!

Then the religious uprising took a strange twist. Many of Hung's converts were bitterly opposed to the Manchu dynasty, and this fact, coupled with the powerful religious excitement, caused a more rapid increase of the movement than before. Taking advantage of this situation, Hung now declared himself an agent sent from heaven to overpower the Tartar rulers, to establish a Chinese emperor on the throne, and to install the Christian religion in the temples of the land.

The wildest invasion in the history of the empire was then begun by the army of Hung, commanded by Fung Yun-san, who swept down the Yangtse Kiang, carrying everything before him. It was the custom of the insurgents to kneel before going into battle and to pray to God for success, after which they would spring to arms with a fury and fanaticism that even the Tartars could not cope with successfully. Everywhere the imperial troops were routed, until the whole empire became filled with dismay or frenzied rejoicing. Nothing like it had ever been seen in China. The victors observed the Sabbath with religious zeal, and the

doom of the ancient faith seemed certain. Europeans, who met these followers of Christianity, were treated with the highest friendship, and looked upon as "brothers," fellow worshippers of "Yesu," or Jesus.

Hung marched his victorious army over a thousand miles, conquering every city and town in his pathway, to pause finally at Wu-chang. From

DICE-PLAYERS, NEAR AMOY.

this place he marched upon the ancient capital of the empire, Nankin, which fell into his hands. Here he established his capital, proclaiming himself emperor under the title of Teen Wang, or "Heavenly King." The dynasty thus attempted he named the "Taiping," which meant "Brotherhood of the People."

From this standpoint the insurgents pushed out north and south,—south as far as Indo-China, the four great cities of Central China falling

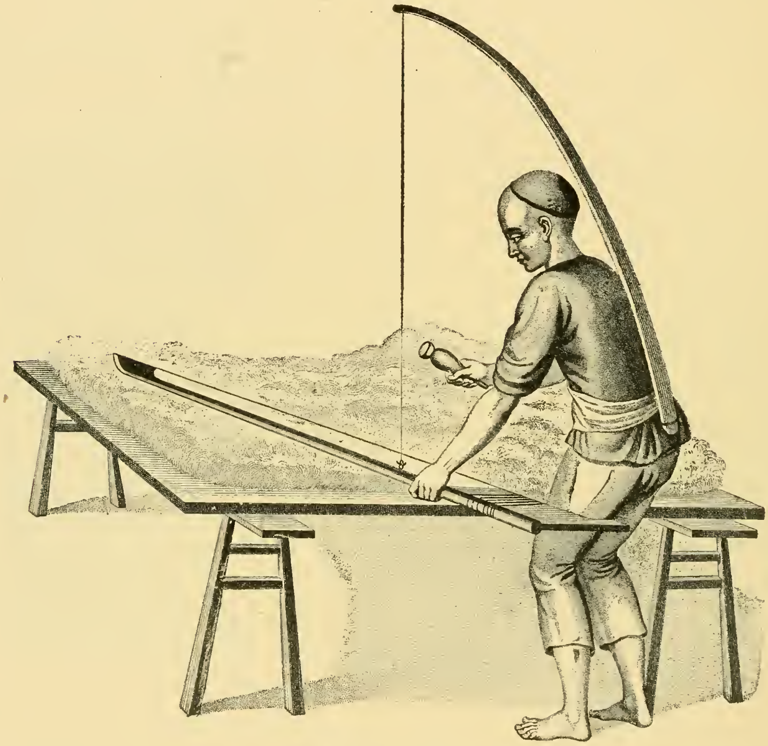
into their power; north as far as Pekin, Tien-tsin being occupied by them at the time of the march of the British and French upon Pekin. It will thus be seen that the Manchu dynasty had this mighty uprising on hand at the time of the second war with Great Britain. In reality it was largely due to this fact that the imperial city fell such an easy prey to the allied powers.

As strange as it may seem, the capture of the Manchu capital by the allied armies proved a worse blow to the Taiping revolutionists than it

KITE-FLYING.

did to the enfeebled Tartars. This was due to the fact that these foreign conquerors ignored the professions of Hung and his followers that they believed in the Christian faith, and that of all the mobs of China this was the only one likely to allow the incoming strangers a friendly reception, and to be willing to build up a trade with them. The little matter of trade in the illicit drug, opium, seemed to bear more weight with the allies than all else, as shameful as this seems in the light of later developments. The Taiping government at Nankin had shown the moral courage to try and put down this miserable traffic, and its emperor issued an order

to seize all Chinese vessels laden with the drug. Then the British ships treated the Taiping junks as pirates, and in the bloody scenes that followed, British sailors and soldiers mingled freely with the combined forces of the Chinese and the French, who favoured the import of the drug. The British participated in over forty battles and massacres, in which,



CLEANING COTTON.

as nearly as can be estimated, over four hundred thousand Chinese Christians were killed! In all that terrible riot of fighting and famine caused by the war two million of Taipings died of starvation.

In reality, the overthrow of the Taipings was due mainly to the untiring efforts and military genius of two men, one of whom was an American and the other an Englishman, the second winning undying fame from his countrymen through that campaign as "Chinese Gordon," the first,

long since forgotten by his countrymen, and now sleeping beneath a magnificent mausoleum at Ning-po, where the grateful Chinese have erected a shrine to his memory, which is kept fresh by ever-burning incense.

The American's name was Frederick Townsend Ward, and he was a

THE STOCKING-MAKER.

native of Salem, Massachusetts. He happened to be in Shanghai at the height of the Taiping outbreaks, and he saw at once that the Chinese army needed greater discipline in order to effect the overthrow of the rebels. He offered his services to the British, who did not look favourably upon him, and laughed at his offer to capture the Chinese cities from

the insurrectionists at so much each. But Ward had early opportunity to prove the worth of his promises.

Shanghai was in danger of an attack, and the merchants resolved to form a foreign regiment to be in readiness to meet the rebels. Mr. Ward and another American adventurer named Burgevine were selected to do the recruiting. The latter was a native of the State of North Carolina, whose father had been an officer under Napoleon; he himself was well educated and a man of great ability, though he had thrown away the bright prospects of his life to become a wanderer over the world. It seemed natural that he should be in China at this time.

Ward and he quickly mustered the foreigners to meet the enemy, and the impatient couple, soon tiring of waiting for the foe to come to them, marched upon Ning-po and captured the city from the undisciplined troops of the "Heavenly King." Fired with the enthusiasm of this victory, Ward began to increase his little army with Chinese recruits, and possessing a natural military tact, began to drill his soldiers. Of course he was still laughed at, but he persevered so well that from his ridiculous file of raw recruits he evolved the army which was to become famous the world over. Then he set to work retaking the cities in the hands of the rebels, and so successful was he that in a short time he was offered more followers than he needed. The people looked on with amazement when they found him victorious against ten times his numbers, and his troops became known as the "Ever-victorious Army," though it must be understood that he was coping with one of the bravest and most skilful generals China ever had. In the midst of the following stirring scenes General Fung Yun-san made his memorable march of five hundred miles over the mountains of Kwangsi in order to save an imperilled town. But though a brave soldier, he lacked the ability to train his men that Ward had.

General Ward had now about six thousand men under him, and he was following up victory after victory, when at the moment of triumph, as the imperial standard was being planted on the works of a small town in the vicinity of Hangchow named Tseki, he was killed by a random shot.

The death of General Ward was a serious loss to the imperial army, which under his command was likely to end the Taiping rebellion in a

Chinese Artillerists Working a Krupp Gun

short time. His body was borne to Ning-po with all the reverence due a great warrior, and to this day his shrine is daily visited by pious Chinese, who look upon him as next to Confucius, the noblest of men.

POLICEMAN AND PRISONER.

Having once served in the French army, and having at another time, during the affair of the *Trent*, prevented the British from seizing some American ships in Chinese waters, he incurred the dislike of the English and thus received but scant praise. There is no doubt that he deserved far more credit than he has ever been accorded.

With the death of General Ward the command of the "Ever-victorious Army" fell to Burgevine, who failed to lead with the success of the former. He soon got into disputes with Li Hung Chang, the governor of Kwang-su, and was ingloriously dismissed in January, 1863. Two others as unsuccessful succeeded him, when Charles Gordon, a young man of thirty, who had just been breveted major, was given command of the army built up by Ward. Again victory perched upon its banner, city after city fell before its invincible attacks, until at last "Chinese" Gordon stormed the walls of the Taiping capital with his "Ever-victorious Army." Here the brave defenders of Chinese Christianity made their last stand; here for three days the streets were rivers of blood. The emperor, finding himself and his cause hopelessly lost, committed suicide, and the few of his followers who escaped fled to the mountains. Thus ended the most remarkable uprising that China ever knew in her long list of rebellions, but it fell only before foreign arms and foreign military prowess.

While there may have been many features in this rebellion objectionable to the foreigner, in it lay China's great and only hope of redemption from Manchu rule. Under the new régime what the future might have been no one could have safely forecast, but all the evidence tends to show that the empire was upon the tidal wave of a popular moral and political reform, which would have been of vast benefit to China and the world. But foreign intervention set the clock of Chinese progress back one hundred years. The truism uttered by its hero, Chinese Gordon, in the Sudan twenty years later applied as aptly here: "What a farce, if it did not deal with human lives!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

THE foreign population had been growing faster than ever before, with a prospect that it was likely to increase at a still higher rate in the years to come, when the Boxer uprising gave it a positive check for an indefinite time.

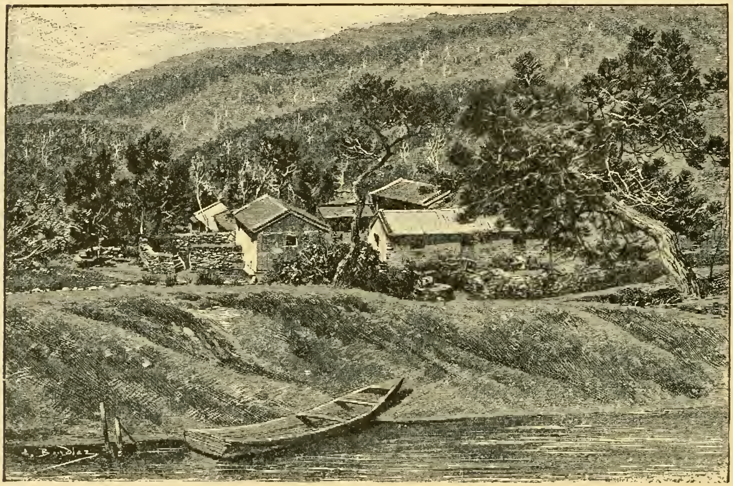
The most trustworthy figures give the number of foreigners in China as follows: British, 5,562; Japanese, 2,440; Americans, 2,335; Russians, 1,621; Portuguese, 1,423; French, 1,183; Germans, 1,134, with seven other nationalities represented at a smaller percentage, the entire number swelling the foreign population to a little over 17,000 people. It will be seen that America ranks third in the list as regards numbers, although in the matter of trade it stands at the head, with a promising outlook for the future.

The percentage of the native population of China in the country as compared to the numbers in the cities is not far from seventy-five per cent. of the whole. But the Chinese never know, or if knowing will never acknowledge, the number of inhabitants in any given section. Their answer is invariably, "It may be many," "Who can tell?" or some such indefinite reply.

In reality, the estimate of the population of the Chinese Empire is a guess, pure and simple. It is true desultory attempts have been made to verify these estimates in certain districts, but not with any degree of thoroughness. A single case will do for an example. Immediately after public relief in one of the famine-stricken districts, in 1878, an imaginary circle was drawn around a centre for the distance of twenty lis, a li being equal to about one-third of an English mile. Within this radius were 150 villages or hamlets, and the total population contained within the area was estimated to be sixty thousand, counting eighty families to a village, and five persons to a family. This made the average for the district 531 persons to the square mile, which is a fraction higher

than the average per mile for Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe. But as quite a portion of this territory is uninhabited, this estimate is not accepted as very accurate. In fact, this manner of computing a population is always open to grave suspicions of error. Another estimate made in this way for a circular area produced the startling figures of 2,129 persons to the square mile, and it was made, too, by a conservative statistician.

Granting the approximate correctness of these footings, there are thou-



CHINESE FARM ON THE AMUR RIVER.

sands of square miles on the plains of northern China, and many more in the mountainous districts of Yunnan, where the population would drop to a low figure. Again, there is that large tract of country called Obi Desert, where comparatively few people live. To offset these there are the densely populated cities, where the second rating is not too high. Striking a rough average, we can safely calculate the population of China to be approximately four hundred millions.

From the beginning of missionary work in China, Christian schools have gone hand in hand with religious teachings. It has always been found difficult to win a Chinaman from the belief of his fathers, and thus the

child and wife have been appealed to first, in the order named. The children were taught the new language, and along with it the doctrines of Christ. The child was clothed in the dress of the Occident, so that the vanity of the pupil was touched as well as his intellectual faculties. The transformation was something wonderful in both cases. The mother was quick to see and understand the improvement in the matter of personal adornment, and she the more readily became a convert to this new creed, which afforded such a flattering renovation in outward appearance.

The religious convictions of the man, however, are more deeply rooted, and the scheme of religious redemption, which has worked so well thus far, suddenly meets with serious opposition when the husband is to be won over to the cause the wife has espoused. When the couple come to compare notes, grief and bitterness follow. He sees only wrong in this meddling with the spiritual examples of his fathers. She becomes firm in her devotion to the doctrine instilled into the minds of her children, and the couple, from living together in harmony, become estranged, and a bitterness comes into the heart which neither time nor association can eradicate.

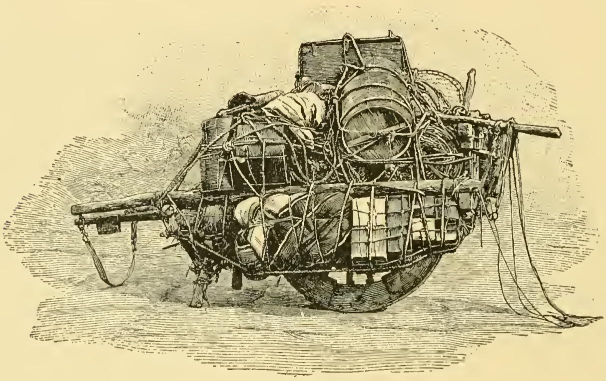
In this half-Christianised home the newcomer meets with his most bitter enemy. The man looks upon him as a wolf entered into his fold, who has not only stolen his lambs, but who has poisoned the mind of the companion of years. Truly there are two sides to this question, and the doubt will arise as to whether this was God's great plan.

From the mission schools many young men have gone, however, into positions of commercial and official trust, everywhere showing that they have been vastly benefited. Even the Chinese leaders, as loth as they are to acknowledge any good coming from a foreign source, have reluctantly admitted this truth. An imperial college, with the avowed purpose of educating young men in Western ideas of diplomacy, was established and continued with what might be considered flattering success. From this experimental beginning the Chinese government began to establish schools devoted entirely to the dissemination of Occidental education. The graduates of these schools began to translate and print foreign books, such as works on geography, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc., to say nothing of religious works, and those treating of government. The desire to read and study these books quickly became a ruling passion,

and the presses of the empire were overtaxed in order to meet the demand.

Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, one of the noblest examples of progressive China, sought to have all the best books of the leading languages translated into Chinese, which called forth a storm of abuse from many of his people. He retorted by calling them "mossbacks" and "ancients," and the matter of printing large editions of books on good government, political economy, international law, and similar subjects, went bravely on.

With the multiplication of books came the telegraph, carrying messages



LOADED BARROW.

of news and business from one part of the empire to another. So gradually, and almost without realising it themselves, the Chinese adopted the customs, manners, education, and improvements of those whom they still delighted to style and to hate as "foreign devils."

Along with foreign books came a desire for foreign toys, goods, and Yankee inventions, so that the inland merchants, who penetrate with their heavy loads into the most remote districts of the interior, go laden largely with these wares, and they are found far from the seacoast as well as in the large cities. The emperor, as a boy, set the example by making of his palace a museum of inventions, intricate contrivances and miniature machinery of Occidental making. This amusement of his childhood turned his mind to mastering the English language and its literature.

Foreign influence entered China like a new key in a long unused lock, and turned at the sacrifice of whatever of governmental machinery and the rust of custom came in its way. No respect was shown to the empire's ancient institutions, already moss-covered when Alexander the Great halted his victorious army on the plains beyond its outer posts and dared not attempt an entrance, and when the prophet Isaiah wrote of the mysterious Middle Kingdom as the Land of Sinim.

There is a sublimity in the awakening of this giant Rip Van Winkle of

ENTRANCE GATE TO CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, CHING-HAI.

the Far East quite beyond the power of pen to describe. Even the Great Wall, built when Hannibal was fighting the Romans, could not longer protect him, any more than the cloak of philosophic superstition wrapped about his mighty form could conceal him from the gaze of the intruder. The massive wall must crumble, though the dust thrown up may envelop the people; the cloak must be torn aside, even if the skeleton underneath is exposed.

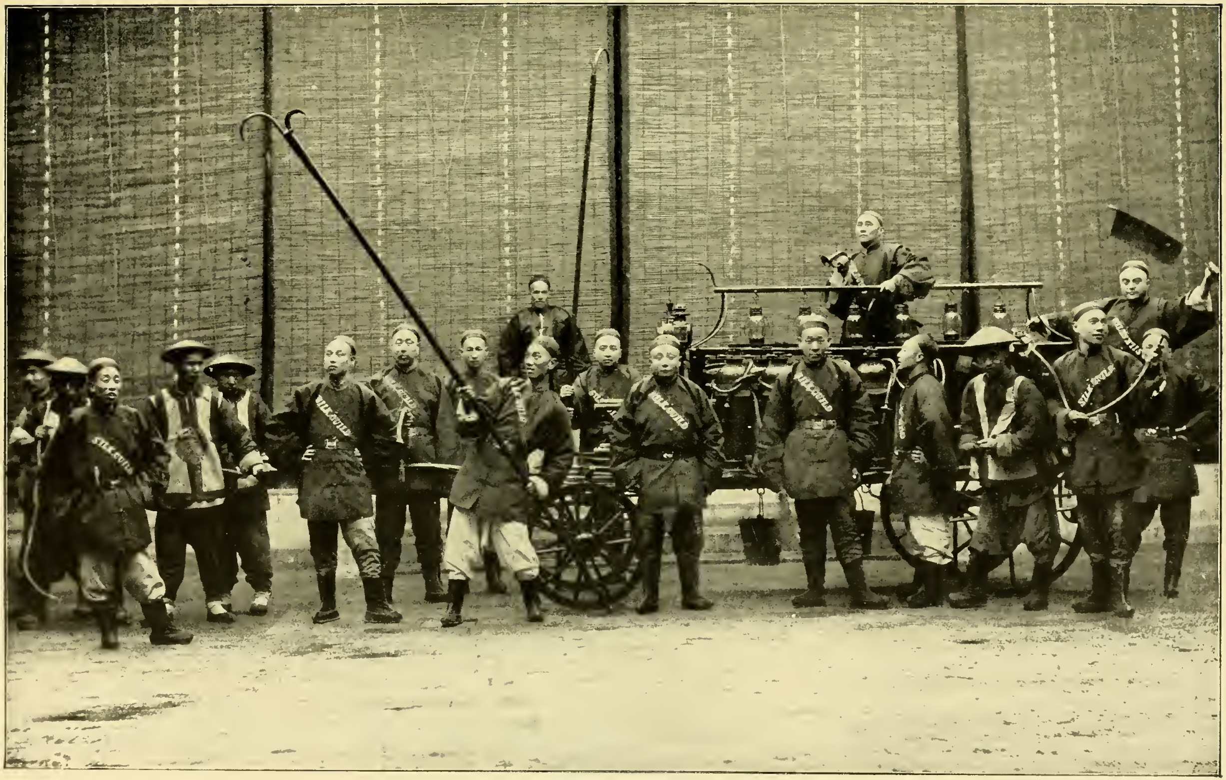
With his love for isolation the Chinaman nurtures a love for his native land which amounts to a passion. If the duties of life call him away from home and family ties, his supreme desire is that he may return to die amid

the scenes of his early days. The highest favour that he can do to one of his race is to see that his ashes are carefully taken back for burial in the ancestral cemetery, where they may lie beside those of his fathers. No other race can show an equal veneration for the sacred scenes of homeland.

But this veneration for native land must not be construed to mean a national spirit of patriotism. The very foundation upon which stand the Chinese ideas of power and unification of principle is antagonistic to this outcome. The code of ethics which regulates matters divine as well as human decides why an outgrowth of this kind is impossible. Not only is the high official expected to control matters of ordinary moment, but he is expected also to exercise dominion over those which are extraordinary. Thus the snow melting on the distant mountains may swell the rivers so that the latter carry death and desolation on their turbulent floods, as the rivers of China often do. That the changing season may have had anything to do with this is not taken into account by the aggrieved people. The governor should have seen that such a thing had not been allowed to come to pass. Immediately he is summoned before the viceroy to answer to the charge of having neglected his duties by allowing the swollen stream to run such a career! Does the offender attempt to prove his innocence in so grave a charge? No. Rather than to meet his accusers he resorts to suicide. In this way the honour of the chief official is maintained, and the people feel that justice has been obtained.

Of course it requires the mind of a Chinaman to comprehend the fineness of distinction existing here; his peculiar estimate placed upon the value of human life is necessary in order in the least to appreciate the inner workings of this form of official responsibility.

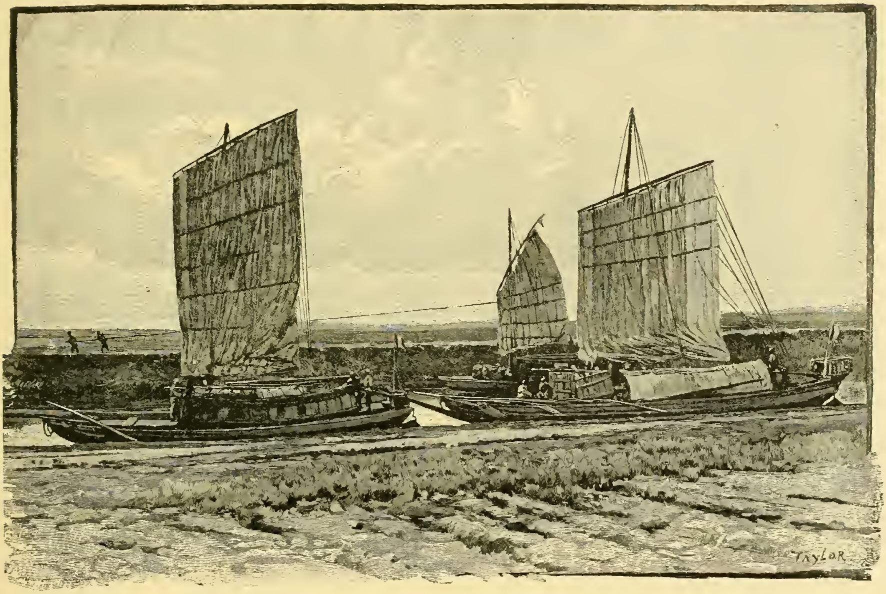
The most wonderful feature of this character is the fact that it is not the sudden outgrowth of recent influence, but is rather the changeless condition of more than forty centuries. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that time and again the race has met outside elements and foreign influences. It encountered opposition and contradicting characteristics from the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil that it made its homeland, but it moulded them to its own liking. Tartary since the very beginning has been constantly pouring into the great reservoir of the immutable race a stream of new blood filled with the bright globules of revolution,



CHINESE FIREMEN.

but which has never failed to assimilate with the sluggish current of the Celestial body. The best blood of India has mingled with its tide and become a part of it without leaving a trace of its passage. The races of the west and the south became absorbed by this yellow dragon.

That inspiration which is stronger than blood, because it springs from the soul, religion, has been sent like an evangel to lighten the hearts of the people, without reaping the harvest which usually follows its sowing.



CANAL-BOATS ON THE RIVER PEI-HO.

Wherever else Buddhism swept over Asia it created new idealism, raised new standards of thought, and revolutionised the conditions of men. In China it was spread only in name. The Chinaman seized upon it, as he does upon everything else, only to mould it to his own peculiar and ancient ideals. Confucius had established his code of thought, and Buddha found no part in shaping the life and morality of this race stronger than its own great possibilities in the veneration for the powers of the past. "Indeed, nothing has changed the Chinaman. From the beginning he has

been hemmed in with huge mountain ranges and deserts to the west, and by an unfriendly seacoast to his east and south; and when these natural barriers would no longer keep him secluded, he built a wonderful wall to his north, that he might perfect his isolation and remain wedded to that which possessed the sanction of the unchanging past. Influences that seeped in from the outer world, the Chinaman slowly, steadily, remorselessly absorbed and changed until they bore the mark of the Celestial. Influences which altered the face of Europe touched no responding chord in China. Political revolutions came, went, and left no reforms; dynasties succeeded each other through forty centuries, and produced no changes, nor effected any variations in the system of government. The foreign Mongolian of the thirteenth century, the Manchurian almost in our own time, conquered China, but not the Chinaman; instead of bending the Chinaman to new beliefs, the conquerors themselves bent, became absorbed, and grew to be Chinamen. In this vast empire dwell upward of four hundred million people, with habits and beliefs which have been crystallising for at least three or four thousand years. Europe discusses the Chinaman lightly, as a latter-day problem, but who shall say that if the people of Europe, with all their civilisation, all their means of conquest and their highly developed government, should be set down in China, that the vast jelly-fish might not suck them in, absorb them, obliterate them from the face of the earth? We have heard much of our influence on the Chinese: we have heard little of the possible influence of the Chinese upon us, the dominant people of the present, and it is a vital question whether the swallowers of Europe shall swallow or be swallowed."[1]

This brings us to a question, which may seem irrelevant and not worth the asking by him who has not looked under the surface: "Have we (the allied powers) anything to fear from China?" "Oh," you may say, "most certainly not, from your own standpoint. Her soldiers are not patriots fighting for a flag, or even defenders of a principle. Let the Japs whip them into submission, and we will reap our share of the benefit to come."

Now almost anything can be said of China with an air of truth, but underneath the surface is a mine the foreigner has not worked. He witnesses with feelings akin to awe the immutability of the race, and con-

[1] Leroy-Beaulieu's "The Awakening in the East."

stantly discovers something new to him in the character. This being the case, does he never stop to ask himself if there be not some element in reserve which he has not seen, and of which he may not have dreamed?

We all know that the Japanese have never professed any love for the Chinese, and that the two races have ever been at war with each other. But after all there is a tie binding them together as no other race is bound to either. If not closely connected by blood relationship, yet the fact is evident that they are more closely allied by the affinity of race character-

THE HEA HILLS, CHAOU-KING-FOO.

istics than any other two people on earth. They have lived in the same atmosphere, with similar environment, and, placed together as conqueror and captive, the alliance would prove stronger than in the past. Would it not be natural that the united race should rally together against the rest of the world?

Then, knowing the remarkable assimilative powers of China, is it unreasonable to expect that the Japanese would become Chinese, rather than the opposite? We have seen races stronger in the native elements yield to this peculiar people.

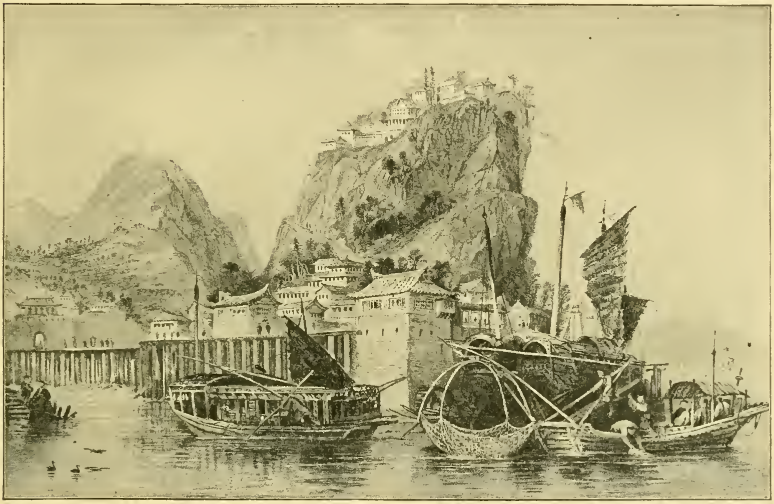
Now then, suppose that this vast aggregate of races, comprising over

one-third of the world's population, should decide to bring over the two-thirds to their ideas of religion and government, who dares anticipate the result? There may be nothing frightful in contemplating this, but do not forget that twice already in the history of European civilisation armies have risen from this hotbed of Celestial power to trample under feet the valour of the West. You say this will be the battle of barbarism against civilisation. So it was in the era of the Hun invasion, when Imperial Rome saw her robes dragged in the dust; it was so in the conquest of the Genghis Khan; who can say the wave may not rise again to flow higher and farther than ever yet? The Chinese of the present time are sufficient to muster an army of forty million soldiers, who would subsist on the scantiest of fare, work fourteen hours a day, and ever stand ready to sacrifice their lives for the merest caprice of their leaders. They may not be an intelligent body of fighters, armed with a good cause or following a flag, but they are made of the same material which has already overrun Europe like a wave from the drainless sea. What has been done once it is not unlikely may be done again.

More perhaps than in any other respect does the Chinaman differ from the American in his relations to his family. In the latter case the regard of the parent for the child is often greater than that of the latter for the former. In China it is always the reverse. Filial duty is looked upon as the highest virtue a person can possess, and it is of such ancient origin that Confucius seems to have builded his noble precepts about this very principle. The Chinaman's faults may be numerous in other directions, but he cannot be accused of disregard for his parents. He will work hard and pinch himself that he may support his aged father and mother comfortably, and when death finally removes his burden he will even sell himself into bondage that he may accord them a burial becoming his station in life.

In illustration of this Oriental point of view, it is related, among twenty-four similar examples of filial piety, all of which have become famous, that a man, finding he could not support both his aged father and his young child, decided to bury the latter alive in order that he might perform his higher duty. This sacrifice on his part so pleased the genii that they caused to be placed in the grave sufficient treasure to enable the poor man to save his child without robbing his parent.

As this filial duty belongs largely to the male line, it is looked upon as a sin not to have any male children. In this case the family becomes extinct, and there will be no one to care for the ancestors. It thus behooves the man to marry early, and if his wife bears him no son, he has sufficient ground for a divorce, and he marries again in the hope to retrieve what he has lost by his first contract. This doctrine of filial devotion, as beautiful as it seems at first sight, has proved the decline of the race, since its conduct is antagonistic to progress. Where the ideals of ancestors



MOUTH OF THE CHIN-KIANG RIVER.

become the standard of wisdom, the people of necessity are barred from making any advance which would reflect upon the credit of those who set the pace for the irrevocable past.

This blind faith in ancestry has the ameliorating influence of making more sacred the tie of family. But the fate of the Chinese woman is not a pleasant one. Entering into the married state at an early age, she becomes a servant rather than a companion to the man she has wedded, and a mother-in-law assumes a dictatorship over her which imposes hardships bitter to bear. Though not allowed the freedom of her American sisters, she is accorded certain privileges, all of which she seems to improve in the

interest of her pleasures rather than of her moral character; as a result, the Chinese women are not so far removed from reproach as are the women of Japan.

The darkest blot on Chinese history is the lack of love for children by their parents. A strong antipathy is felt for female infants, and the mother is blamed for what is looked upon as a misfortune. Had the offspring been a boy, she might have been praised for the pains she suffered, but the female is foredoomed. Often the expectant mother plans

MELON ISLANDS, AND IRRIGATING WHEEL.

with the father as to the manner of treatment should the child be of that unfortunate sex.

In the large cities there are public places where these foundlings are placed and cared for, if they are fortunate or unfortunate enough to live, until some one is found to buy them at the nominal price of three shillings each, or about fifty cents. Sometimes these outcasts are purchased by the wealthy, who rear them to become servants or concubines to a rich man. Sometimes a harsher fate may be given them by some designing old woman, who procures them to be sold, as soon as their personal attractions may secure for them buyers, into the worst form of slavery. In the country,

where even such doubtful charities are not to be found, the fate of the helpless little one is more summary, whether it be for its good or ill. As we passed up or down the inland rivers on our way through the interior of the empire, it was no unusual sight to see the body of one of these hapless infants drifting with the current toward the broad sea, where there is at least escape from toil and infamy for the life-bud plucked at its very beginning. Why this overpopulated land has not yet learned to send abroad a portion of its female surplus of inhabitants to countries where they might be welcomed, remains to be told.

No one can deny that the Chinese are a practical people, and no race understands better the necessity of the equilibrium of the sexes in order to maintain its perpetuity. Neither has any race striven more diligently to keep itself propagated, or met with better success. It has persisted, however, from time immemorial, in placing a wide gulf between the two sexes. By this it must not be understood that the female child is always an unwelcome visitor into the home. The shrewd fortune-teller invariably says there should be two daughters for three sons in every well-ordered household. But the parents look for the son first, and, aware of the helplessness of the daughter in the matter of maintaining the ancestral rights, do not hesitate, when they choose, to sacrifice the life of the female infant.

Foreign influence has done considerable in mitigating this evil, and, along with better education, it is to be hoped yet greater good will follow. The native mother or father does not deny that it is wrong to follow up this practice, but pleads poverty or conditions over which there is no control as an excuse. The custom is older than history, and, from early times, public edicts have been issued against it, while books have been published exposing the evil. But until the mothers have been educated out of the deep-rooted superstitions of the past the evil will not be entirely eradicated.

The estimate placed upon children is shown in the ancient classic called the "Book of Odes," in which the author draws the following vivid picture, according to the translation of Doctor Legge:

"Sons shall be born to him; they will be put to sleep on couches;
They will be clothed in robes; they will have sceptres to play with;
Their cry will be loud.

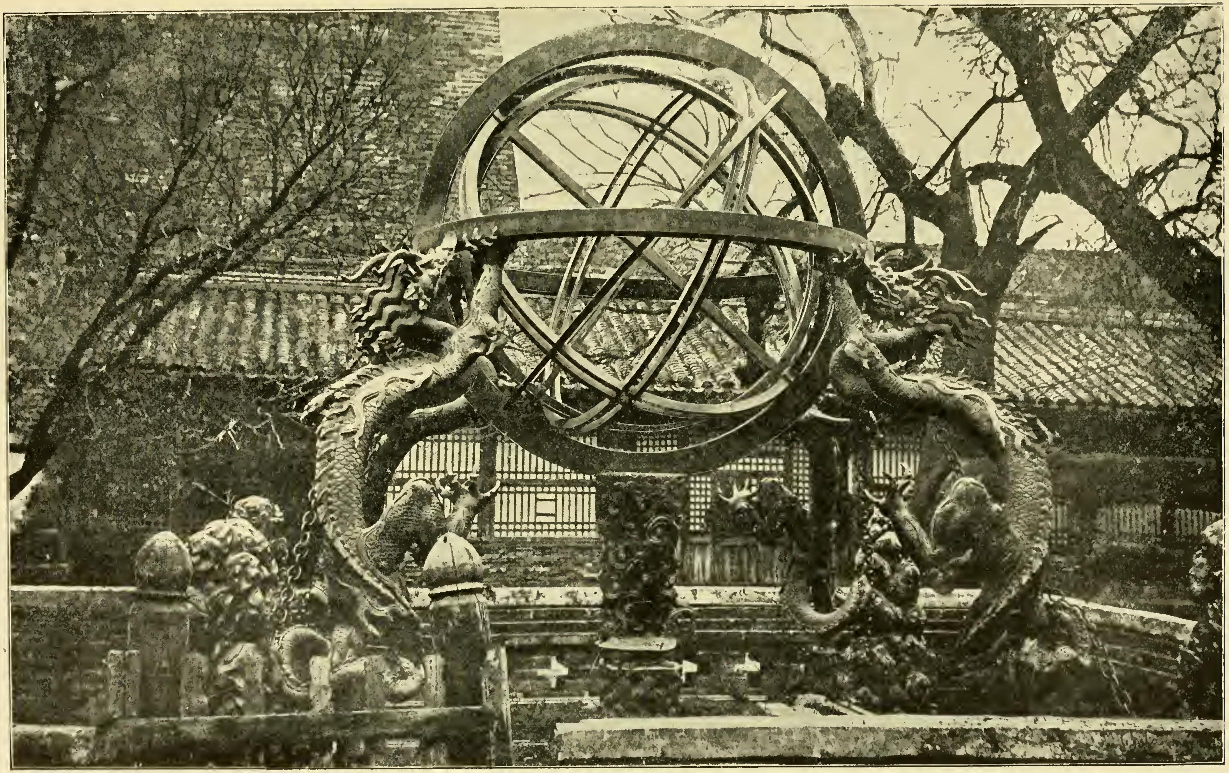
They will be (hereafter) resplendent with red knee-covers,
The future king, the princes of the land.
Daughters will be born to him. They will be put to sleep on the ground;
They will be clothed with wrappers; they will have tiles to play with.
It will be theirs neither to do wrong nor to do good.
Only about the spirits and the food will they have to think,
And to cause no sorrow to their parents."

The advent of a boy into a Chinese family is greeted with every demonstration of joy, and he is permitted to rule like a little autocrat

JUGGLERS IN THE COURT OF A MANDARIN'S PALACE.

until he has fairly outgrown his surroundings. The mother, a child in the want of experience herself, becomes an absolute slave to her children. They must be humoured in every caprice, and never allowed to cry for any length of time. The mother does not cease to carry her boy about in her arms as long as she can lift him, and it is no unusual sight to see a little woman struggling along with a boy in her arms as heavy as she is.

The early life of a Chinese boy is not unpleasant, and this is also true, though for a shorter period, of a girl. But by the time the little fellow is ten, his days of happiness are replaced by a dreary, lonesome existence.



ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, PEKIN.

With all his love for children, the Chinese father has absolutely no conception of the mind and desires of a child. He cannot enter into childish sport, having, it seems, entirely forgotten his own youth.

The games of a child are simple and monotonous, consisting of such tame amusements as hitting a small stick with sharpened ends in a way that shall send it spinning through the air, tossing pebbles or bits of earth at a mark, playing shuttlecock with the toes and heels, a simple sort of "jackstones," or "cat's-cradle." The Chinese youth do not strengthen

LADIES OF A MANDARIN'S FAMILY AT CARDS.

and toughen their muscles by running and jumping, or any of the athletic sports, while their climbing is of the easiest sort. There is comparatively no hunting, and this element has been so far eliminated from their characters that no bird has reason to fear them. It is no uncommon sight to see a tree in the midst of a town loaded with a dozen nests, many generations of birds having lived and reared their young within sight and sound of the village youngsters without disturbance. Even if the boys had no desire to meddle with the feathered inhabitants of the woods, the very scarcity of fuel would seem to act as an incentive to make them obtain the huge nests of such birds as the crows to help build the fires.

The real reason for the safety of the crow and his companions is the fact that the Chinese youth is not nimble enough to ascend to their perches, to say nothing of the fear of falling, which is universal.

Chinese youths have seldom any access to water, and thus only a small number become swimmers. In those regions where the water freezes in the winter months so as to make skating, the boy is denied sport in that direction, for the reason that no Chinese parent thinks of indulging his child with anything in the nature of a toy or plaything. If he needs the exercise, there is quite enough for him to find it in, in gathering the débris of last season's field for fuel, or in collecting scattered bits of manure with which to enrich the soil for the coming crop. Thus the child-life of the Chinese is one of much work and little recreation, of sober seriousness and small enjoyment. But, like the Japanese, the Chinese are able to make much of a little. From a life that is essentially dull and toilsome, they manage to extract morsels of comfort and pleasure where the child of the Occident would suffer with a hungry heart.

If the life of the male is thus to be described, that of the female is doubly bitter, without a gleam of sunshine toward the end. She marries young, and to say nothing of the work that she must do in the field, the burdens of rearing a large family of her own are not laid aside before she is obliged to assist in the care of her grandchildren. If there is any place on earth where woman's work is never done that place is in China. The maid who is handsome at sixteen becomes faded and haggard at twenty-five, and old and positively ugly at forty.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

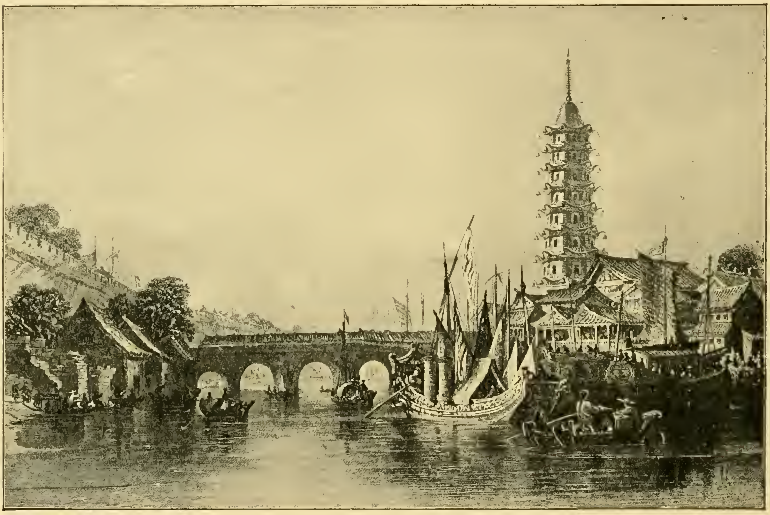
THE ORDER OF THE SWORD.

THE contrast between the thoughts and works of the races of the world is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the people of the Occidental and the Oriental countries. There are marked examples of this opposition of nature and human nature in America and Australia, the "Land of the Southern Cross," and again in Japan, "The Land of the Sunrise," and still again in China we find equally as strong evidence of this contrast. Here we find that the language of the people which is written is not the spoken tongue, while the spoken language is not written; a book is read backward instead of forward, and a foot-note is really a head-note, being placed at the top of the page; here the surname is the first name, and the owner upon meeting a friend shakes his own hand instead of that of him he meets; the hair of the women is worn coiled in a knot, while that of the men is long; the women wear trousers and the men skirts; women carry the burdens of travel, but the men are dressmakers; girls become old women without passing through that happy transition period of maidenhood; dinner begins with dessert and ends with soup; the compass points to the south instead of the north; vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off-side.

China is a land of guilds and secret societies, the majority of which seem to have originated for some sinister purpose rather than for the good of any class or portion of the people, as the aim of such societies is elsewhere.

An illustration of the workings of one of these secret societies is shown by the much dreaded society of socialists known as the *Ko-lao-Hui*, and which originated among the Hunan soldiers during the Taiping rebellion. It started with the laudable purpose of affording aid to the families of the soldiers killed, but eventually the sentiment of making the possession of worldly goods equal with all became the paramount idea. As the

Hunan men served over most of the empire, this society became wide-spread, and not being able to gain its visionary ends by peaceful efforts, more vigorous means were tried, until men without scruples becoming leaders, deeds of plunder and darker colouring marked their course of action. Naturally the discontented and unfortunate joined the ranks, until it became a powerful and dangerous organisation, constantly re-cruited by disbanded soldiers roving over the country, and others belong-ing to the great army of the unemployed. Not long since a plot was



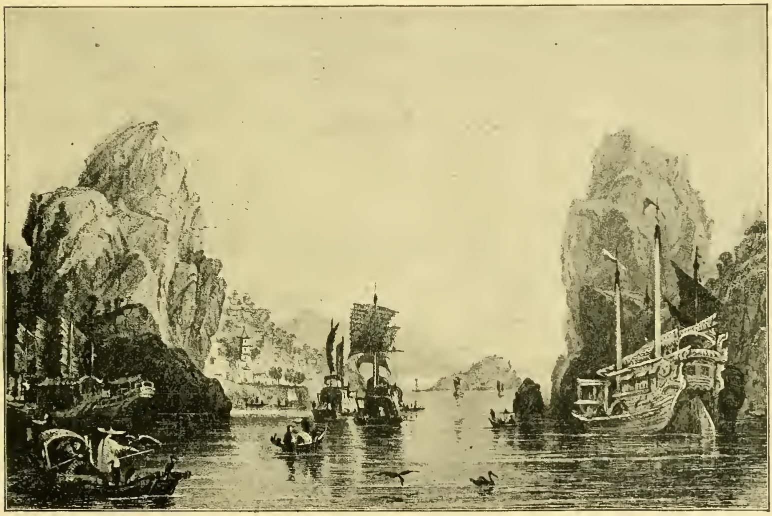
THE BRIDGE OF NANKIN.

discovered at Nankin, which, if it had been carried out, would have involved the wholesale plunder and destruction of several cities, with the accompanying horrors of massacre of innocent lives.

The Chinese are a deeply superstitious people. Everywhere we are impressed with this fact. The many-storied pagodas and tall towers seen so frequently, and always in threes, so situated as to form equilateral triangles, that they may ensure fung shue, or "good luck," proclaim this national trait. The literal meaning of the term is "wind and water," but in the minds of the Chinese it has a higher definition, though they are never able to explain just what it is derived from. Of one thing, however,

they are certain: its effectiveness depends on the height of the structure raised for the purpose of bringing good fortune. Hence tall towers are everywhere erected.

Some few years since, the French Jesuit missionaries built an imposing cathedral near Canton, and topped it with a lofty spire. Immediately a murmur of dissent went up from the common people, which increased in volume, and a mob collected to tear down the offending object. This was not done because of any particular opposition to the new church, but its



THE SHIH-MUN, OR ROCK-GATES, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

spire rose to a height which threatened to overshadow the virtue of the fung shue.

All spots are not believed to be favoured alike in regard to giving power to the fung shue, so the matter of the burial-grounds of their ancestors, over which they keep the most zealous watchfulness, becomes a matter of careful consideration. It often happens that the bodies are moved several times before a satisfactory plot is found, and there the "god of good luck" is propitiated with liberal gifts and offerings.

An important person in China is the diviner, and his associates are legion. No act of consequence, and from the festival of his birth to the

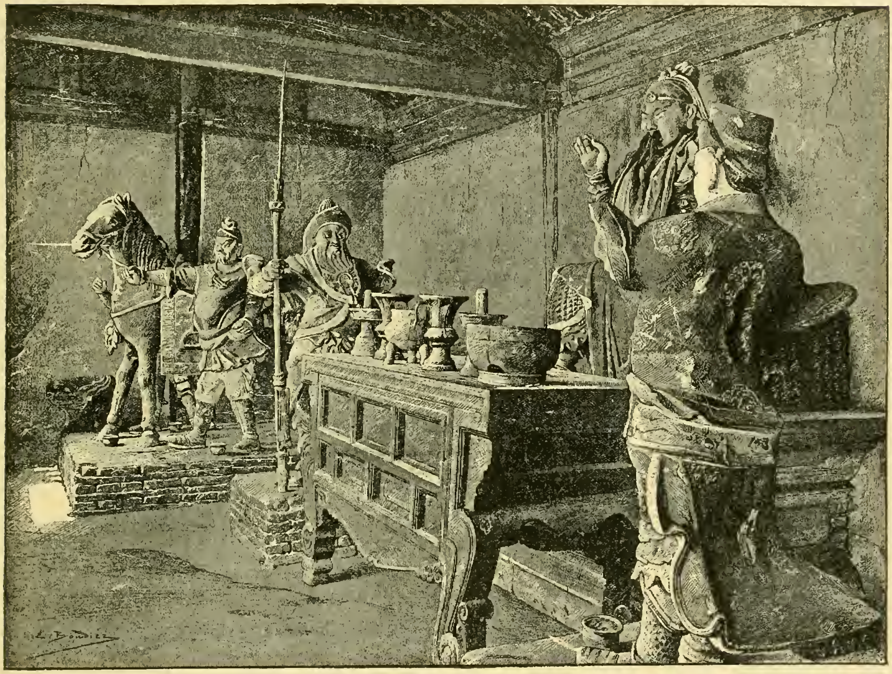
rites of his burial, undue importance is attached to every incident of his life, can be carried on with his consent unless the day has been pronounced favourable. The desired influence is ascertained only through the diviner, whose deductions are drawn from some whim or caprice of his own. The applicant seems in blissful ignorance of this fact, and the custom is not confined to the peasant, but prevails with a powerful and overruling influence with the mandarin and the monarch.

The foreigners, in their dealings with the Chinese, have met this underhand agent constantly, and many a promising transaction at the very moment of consummation has been suddenly ended by the intervention of some shameless charlatan, without any satisfactory excuse being given for the change. Thus these necromancers have always been the arch-enemies of foreign intercourse, and the willing tools of the literati have stood ever in the path of progress.

In no respect is the prevalence of superstition more plainly exemplified than in the case of a drought. Upon these occasions the priests and officials of the distracted country will turn out, dressed in their robes of state, while the common people will follow in a procession to the temple, where a general prayer for rain is offered up. During these periods the killing of meat is forbidden, and the inhabitants have to subsist on vegetables, even eggs being denied them.

One of these excessive droughts, which seem to be so common to China, has recently afflicted the country in the north of the empire, so that for the latter half of the year 1899 no rain fell. The crops over this region suffered terribly; the ground was baked, the grains dried up, and even the roots that remained in the ground through the winter were killed. In this dilemma, prayers were frequently resorted to by the high and low, while incense sticks beyond estimate were burned at the shrines of the gods. The empress detailed nobles and princes to add their appeals to the prayers offered in the Temple of Agriculture in Pekin, and when a week's continual prayer-offering failed to break the drought, a final expedient was resorted to, when the sacred tablet preserved in a southern temple for this purpose was sent for and brought into the imperial city amid a solemn conclave of the people. This tablet, believed to possess great occult powers, was found at the bottom of a well in one of the southern provinces several hundred years ago. It is a plain sheet of iron,

but what of that? The worship was as sincere as any ever given an inanimate object, but the magic of the charm had flown. No rain followed the pious ceremony. Thereupon a solemn council was held, and the tablet was voted false and useless. Its banishment succeeded under conditions that could not be looked upon as other than ridiculous by outsiders. Pekin boasts of being a city of modern accomplishments, such as the railroad,



COREAN TEMPLE.

the telephone, and electric lights, and having a university where the foreign languages are taught, and where literature, science, and political economy are under the instruction of European and American professors.

This drought had a signification deeper than the surface appearance. The emperor was in forced retirement, and it was believed by a large number of people that the gods were angry because of the dowager empress's usurpation. Had the emperor been on the throne, and headed

the procession going to the temple to offer prayers for rain, as he had usually done, the drought would have been broken long ere this solemn crisis.

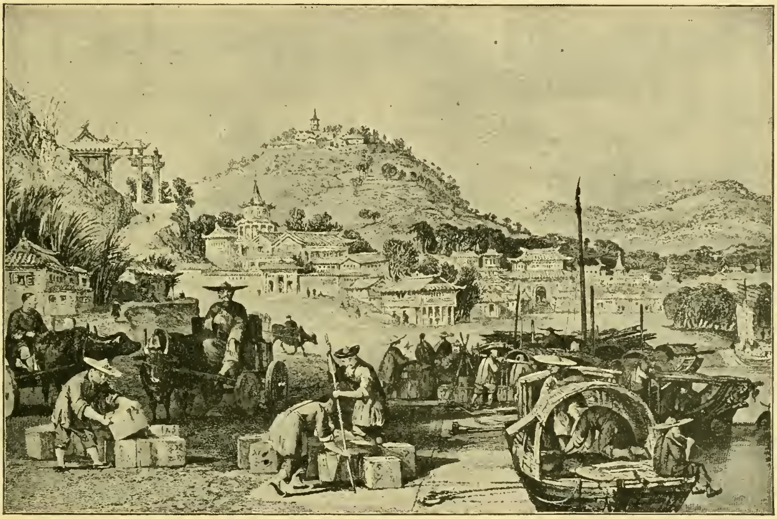
In no instance do we find a more disastrous result from the tendency of the Chinese to form guilds and secret societies than with the so-called "Boxers," who are now having an unenviable notoriety that is world-wide. If only recently sprung into notice, it is really an old organisation, and has existed since the beginning of the Manchu dynasty under different names, and with different objects. Originally, its purpose was the overthrow of the incoming Manchu power, but during the two hundred and fifty years of its existence it has so far changed its aims, that we now find it enjoying the favour of the very line it sought at the outset to destroy.

It was known then as the "Society of the White Lotus." This name was kept for many years, to be finally changed to one nearer its dangerous purpose, "The Order of the Great Knife," meaning, literally, "The Order of the Sword." But this name, as all proper names in China do, gave way to others in different localities, and in some places its deadly aim was veiled under the misleading term of "League of Righteous Harmony," while elsewhere it was more correctly called *I Ho Ch'uan*, which is translated to mean "Righteous Fist Society," from which has readily and appropriately come the designation of "Boxer." Its stronghold may be said to be in the north, in the district of Pekin, the capital of the province of Chili.

Just what provoked the uprising which has passed into history as the "Boxer Rebellion," will never be fully and satisfactorily explained to all. No doubt several causes led to it, and, in different sections, antagonistic objects have been the bone of contention. The *Shen Pao*, a Chinese newspaper, gave the following account of beginnings of certain branches of the society, which came to be considered as belonging to the same body of insurrectionists: In May, 1899, a robber chief by the name of Tschu Lung Teng founded, in the province of Anhwei, a sect which, from time to time, was known as Hung Tung Ch'uan, or "Red Lamp Shade," Tschin Tschung Schang, or "Society of the Golden Veil," Li Pu Schau, "Shirt of Iron," and Tatanni, or "Sect of the Great Water." This order grew rapidly in numbers, and, spreading over adjoining provinces, became generally called Lin Hu Schuen, or order of the "Willow Forest Fist."

The misdeeds of its members became so numerous and daring that the government sent troops to put down the outlaws, who were driven back to their native grounds, and again changed their name to I Ho Tschuen, or " Fist of Patriotism and Peace."

The revivification of the ancient order is believed to have been given new impetus by certain results of the presence in China of the Roman Catholic Church, which has had its missionaries there longer than the Protestants. Catholicism is not only the oldest form of imported religion in



LOADING TEA-JUNKS AT TSEEN-TANG.

China outside of Buddhism, which, it must be remembered, is not a native, but it has obtained the greatest number of converts. This has been done at a sacrifice of its own credit, however, as the Church has not been careful whom it admitted into its folds, and if these have not all proved faithful, they have been retained that the number might not be diminished. In this way the Church has come to be blamed for much of which it has not been directly guilty.

Growing in numbers and power, it acquired many privileges, and the government was finally induced by the French legation to accord to the priests the power of magistrates. Thus a follower of the Church by

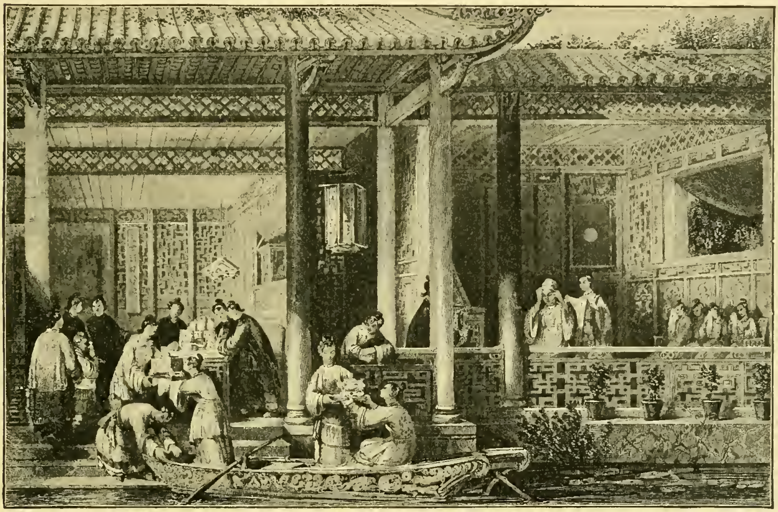
appealing to its head was practically safe from the law, let his crime be what it might. In this manner many of the Chinese came to understand that all they had to do to carry out any scheme of private vengeance was to join the Catholic Church, when they were safe and free to carry out their purpose. It is not strange that the Romanists received many converts, so-called, and that many personal grievances were settled unknown, it may have been, to the pious head of the power, whose sin was not so much a desire to do wrong as an overzeal to swell the ranks of his followers.

It was against the favoured individuals of this Church, who could not be reached in other ways, that the "Brotherhood of the Fist" first directed their peculiar warfare. From blaming one sect or church it became easy for the fanatical association to reason less and to discriminate not at all. So all Christians soon fell under their ban. The attacks of these secret slayers became more common and widespread. General alarm swept over the empire, and refugees came pouring into the cities from the country districts. The innkeepers along their routes dared not succour them for fear of calling upon themselves the wrath of the secret league, some of whose members might be in their midst ready to strike the fatal blow at a moment's notice.

Government officials were helpless or afraid to meddle with the uprisers. At Tung Chau, a missionary was holding services at his little chapel, when a party of Boxers came along, and, tearing down the symbol over the door, threatened to raze the church to the ground. An official was present, but lifted neither hand nor voice in behalf of the endangered preacher, who had not made a move to add to the anger of his enemies. A Chinaman of good standing began to plead for the poor man, and he was seized and beaten with clubs until left for dead. The missionary escaped to the roof of the chapel, and remained there until the mob had dispersed.

This is not an isolated instance, but one being repeated all over that part of the empire. The missionaries, like the brave men they were, went about their self-imposed duties calm and hopeful. No doubt the insurrection could have been crushed out at this period had the head of the government desired to do so. But the Boxers were organised with the avowed purpose of clearing the empire of all foreigners. If the missionaries

have been given the lion's share of the blame for the ill-fated uprising against them and their countrymen, it is because the deeper and inner motives have not been understood. The missionaries were not hated so much for the religious reconstruction that they represented as for the general introduction of foreign methods and government, of which they were looked upon as the advance agents. Then, too, one unscrupulous person coming among a race that cannot discriminate between the true and the false, will spread an alarm that a hundred honest men cannot quiet. The



ARRIVAL OF MARRIAGE PRESENTS AT THE BRIDAL RESIDENCE.

wonder of the appearance of the Boxer element is not that it came when it did but that it had not come earlier and with more horrible, because wider, results.

In no class of the Chinese does superstition have a stronger hold than among the Boxers, whose numbers swelled rapidly to over ten million followers. A prominent and efficient argument used to recruit the ranks has been an alleged power possessed by the order to compound a magical beverage which shall make the person drinking it not only proof against sword and bullet but cannon-ball. No matter if time and again it has been shown that this life preserver has failed to save its devotees from

death, some trivial excuse has been offered and the faith of the surviving followers has remained unshaken.

Prince Uchtomsky, a Russian scientist who spent many years in studying their religious symbols, emblems, and works of art, has thrown considerable new light on the inner life of the Chinese. Foremost among the tenets of the Celestial religion, and allied to the Confucian doctrine of reverence for ancestors, is rebirth or regeneration. Through this it is believed that one can be saved from the punishment of the god of Hades, who is both feared and favoured by the Chinese. This supreme head of the underworld was once a mortal noted for his excessive wickedness, and who has had to pay for his sins on earth by swallowing daily a certain quantity of molten metal. This god is highly honoured in China for the purpose of conciliating him against that inevitable judgment hour, when each poor mortal must stand before his tribunal to receive his desert for his career on earth.

The Chinese have a tradition which matches that of the story of the deluge portrayed in the Bible. The Chinese Noah was named Nuh, and the account of the warning given him by the "Over One," how he built his huge junk, and set afloat upon the bosom of the flood, is told in the ancient Book of History. This Chinese Noah took with him his wife, his three sons, some rice, millet, and a tortoise. The voyage of the junk is described, until at last a stork was discovered approaching, bringing in its bill a sprig of willow, showing that the water had begun to subside. The landing-place of the Chinese ark is believed to have been a mountain peak in Eastern Tibet, which bears to this day the name spelled in Chinese as "Ay-ahr-at." Nuh erected a temple here, the ruins of which are claimed to be in existence at the present time, though no one is known to have ascended the inaccessible heights since the days of Nuh.

The deep impression made upon the Chinese by this story of the flood is shown everywhere one goes in China, and there is not a temple whose gates are not surmounted by ornaments shaped like arks and called "Ships of Heaven." Chinese text-books have had for thousands of years a picture of Nuh and his family afloat upon the flood, the water already rising toward the mountain tops, which have become the refuge place of the few surviving wild beasts and reptiles. This is doubtless the oldest picture in the world, and the records show that this deluge took place many hun-

dreds of years before the flood of Noah. This has led some to believe that the author of Genesis obtained his evidence of the deluge from the account of the Chinese. In proof of this knowledge of the Chinese version, they cite the seventh verse of the tenth chapter of Genesis, where the names of the children of Noah are given as "the Hivite, the Arkite, and the Sinite," China at that time being given in the Sanskrit records as Sinim or Sinas. This argument is made more plausible by the fact that the

AMUR RIVER, SIBERIA.

Armenian mountain, where it is claimed that Noah's ark landed, is known as Mount Ararat only to students of the Bible. To the Armenians it is Masis, and to the Turks Ak-Dagh.

Although composed of a wild, fanatical rabble, the Boxers go through each day an eight-hour drill, more severe and taxing than any of the training given the armies of the Occident. Short swords or big knives are the weapons used in these drills, and these are swung and flourished in the air something after the manner of the North American Indians swinging their war-clubs during some scalp dance. At the same time of brandishing

their short swords the owners whirl and sweep around in a way that makes the beholder dizzy. A part of the time the mob will stand on one foot, with the other lifted high in the air, in order to gain the power of balancing oneself properly when it may become necessary. Another important part of the drill is the cultivation of as fierce an expression of the countenance as can be effected, and the Chinese possess an art in this direction which might seem to be in high favour with the evil one. This exemplifies the old Chinese saying: "A woman is not to be won with frowns; a battle with smiles."

A Boxer, asked why he made war upon the foreigners, replied:

"Because we hate you. You are the worst devils we know. You have laid iron rails across the very graves of our ancestors, who have become angry that their sons have allowed this to be done. Floods now fall upon one part of the empire and droughts upon another, so that famine and deluge are always with us now. It was not so when we were faithful to our fathers, and revered and protected their memory."

"But you will be beaten by these foreigners, who know better how to fight than you."

A grim smile overshadowed the other's sallow countenance, as he replied: "You have not whipped us yet; nor will you ever do it. Those who have fallen so far are as a grain of rice in a granary. We can keep on losing, if it is necessary, for hundreds of years, without ceasing our defence. But we are not going to lose always. As we fight bravely on, our ancestors and our gods will forget their anger, and seeing that we are in earnest will lend their power to our arms. We shall win in the end, when every foreigner will be killed or driven from the land. When the iron dragon (railroad) has been removed, and the shriek of the steam demon no more carries death and hard times into our midst, then will Fung-shu once more become potent, and good luck will smile on all that the Chinaman does."

The impressiveness of this thought can only be realised when we understand that the Chinese have in their language over five hundred words denoting good luck, and this attribute is really their idol and dream in life. All his days the Chinaman strives and hopes for it with an intenseness a foreigner cannot appreciate, and if at last it seems to have deserted him he has no wish but to die.

Unable to look farther into the future than the day that is passing, he cannot anticipate other than ruin and loss to follow the construction of railways and the building of manufactories. The common carriers constitute a large body of men who perform their task with remarkable rapidity, and at a price which is equally as remarkable, when the distance and danger of the transit has been taken into consideration. As the iron rails of the foreign engine of transportation form their networks over the country, the services of the vast army of men employed in the work of carrying commodities will no longer be needed in that capacity. Then those who have learned no other calling will be obliged to enter strange fields of employment. So it will be with the innumerable home industries scattered all over the land. The introduction of foreign machinery cannot fail to produce at first intense suffering, and a complete revolution in the affairs of the people. Naturally the blame will be attributed to the "foreign devils," and the prejudiced multitudes will blindly take the readjustment in hand, with inevitable loss to industrial property.

MANCHU SOLDIER

Under such a spirit of unrest and foreboding of coming evil, the Boxers were prompted to rise in their ferocious might and put to death these advance agents of modern progress.

The government was too much in sympathy with them to interfere, until it found the rebellious faction grown to a size and

strength that defied its intervention. Had the Chinese government possessed a Ward to organise and a Gordon to lead the imperial army, the Boxer rebellion would have been crushed before foreign aid could have reached the empire, or reaching it would have been needed.

GRANDFATHER, FATHER, AND SON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL.

BEFORE describing the results of the Boxer uprising it may be well to glance at the country which has become the central scene of action, noting especially Pekin, the Imperial City of Northern China, and its port, Tien-tsin, standing behind its mud and millet walls on the bank of the river by the same name, also called the Pei-Ho or North River. The latter city is at the head of the Grand Canal, twenty-five miles from the sea as the bird flies, but sixty as the river twists and winds through the muddy country.

Sometimes before the incoming steamer sweeps in from the Yellow Sea and moves across the Gulf of Pechili the muddy water takes on a deeper tinge of yellow. A sand-bar finally stops the ocean craft, and those of smaller size have to be taken in exchange.

Tien-tsin has never found much favour with the newcomer, who stops here long enough to get his passport and a guide to accompany him on a visit to the Imperial Capital, the Great Wall, the Valley of the Ming Tombs, or the plains of the Hoang-ho, China's "River of Sorrow." It is an old, walled city, containing with its suburbs over a million inhabitants, its buildings of gray brick supporting roofs of dingy tile, and its streets so narrow, dark, and dirty as to be almost impassable. Fill these narrow pass-ways with a constant stream of strange-looking human beings jostling against each other, shouting, yelling, and fighting to obtain a passage, but thwarted for hours at a time until pandemonium reigns, and you have pictured a common scene in this ancient seaport.

Due to its situation, this city has at least three times played an important, but disastrous, part in meeting foreign powers. The first of these, when the allied powers of France and Great Britain advanced up the country in 1860–61 to carry defeat and humiliation to the Chinese government at Pekin, has been described. The second occurred in 1870, when the French Sisters of Charity, with twenty other foreigners, in-

cluding the French consul and two Russians, were put to death, and the convent and cathedral burned. A heavy rain setting in at the beginning of this outbreak fortunately prevented other outrages which had been planned to take place. Of course reparation had to be made, and from

CHINESE REGULAR.

that season Tien-tsin has always been under the surveillance of foreign gunboats. Li Hung Chang, being made viceroy of Chili, took up his residence here, and became the virtual ruler of foreign intercourse until the war with Japan caused his downfall.

In the midst of that period, which was the opening to outside con-

cessions, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and the United States strove to see who could get ahead in the favour of the well-disposed viceroy. Railways, telephones, and banks were discussed on every hand. The adroit French actually laid a miniature track and placed on its rails a tiny engine as a plaything for the boy emperor at Pekin, even then under the close watch of that astute guardian, the empress dowager. Others sent small steam-launches, and put up short lines of telephone to amuse the youthful ruler at the palace.

IMPERIAL TRAVELLING PALACE, HOO-KEW-SHAN.

Popular dinners were served, and society was fairly ablaze with the shower of honours bestowed upon the mandarins and the viceroy.

Then the prize was captured by an American syndicate in 1887, to be followed by a perfect storm of abuse from the disappointed rivals who had striven so earnestly for the golden plum. Li Hung Chang was roundly censured by these same disgruntled foreigners, who began to prophesy ruin and dissolution for China if she admitted what they had been working for so assiduously. To their shame it must be said that the American press at home, instead of rejoicing over a victory well won, voiced the silly alarm of the defeated diplomats, until the Chinese

were frightened into retreating from the step they had taken, and modern progress was stopped for ten years.

In that decade China suffered her humiliation at the hands of the Japanese, which no doubt under different circumstances would have been averted, and Li Hung Chang was shorn of his high honours to become an exile, wandering over Europe, while Russia's shadow fell darkly over the benighted empire.

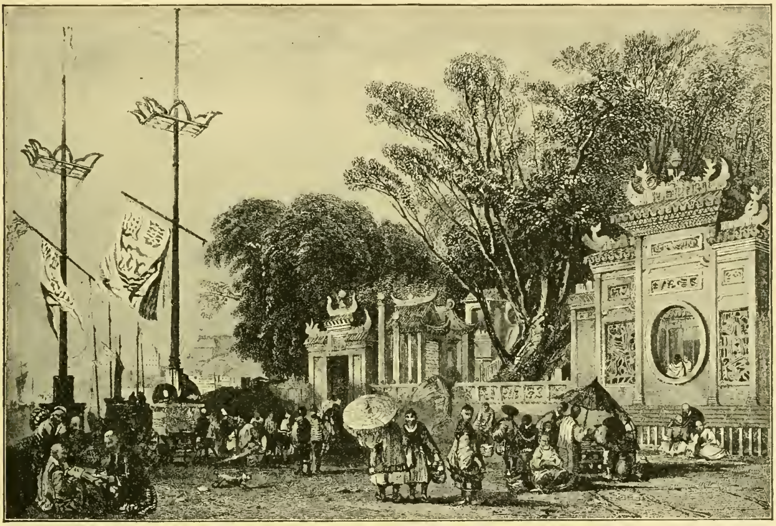
The third tragical event is that which has so recently been enacted, when the allied forces of the foreign nations rallied here to attempt the rescue of the beleaguered missionaries and their friends, the horrors of which are still fresh in the minds of the participants.

At Tien-tsin we are at the entrance to that vast region of country known as North China, which includes the Manchu capital. The climate of this part of China, from the Yangtse River to the Yellow Sea, is one of radical extremes, being much colder and much hotter than that of Boston. Tien-tsin is in about the same latitude as Philadelphia, but the ice on the river freezes to a depth of twelve to fifteen inches in winter, while the heat in summer is equal to that of Charleston, S. C. This coast-region is subject to the extremes of the wet and dry seasons. During the latter period of six months, which includes the winter, the rainfall is scarcely an inch. The river is closed at Tien-tsin during the winter season of four months, and revelry reigns in Chinese and diplomatic circles. But there is no sleighing on the wind-swept plains, whose atmosphere is dry and rarefied.

The severity of the climate is shown in the heavy weights of stone put into the construction of the gray sombre houses, which have been compared in appearance at a distance to a Scotch town. Outside the city, flat farmhouses, with small enclosures surrounded by white walls, are scattered about in more homelike suggestion than those seen in Southern China. Farther north the descendants of the wandering tribes of the remote ages build their houses with heavy roofs and gables that possess peculiar twists and daring outlines. The posts that support these coverings, which are built before the walls are filled in, are often the trunks of trees, crooked and unsmoothed, just as they grew. This style of architecture is believed to be a relic of the days when the races lived in tents. The rough doors close against sides that are merely small trees

left as they were felled, no choice seeming to have been made in getting those that were smooth or straight. The ventilation is pretty sure to be good in one of these dwellings.

If the summer is uncomfortably hot, and the earth is parched so as to crack open, and the winter so intensely cold that the ground freezes to a depth of several feet, while ice-storms sweep across the open country with relentless fury, Nature in the single month of October tries to



FAÇADE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MACAO.

make amends for her excesses at other periods. Just cool enough to afford a bracing atmosphere, the climate is delightful then.

The Mongolians are a pastoral people, but the Chinese agriculturists have been slowly driving them back wherever they could plant a corn-field. As one goes farther into the interior one finds the methods of farming the most primitive that can be imagined. After the harvest, threshing of the grain is done by driving a donkey blindfolded around in a circle over a flooring of millet, the grain being shattered from the husk by a stone roller, drawn by the animal. The flail is unknown in this land. The winnowing is done in an equally simple manner by throwing the threshings into the air, so that the wind can blow away

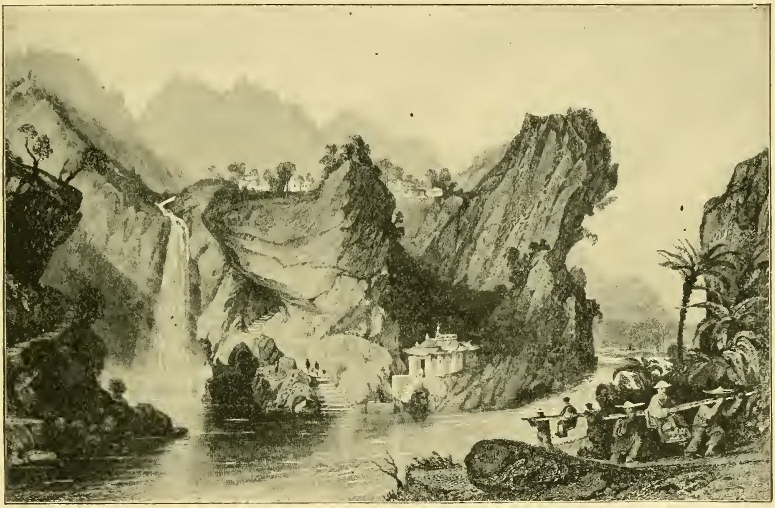
the lighter portion, while the grain falls on a mat spread to catch it. Enormous quantities of millet are raised, and the traveller is constantly meeting long trains of camels, and sometimes donkeys, loaded with sacks of the grain on the way south, or, if returning, laden with huge packages of cotton, until the creatures themselves are quite lost to view, the moving mass presenting a singular sight as it goes slowly on its way. The pride of a Mongolian is his horse, which he shoes in a manner similar to our own, except that he does not turn down the shoe at the heel. The animal is first securely bound by three feet and thrown upon his back, when a shoe is nailed upon the free foot at the convenience of the shoer.

Tien-tsin stands at the very gateway to the country of the Boxers, the district of Pekin, which is to China what Tokyo is to Japan, but a portion of the empire infrequently seen by the tourist. Though this is really the region the foreigner should most desire to see, no effort has been made by the inhabitants to receive and entertain him, while pitfalls have been laid in every direction to make his stay unpleasant, so he has been content to make a brief tarry at the English stronghold of Hong-kong, glance at Canton, take a peep at Shanghai, and pass along to the Land of the Sunrise on the east, or to the mysteries of India on the south. A few strangers find their way to the Tartar city each spring and autumn, but they are a few in comparison to the great number who annually seek the sights and scenes of the Far East from other vantage-grounds.

The country between Tien-tsin and Pekin is a vast level plain from fifty to two hundred miles in width, east and west, and six hundred miles in length, north and south, a territory not unlike, in some respects, the rolling prairies of the Red River of the North. The soil is an alluvial deposit, unstable to a great depth, so that during the rainy season, which begins in July and lasts from six to eight weeks, the land is a big bed of mud, large tracts overflowed so that much damage is done the inhabitants. This plain is drained by five rivers of considerable size, flowing from the north, south, and west, diverging so as to look on the map like five huge fingers of a mighty hand spread out to its utmost. The soil is adapted to growing barley, millet, and crops of that nature, the portions tilled by the different farmers being separated by low banks of earth into small, irregular plots, after the manner of the Chinese.

If still in China, the newcomer cannot help noticing that the contrast

has somehow been lessened by the appearance of the men one meets upon the road. A little change in dress, a softening of the colours, and the farm-wagon and its occupants approaching might well be supposed to be representatives of Central Europe instead of Eastern Asia. But one feature common here is unknown in the other, namely, the large number of humpbacked camels, loaded with wool and skins from pasture-lands of Mongolia on their way to Pekin. At the close of the day, when many miles of steady marching have been performed, it is a picturesque sight to



FOOCHUN HILL, PROVINCE OF CHE KEANG.

see a hundred or more of these ungainly animals herded together in a single compound. This camel seems to be of a different stock from those of the deserts of Africa, and has short legs and thick, shaggy hair, which gives him anything but a handsome appearance, though he is a profitable burden-bearer. On their way back, these trains will be laden with cases of tea for the Siberian market.

These Tartars travel in family groups, the women riding astride, while the children are placed in baskets mounted on the camel's back. The camels follow in single file so as to make a long train, the foremost of each party being led by a rein fastened to a piece of wood passed through the

camel's nostril. Muffled in thick, wadded clothes, skeepskin boots worn over felt overshoes, the lower limbs protected by the "Mongol socks," or high legs of the boots, sheepskins covering their underclothes, and heads encased in long-eared fur caps, these Tartars not only look as though they might be warm on their long, exposed journey, but they are also picturesque in the extreme.

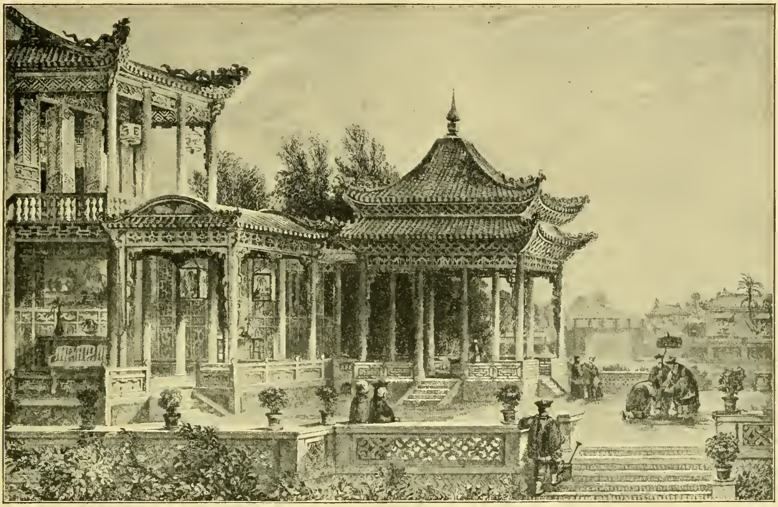
There are three ways of travelling from Tien-tsin to the Manchu capital, and whichever one the stranger selects, he will be pretty sure to wish he had gone by one of the others. Until quite recently there have been but two methods of getting there, one by the tortuous river, and the other overland. Now the Imperial Chinese Railway sounds exceedingly impressive. But we have come to understand by this time that the oft-used word "imperial" in China really means very little that is grand or noble. Certainly the plain coaches, without ornaments, springs, carpets, curtains, or cushions to the hard, wooden seats that go thumping, bumping, knocking along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, are anything but a happy consummation. Under Chinese management the road does not pay — could not be expected to do so.

Tung Chau, the river port for Pekin, is situated eighty miles above Tien-tsin, as the stream flows. It is a route of melancholy interest, made doubly so since the allied armies have made their march upon the Tartar city, leaving all along their way terrible reminders of the folly of the Chinese in bringing upon themselves this awful retribution. It can be said that the American troops behaved as became a civilised body of soldiers, but the Russians left behind traces of those inhuman acts of butchery and mutilation where neither sex, age, nor station were spared.

The hills rise like a crescent on the north of Pekin, while the plain slopes away on the other side from the city toward the sea. This plain extends for seven hundred miles, presenting a vast panorama of country which confuses and bewilders the beholder.

The climate of this treeless expanse of rolling prairie is unequalled for its rarefied and exhilarating atmosphere, unless it is rivalled by the clear air of our own Dakotas and Minnesota, or by that found in the cool, salubrious mountain regions of Hawaii and Samoa. But in the last instances the crispness of the Asiatic atmosphere is lacking. Were it not for this matchless climate, the health of the foreign inhabitants of Pekin

must have broken down from the miserable drainage which prevails in this mock imperial city. Something of the primitiveness of this capital may be realised from the fact that its five hundred thousand inhabitants depend on wells for their supply of water when the stock of rain-water has been exhausted in the reservoirs. The water from these wells, impregnated with the salts and alkalis of the plains, is brackish, and absolutely offensive to the newcomer. During the dynasties of the Mongols and the Mings



PAVILION OF THE STAR OF HOPE, TONG CHOW.

a fine system of water-works was maintained, but, under Manchu decline, these were allowed to fall into decay and disuse.

With a summer climate of tropical heat, affording floods of water and acres upon acres of deep mud, and a winter season of frigid temperature, the dried, parched atmosphere without snow, and the dust lying on the streets ankle deep, the charms and interest of Pekin are counterbalanced by many disagreeable features. None of the other of the world's capitals offers such a medley of discomforts and attractions, of positive ugliness and picturesque fascinations, — not even Holy Moscow, the dethroned queen of Russia, with its mingling Oriental, Siberian, and European grandeur and glory. No one who has seen Pekin would care to see its

reproduction elsewhere, while no one who has seen it in its filth and humiliation, its memories of a bygone greatness and unpromising future, would wish to have missed it.

Imperial Pekin, in whose Tartar body beats the heart of China, the poetically styled "Purple Forbidden City," is considered by the Chinese to be the highest representative of the arts that form an ideal city. Perhaps there is sufficient warrant for this praise in the fact that the sublime Son of Heaven resides here in a magnificent seclusion unequalled by any other

THE GROTTO OF CAMÖENS, MACAO.

ruler in the world. Here have been seen the noblest examples of the wealth of the ancient empire and the grandest display of imperial power.

As may be imagined, Pekin is a difficult city to describe. It is made up largely of what it has been and what it might be — of visions that have vanished and dreams that have not been realised. The long, straight, wide streets described by Marco Polo are still here, the big four-square houses are still standing, the large gardens and moss-grown trees remain as mementos of the days of the wondering Venetian, but over all hang the indescribable imprints of ruin without the impressive sublimity that usually accompanies the handiwork of old Father Time.

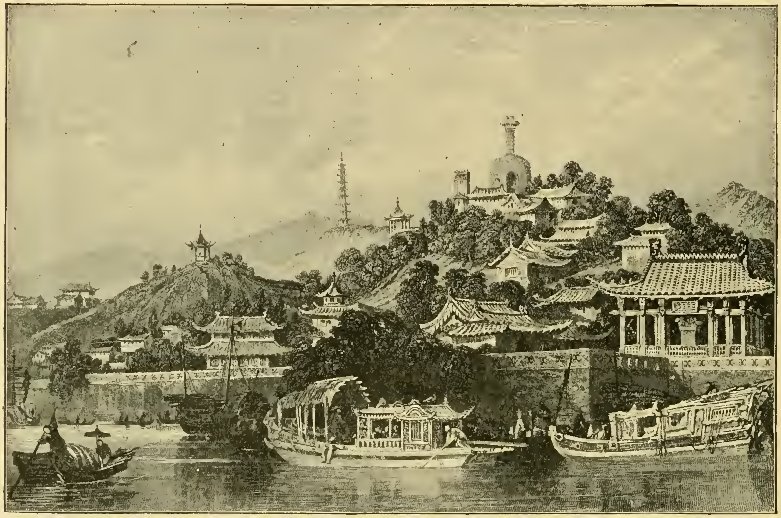
The first and foremost feature of Pekin is its walls and gates, though neither is plainly distinguished until upon near approach. Then they tower so high above the traveller, and reach away so far, that he looks upon them as a natural product of the scene and not the work of man. These ancient walls are to-day sad relics of the misapplied industry of their builders. The mighty barriers, sixty feet wide at the base, and two-thirds that breadth at the top, rise forty feet into the air. Still they are mighty only in size. The great towers above the gateways bristle with guns, which prove upon close inspection to be painted arms upon a painted ground, the playthings of a childish mind. Ominous muzzles peer out of the countless embrasures which are the products of the artist and not the artisan. It is true a few cannon lie here and there, but they are merely dismantled wrecks, rust-eaten and useless, as harmless as their pictured imitators on the walls. Outside the crumbling walls are wide moats, made wider by their broken banks, until the trenches have broadened and expanded into shallow lagoons, where fowls disport unmolested and beasts of burden wade through to reach the city.

Three cities had stood on the site of the future Tartar capital before Kublai Khan transformed it into the splendid centre of power and military prowess. Like Tokyo, the present capital of Japan, Pekin (derived from Pei-ching) began as an armed camp, occupied by an alien army destined to rule over the Celestial Empire. The general plan, the palaces, the high walls, the towering gates are all what the ingenious and warlike Mongolians made them. None of their successors have deemed it advisable to attempt a change. Not even the quaint military tactics of the Middle Ages have been altered or modified, and as the valorous bannermen were trained in the days of the Great Khan so are their successors drilled in the practice of archery and quoits; and as the sun sinks below the lower horn of crescent hills in the west the nine city gates are swung upon the inhabitants within the city amid din and confusion, imprisoning the Chinese in their section just as their ancestors were shut in more than six hundred years ago.

The capital is really made of two towns, the Celestial settlement and that of the Manchu, the two joined together by a wall over twenty miles in circumference, with a cross wall separating them. At the time of the Manchu conquest the true sons of the dynasty just coming into power, the

faithful Chinese, took possession of the southern portion, which their descendants occupy to-day, while the Tartar army took up its quarters in the northern section, which is nearly twice the size of the other. The Tartar city holds within its embrace the Imperial City, and within the latter is that mysterious heart of the Northern Capital, "The Purple Forbidden City," as it is called. This contains the palace and abode of the Sublime Emperor.

Pekin is a city where foreign power has not penetrated, save that alien



GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

force made up of nomadic bannermen with their faithful clansmen on guard just beyond the Great Wall, who hate and scorn, while they secretly fear the Chinese. It has been this dread of those that they have ruled which has caused the Manchus to seek Russian assistance with a willingness which is destined to work their own ruin at no very distant day. But these bannermen on duty outside the Imperial City, although the sons of valorous forefathers, have never hurled a stone or bent a bow. Like the Mongolians led by the great Genghis who became enervated by enforced idleness, they have degenerated into weak specimens of warriors, such as their valiant ancestors would have spurned as unworthy of their mettle

The Chinese portion of the city is entered through a massive archway in the solid wall, while two miles beyond are set in the heavy barrier the gate-towers of the Tartar city.

In a certain sense Pekin is a cosmopolitan city. On its streets all the people of Asia, with a few from more distant parts of the world, jostle together, the Celestial against the Manchu, the Mongol against the Tibetan, the Mohammedan against the Corean, and natives of the same empire who speak tongues unknown to each other, along with representatives of races from lands far away. These medleys of comers and goers are constantly finding the way blocked by trains of camels, mule litters, hand-carts, sedan-chairs, wheelbarrows, and other odd contrivances, until the din and confusion bewilder and disgust the stranger.

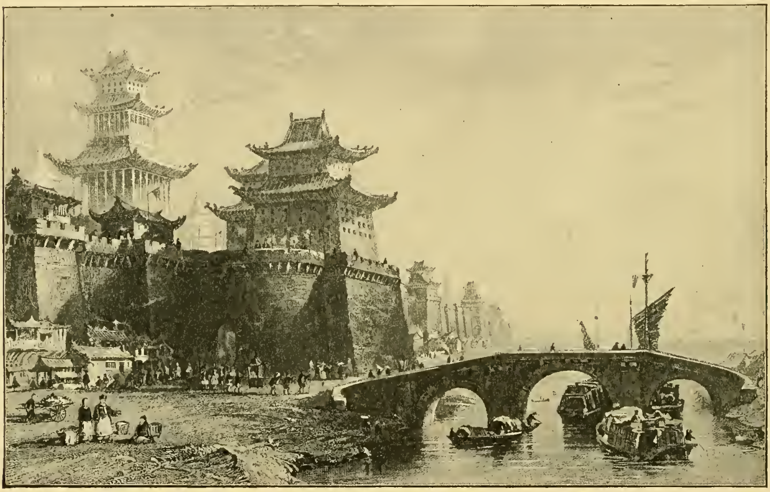
The sights of Pekin have been lessening each year, as the Chinese have grown more jealous of their ancient trusts and closed, one by one, the places of interest to the tourists. The Temple of Heaven, where the emperor was wont to worship, was destroyed by fire a few years since, but its ruins are interesting to the visitor, while the Confucian Temple, the Hall of Classics, and Examination Hall, where the native students meet each year in friendly contention for rank and honour, remain to be seen. Then there are the Mohammedan mosque, the Catholic cathedral, the foreign missions, the Lamasery, the old observatory on the wall, and many other places that the stranger does not fail to visit if he wishes to go away with the best knowledge obtainable of the Imperial City.

Passing through the deep-set arch of Hata-men, which means the "Gate of Sublime Learning," the visitor enters Legation Street, running parallel with the city wall for nearly a mile, when it opens upon the public square fronting the palace gate. Nearly all the compounds of the foreigners are on this street, which is anything but the noble route one would expect to find it, but only a miserable way winding over sloughs and ruts, guiltless of paving or of even decent care in repairs. A compound, it should be understood, is a group of houses surrounded by a wall, a common arrangement in Chinese cities.

The stranger in a new locality cannot obtain a better idea of his surroundings than by ascending some eminence so that he can look down upon the scene at his feet. In this way he can fix its different sections clearly in his mind, and when he comes to explore its routes he moves

along, if not a familiar course, at least one of which he knows the ending. This fact is in no way better illustrated than by climbing the tower of one of the nine gates of Pekin.

From this vantage, forty feet above the din, excitement, and unsavoury odours, we can enjoy the prospect to its fullest extent. We now see that the wall is not as regular as we had thought, but that it varies in width from a little over twenty feet to nearly sixty at the top. The outer face is perpendicular, but that on the inside is sloping. Parapets are to be seen on both sides, those on the outside being made with loop-

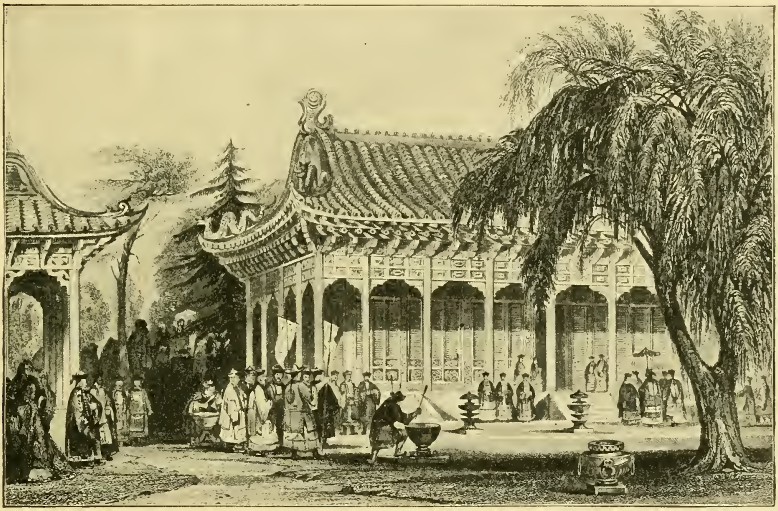


WESTERN GATE, PEKIN.

holes and crenelated. At intervals of a little less than two hundred yards, buttresses are placed, each sixth being larger than the others. The space between the walls forming the sides is filled in with a solid foundation of concrete of about ten feet in depth. Over this is a layer of earth pounded into a solid mass; then comes a layer of concrete, topped by another of earth, which is paved with blocks of granite that form the terreplein. The earth to fill in the walls was taken from the ditch surrounding the city. A buttress is raised on either side of each gate, and, connected with a semicircular wall, forms an enceinte. The largest gate is the one near the centre of the southern wall, which has

three entrances, the one in the centre being for the exclusive use of the emperor and his train.

A flagged way, thirty feet in width for the most of the course, runs around the entire circuit. But the road in midair is overgrown with a rank vegetation, for no Chinese civilian or woman is allowed to take a promenade on this ancient lookout. That the foreign legations are permitted to do so is an especial privilege granted by Prince Kung when the allies had obtained certain concessions not before known.



AT THE PALACE OF YUEN MIN YUEN, PEKIN.

Better than before do we now realise the situation of the four cities, each walled in, that form the entire prospect of Pekin. We see plainly the low, black-tiled houses of the Chinese section, the yamens, with their tiled roofs, the dense tree-tops, and temple crests of the Tartar city; beyond these the huge red gates of the Yellow or Imperial City, within which are easily discerned, for something like two miles, the impenetrable foliage of the trees rising on Meishan knolls, and the yellow-tiled walls of the mysterious Purple Forbidden City, the palace roofs of yellow tile looking as if they overhung each other. There are no tall towers, bright coloured pagodas, no streaming banners, no glimmer of flashing colours to

dazzle the eye in this sublime abode of the Son of Heaven. Even the yellow has faded, or it was never the vivid dream our imagination had pictured it to us. But it is quite in harmony, after all, with the grim dragon supposed to keep eternal watch and ward over the Imperial City. Mr. Thomson, in describing the capital, says, rather depreciatingly: "There are acres of hovels at Pekin, in which the Imperial bannermen herd, and filth seems to be deposited like tribute before the very palace gates; indeed there is hardly a spot in the capital that does not make one long for a single glimpse of that Chinese paradise we had pictured to ourselves in our youth — for the bright sky, the tea-fields, orange groves, and hedges of jasmine, and for the lotus lakes filling the air with their perfumes." It is seldom the real rivals the ideal.

A mile's walk along the airy road brings us over the Chien-men, or central gate, opening upon the great square before the palace. The street underneath us now is really the main artery of travel and business in Pekin, and here, as nowhere else in China, can one look upon an endless variety of city life and costume, incident and spectacular exhibitions of human nature.

One of the pleasantest features of this city, and forming a happy contrast to the women of southern and central China, are the Manchu ladies, tall, regal of carriage, who walk, with the haughtiness and conscious pride of free women, upon feet that have not been mutilated. In keeping with their northern beauty and proud, dignified manner is their costume consisting of the long Manchu robe, the most becoming and picturesque of any attire worn in the empire. But their crowning glory is their blue-black hair, which they deftly fashion into outspread raven's wings, and, ornamenting it with great bouquets and coronals of bright flowers, fasten with broad pins of glistening gold. Nowhere in the Far East are these magnificent women or their dress equalled. It seems enough to offset Manchu tyranny and stagnation that such fine specimens of womanhood have come with them.

The Tartar section of Pekin is laid out with a regularity quite remarkable in China. The sacred city of the emperor is situated in the centre, and the middle of the three streets running directly north and south through the Tartar section stops at the palace gates. The cross streets, alleys, and other thoroughfares threading the city always run in

CHINESE SOLDIERS AT WOOSUNG.

direct courses either parallel with the main streets or at right angles to them. But beyond this symmetry of arrangement the view of this walled town is not promising or interesting. Sought first by the gaze of the foreigner, is seen the imperial palace of the Son of Heaven. But, as if to protect it from the vulgar eyes of the common people, it is enclosed by walls on all sides; and the inner citadel is reached only by passing through a bewildering array of courts and "halls of sacred harmony." What is true of the isolation of the head of power applies to his subjects,

COREAN PEASANT'S HUT.

until we come to look upon the thousands of huts and hovels, whose occupants are too poor to enclose their abode with a wall of its own, or arrange halls and reception-rooms beyond which not even the most favoured guest may be allowed to enter. With all of this severe isolation, from the sacred citadel of the emperor to the mendicant upon the street, whose nakedness is covered only by a plaster-cast of Pekin mud, evidence of the pride and dignity of the people is everywhere apparent.

No sovereign keeps himself aloof from his subjects in such seclusion and mystery, and few indeed have been informed of the lives of the seven thousand people who have their abode within the charmed precinct formed

within a four-mile circle, and holding as its precious diadem the Tranquil Palace of the Heavenly Prince. Few indeed have been permitted to enter the hallowed place, except the envoys and their suites on occasions of ceremony.

The drum-tower and the bell-tower, both Mongol products, are situated in the northern quarter of the Imperial City, the first thundering forth the hours in a volume that should satisfy the wildest Mongol in his love for sound, while the other shelters the big bell of Yunglo, the former curfew of Pekin. The great bell of Pekin is claimed to be the largest suspended bell in the world. It is made of bronze, and is thirty-four feet in circumference, fourteen feet and six inches in height, and four inches in thickness at its rim. It is estimated to weigh in the vicinity of 175,000 pounds. The surface, both inside and out, is covered with Chinese characters said to have been cast on the bell. This inscription is a lengthy appeal to the overruling power for rain, and at one time it is said the bell was tolled during droughts to bring rain. Here priests and princes came to pray for an end to the rainless period, often maintaining their kneeling postures until the rain began to fall, when a feast and general rejoicing followed.

Among the other attractions of Pekin are the stone drums. The word drum must be understood to mean what we should call a cylinder, the Chinese having no character for such a term. These water-worn boulders, rudely carved into their present shape, are very ancient, as can be seen by their appearance. They are supposed to have been erected in commemoration of one of the famous hunting expeditions of an emperor of the Chou dynasty in the vicinity of Mount Chi, in the present district of Chi-Shan. This was ancestral territory of the Chou dynasty. The stones must have been inscribed 800 B. C. They were then in their natural shape and condition, but were afterward chiselled into the "drums" as they are now, and removed to the Confucian Temple of Feng-Hsiang-fu, where they found resting-place until the end of the Tang dynasty in 937 A. D. During the long and sanguinary wars of the five dynasties these relics disappeared, and remained out of sight and unknown until Ssu-Ma-Chih, the prefect of Feng-Hsiang-fu, upon the restoration of the Sung rule and literature, searched out the missing monuments, and finding nine of the collection placed them by the gateway of the Imperial College. The tenth and last was found in

1052 A. D., so the entire group was reunited. Upon the flight of the Sung dynasty before the invasion of the Khitan Tartars these stone drums were taken to the new capital in Pien-Ching, now Kai-Fung-fu in Honan, and set up anew in 1108 A. D. It was then ordered that the tracings of the characters should be filled with gold, and that special effort be made to preserve the ancient relics. But within twenty years the capital fell into the hands of the Kin Tartars, who removed the drums to Pekin and dug out the gold filling the markings of the inscriptions. After this the ten

SCENE ON HONAN CANAL, NEAR CANTON.

stones remained in neglect until 1307, when they were placed in their present positions in the gateway of the Confucian Temple.

Every autumn witnesses a picturesque sight when the Mongolian herdsmen bring their flocks of ponies over the plains to sell to the highest bidders. These ponies are very popular in Pekin and vicinity for riding purposes. As movers of heavy commodities, the big, homely, two-humped camels, capable of bringing great loads of merchandise across the wide, blinding, snowy steppes of Siberia, have a unique value, and can be replaced by no other beasts of burden. One of the huge caravans forms a frequent and peculiar picture on the great plains of the North, while before

the gates of the imperial capital an incessant stream seems to be for ever passing, swinging silently along like huge, ungainly machines.

An hour's ride out of the capital brings one to a place of melancholy interest to the Chinese, where even foreigners have ample scope for reflection over the rise and fall of man — the summer palace of the ancient emperor. We have described the despoliation made of this famous retreat by the allied forces in 1860. The surroundings at the present time give little indication of the scene of ruin and desolation to be found within its midst. The view obtained from a neighbouring elevation comprises a country of hills and valleys, beautiful lakelets and sparkling streams spanned by gracefully curved bridges and overhung by luxuriant foliage. The rich alluvial plain stretches away in front, dotted here and there with villages and groves of trees, until we catch a hazy glimpse of the Imperial City; on the other hand the eye runs over the historic plain of Mongolia, until the gaze is stopped by the great natural barrier of mountains.

PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

Of the original buildings belonging to this place only two, and these among the smallest, remain, although attempts have been made twice to

rebuild the whole affair. These are a temple at the summit of the Wang-Tua-Shan hill, painted in a vivid green, red, and yellow, with tiles of blue. Porcelain figures of Buddha once ornamented the structure, but the vandal hands of sightseers have mutilated these beyond repair. The second of these remnants of a great work is a small pagoda in the same colours and ornate display as the other. Standing amid the impressive ruins of this spot Captain Gill very fittingly described them in his account written over twenty years ago, but as applicable now as then: "One seems to be brought here face to face with the wreck of an empire. The builders of this palace seem to have been imbued with something of the spirit of those who, in the Middle Ages of Europe, raised such noble monuments of devotion and piety. The whole soul of man must have been in the work; no part was neglected; no money, time or labour spared; infinite care was bestowed on every detail; notwithstanding the desolation and ruin, there still seems to breathe over all the spirit of a master mind." Wandering over the saddened scene, looking upon the ruins of man's work, or admiring the mirror-like lakelet that has, in the natural sequence of affairs, reflected so many strange and thrilling sights in the days of yore, the most careless stranger cannot help feeling that the master mind who conceived all this and put it into execution must have faith in gaining human happiness if not in the consolation of divine reward.

About a mile from the north wall of Pekin is the marble cenotaph raised over the relics of the Tibetan lama who was believed to have been an incarnation of Buddha. This is considered by many to be the noblest specimen of monument to be found in the Chinese empire, and it has made famous the grounds of Hwang-She Monastery where it stands. There is reason for this assertion, and as the beholder stands with uncovered head under the thick foliage of cypress and pine intermingling their fragrant shade, he must indeed be devoid of human sympathy who can gaze on the majestic monument, decorated with its grotesque sculptures and gilded crown, without feeling compassion for the life that was secretly plotted away. The empty throne whereon sat this human deity in state, with his face turned toward the rising sun, and the couch upon which he expired in the throes of poison administered by a jealous emperor, are still shown the visitor. This took place a little over a hundred years ago, and the story is told, with a peculiar mingling of pity and admiration, of

the emperor's open worship and praise of the pious and exalted man, while he secretly planned to remove him from his path by poison.

Three days takes one from Pekin to the Great Wall, but if the traveller goes for no other purpose than to see this piece of gigantic folly, he had better spare himself the pains and time of the journey. As a colossal reminder of misapplied intelligence and industry, a huge stone and mud fence winding over hills and into valleys for over a thousand miles, of no earthly good or pretence to attraction, it serves well its ignoble purpose.

IMPERIAL PALACE AT TSEAOU-SHAN.

Lying at the foot of a semicircle of hills, thirty miles north of Pekin, is the valley of the Ming tombs, a secluded retreat where repose thirteen of the emperors of the dynasty last preceding the present line of rule. It will be remembered that the founder of the Ming dynasty established his court at the ancient capital of Nankin, and the first mausoleum of these rulers was made there. But the site did not seem to please the ambitious monarchs, and the tomb of Yung-lo, the third in succession, was made in this northland, patterned after the style of those near Nankin, and, in fact, after the manner of architecture to be seen all over China, but far the noblest of imperial resting-places. An avenue bordered by rows of

majestic animals and warriors sculptured from stone leads to the sacred abode of the illustrious dead. Many of these figures are in positions of repose, aptly illustrating their office as guardians of the sleeping rulers, and are considered among the finest evidences of Chinese sculpture, though falling, according to our ideas, below the standard of modern art. The animals and warriors are supposed to be the representatives of his train when upon earth, and offerings to his spirit, which is supposed to have its abode in the palace, are annually made in the great sacrificial

MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF CANTON.

hall. The emperors of the present dynasty still offer their sacrifices at this imperial shrine, either through policy of state or from the belief that the spirits of these dethroned monarchs exert an influence over their dominion.

There are twelve other sepulchres patterned after this of Yung-lo, though scarcely equalling it in splendour, making in all that ominous number of thirteen. It proved ominous, anyway, in this case, for when the last of this ill-fated number had been buried here, with imposing ceremony, the dynasty was flung down by the Manchus, and the last of the Mings ended his humiliation by hanging himself to a tree, without

leaving any one to make him a tomb in this beautiful valley of his ancestors. Some of the Ming tombs are said to have been robbed of a portion of their treasures to help enrich the tombs of the Manchus seventy miles from Pekin in another direction. If this be true or not no outsider can say, since the Manchu sepulchres are watched over by guardians who have proved so far above bribes that the glories held therein have never been revealed to the curious foreigners.

CHINESE SACRIFICE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SIEGE IN PEKIN.

WE now come to the third attack by foreign forces upon the Taku forts. It was a momentous event when the navies of the eight national powers of the world, whose warships had come from the utmost parts of the earth to meet at the outlet of the Pei-Ho, made the rivalry of race prejudice and contest of government, for the time, subservient to the united desire of standing together in a supreme battle of modern civilisation against ancient superstition.

Tien-tsin capitulated after four weeks of suspense to the world at large, and of conflict to those engaged in the brave struggle for humanity. Blind indeed must have been the eyes of the Old Man of the Far East, else he must have read, written on the scroll of his destiny, the signs of his doom. If he remembered the two warnings he had received in the years past, or realised his present case, he remained indifferent to the existing situation.

With the capture of Tien-tsin, which was but the prelude to their main act in the drama of rescue and retribution, the allied powers, marching under the banners of eight governments, began their advance upon the

capital of the empire. This united force consisted of the arms of America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Japan. History has never had opportunity to portray another such an array of soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder under a single impulse, though of many races of men.

If the siege of Tien-tsin seemed overlong to the expectant outsiders, how much longer and more terrible the uncertainty, and awfully slow that advance upon Pekin seemed to the beleaguered ones caged at the Imperial City, suffering a suspense aroused by the horrors of indiscriminate massacre that every moment threatened them. Besides the ministers of the eight nations named, there were those from Holland, Belgium, and Spain, with a thousand men, women, and children belonging to their families, or missionaries and their friends and loved ones. In addition to these, there were under their protection nearly two thousand natives who had accepted the Christian religion, and thus were under the ban of their own race.

In many respects this siege in Pekin is one of the most notable on record. One of the singular features of the sanguine occasion is the fact that the rebellious factors who began the serious revolt soon disappeared from the scene of action almost entirely, and in their place appeared the sullen defenders of the tottering empire.

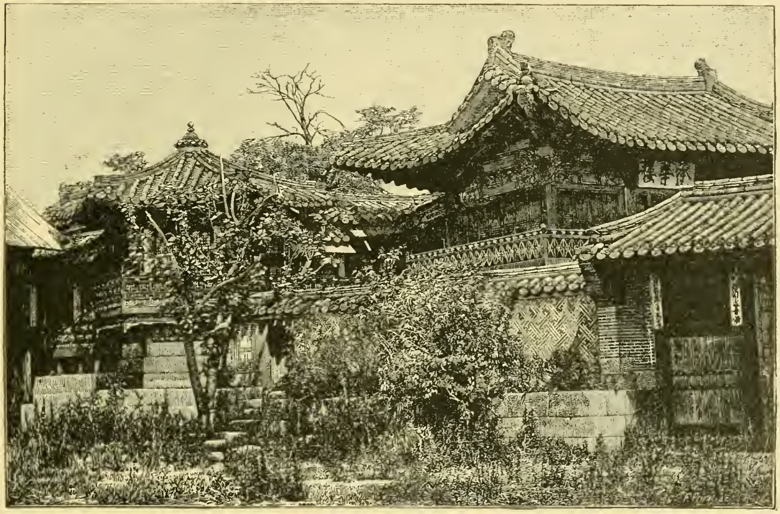
The first warning of real danger came to the inmates of the Legation quarter of the city on the 28th of May, 1900, when an old man and his son, the sole survivors of a large family that had been murdered by the Boxers, entered the city seeking safety. On that day the train from Tien-tsin came as far as Feng Tai, and finding that place in flames returned without trying to get through to the capital.

The following day many other fugitives flocked to the city in terror, and word came of the killing of a Mr. Robinson and his friend Mr. Norman, at Yung Ching. The news of the burning of the railway station at Huang Tsun, fifteen miles from Pekin, was also brought to the Legation.

On the 30th of May, five hundred of the allied troops, who had been sent out to repair the railroad, and who were under the command of Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla, reached Pekin, the American regiment, under command of the last-named officer, by a forced march reaching the Chien gate in advance. Presenting their bayonets, they were not resisted by the Chinese at first, but when the critical period came, and they were

anxiously looked for by the unfortunate ones within, they were driven back to their original base, and proved powerless to accomplish the relief so much desired.

The guards ordered out for the protection of the legations barely numbered 450, including officers, but these acted with sufficient promptness and effectiveness to avert a general slaughter of the foreigners, as had been planned by the Boxers to be carried out at the midsummer festival, which takes place the first of June. The fine Chinese hand of the empress



QUEEN'S PALACE, COREA.

dowager was displayed at this time. She lent her consent and influence to this movement by allowing a common destruction of the street we have described as "Legation Street," but to give the idea that her officials were powerless to ward this off stipulated that some Chinese blocks near by should share the same fate.

Upon receiving word of this premeditated attack, the people became alarmed and began to strengthen their respective positions as much as possible. Probably maddened by their defeat in another direction, the Boxers, assisted more or less by the Chinese supposed to be loyal to the government, set on fire, June 9th, the buildings and property owned

by the foreigners, but situated in the Chinese section of the city. By this conflagration not only were the chapels and houses destroyed, but the storehouses, containing foreign goods estimated to be worth between twenty-five and fifty millions of dollars, were burned up by the wild rabble, that fancied it was striking a blow at foreign industry and competition. During the fire, the great central gate of the Tartar City caught from the flames and was burned. Only a change of the wind saved the city and the Foreign Legation. The Boxers during the following week applied the torch to churches, schoolhouses, chapels, and cathedrals in the northern city, whose fires were to be seen on every night sending high into the sky the fiery messages of the terrible work begun here.

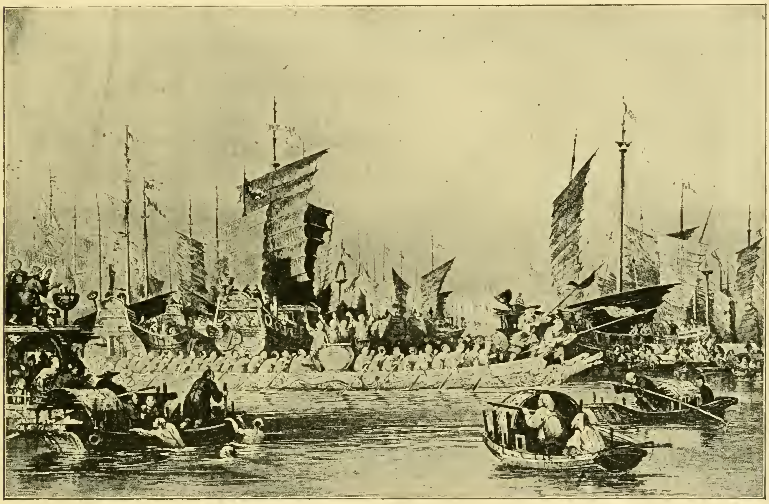
The foreigners no longer hesitated about joining their people under their respective flags, while the missionaries brought with them their converts. The work of fortifying went on with more earnestness than ever. Fences with barbed wires were put up, lines of sharpened stakes were set, ditches dug, high walls built across street and alleys, platforms for outlooks erected, while bricks were torn up wherever they could be found to fasten gates and close windows. On the 11th of June, soldiers and relief were anticipated, but when troops went to the station to meet them, taking along carts to bring in the baggage of the soldiers, no soldiers were there — no train! The gallant McCalla and his marines had been driven back toward Tien-tsin.

The purpose of the reigning power became apparent on the 19th of June, when a proclamation was sent out declaring that as the allied powers had demanded the surrender of the forts at Tien-tsin the action must be taken to mean war against China, and that every foreigner must leave Pekin within twenty-four hours. The Boxer vanished from the scene at this act in the drama, except as a tool of the government.

A meeting was immediately held among the ministers, and it was decided that the demand of the Chinese government could not be met. In this critical situation it was decided to gain as much time as possible by parleying with the enemy. Major Conger replied that so far as his government, that of the United States, was concerned, the claim of declaring war had no bearing. Even if that were the case, it would be impossible to secure means of transportation from Pekin within twenty-four hours. There were two other obstacles in the way of such a flight which he did

not deem it good policy to mention. One of these was the necessity of abandoning the Chinese Christians to the mercies, or rather cruelties, of the rulers of the city; the second was the fact that a departure under the conditions existing was considered more hazardous than to remain where they were, shut up in the very heart of the Imperial City.

With the evident intention of arousing the foreigners to some rash act, the Chinese sent two Boxers, mounted in a cart, through the streets in sight of the legations. No one pretended to notice them until they came



FESTIVAL OF THE DRAGON-BOAT.

to pass the German quarter, when one was arrested, and the other escaped by flight. The one captured was held as a prisoner, Baron von Ketteler, in command, giving him a drubbing with his cane as he was led away.

The following morning, the 20th of June, Baron von Ketteler, being the only minister who could speak Chinese, thought that he might gain something by talking over the situation with the officials. At the entrance to the Tsungli Yamen, Chinese Foreign Board, he was requested to exchange his guard of marines for a Chinese escort, which he consented to do without dreaming of the treachery planned. His men were barely out of sight before he was shot through the head as he sat in his chair, and

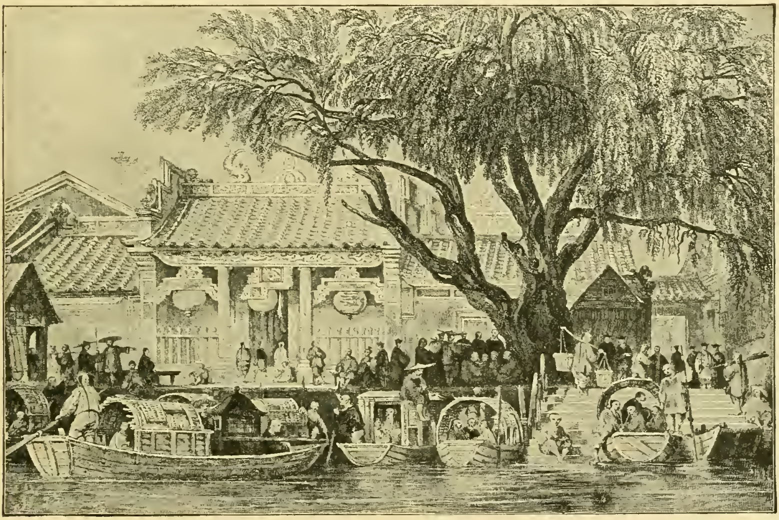
his secretary was wounded while trying to escape. It was believed that a mandarin belonging to some secret society, as indicated by the button he wore, fired the fatal shot.

Later in the same day, Professor James, of the Imperial University, was shot while crossing the bridge over the canal. The others, expecting the enemy would begin a general attack, became greatly alarmed. Those at the Methodist Episcopal Mission abandoned everything they could not carry in their hands and fled to the British Legation. The

COREAN LANDSCAPE.

curious mixture of people and their number is told by the following list: The different nationalities included British, American, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Belgian, Finn, Dane, Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Spanish, Canadian, Australian, Russian, and Japanese. There were 245 men, 149 women, and 79 children; total, 473. Besides these there were 409 marines, divided among the nationalities as follows: Japanese, 29; Italian, 30; Austrian, 35; French, 45; German, 50; American, 53; Russian, 84. There were about eight hundred Protestant Chinese here, and nearly two thousand who belonged to the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding their promise of maintaining an armistice, the Chinese began firing that evening, keeping up a vigorous fusilade almost continuously. But the greatest danger lay in the torch, which was frequently applied. On one of these occasions the magnificent palace of Han Lin Academy was set on fire by the ruthless horde, who used for their firebrands the books and ancient manuscripts of great value belonging to the most expensive library in the Chinese empire. Some of the rare books were rescued, to be stored at the house of Sir Claude MacDonald; some



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF HONAN, CANTON.

were thrown into the pond, but more of them were consumed in the flames. Among the most rare and valuable of the works that perished in this ignoble manner were "Yung Lo Ta Tien," an unprinted collection of twenty-two thousand volumes of China's choicest literature, which cannot be duplicated. This wholesale destruction of literature displayed the Chinese spirit of old, and is equalled only among other races by the burning of the Alexandrian library. Many of the wooden printing-blocks were kept by the besieged to kindle their fires.

It required the most energetic efforts of the members of the legations to conquer this fire and beat back the enemy. From that time this

ruined building became one of the most hotly contested points in the field, the conflict often becoming hand-to-hand.

Another of the fiercely contested spots was a portion of the wall which the Chinese held, and from whose vantage-ground they poured a galling fire. Had these Chinese possessed heavy artillery, they might have routed completely the little band of brave defenders. As it was, by sheer force of numbers, they finally drove the allied troops back, until it seemed as if all were lost. Then it was decided that the place must be recovered and held, or the direst result must follow. In this desperate crisis about sixty men, consisting of Americans, British, and Russians, under the command of Captain Myers, of the United States Marines, prepared to renew the attack. The appeal of Captain Myers to his followers is worthy of reproduction, as an indication of his own valour, and the undaunted purpose of his gallant little band. Lifting his sword so it pointed toward the British Legation, he said:

"My men, yonder are four hundred women and children whose lives depend upon our success. If we fail, they must perish, and we also. You know your duty; go when I say 'Go!'"

This stirring speech had instant effect. Though the Russians had not understood a word that was uttered, the air of the speaker and his gestures impressed them with the stern determination of their leader. The onset was made, and the little band of heroes did not fight in vain. Surprised by the swiftness of the attack, the Chinese fell back, the wall was carried and held by the allies. But it cost the lives of several of the brave fellows, and among others the indomitable leader was severely wounded.

One of the brightest instances of heroism in all that trying siege was the defence of three thousand native converts, who had taken refuge in the northern cathedral, which stood in open ground. The leader of the gallant defenders was Monsieur Favier, assisted by forty marines, made up of French, Italians, and Austrians, who volunteered to protect the fugitives, while a band of Chinese Christians performed a valiant part. This scene was cut off from communication with the legations besieged less than two miles away, and the real situation was not known until after the struggle was over.

An apt illustration of the singular make-up of the body of the imperilled

CHINESE SHOEMAKERS, PEKIN.

foreigners was shown at one of the fires set by the Chinese, when they formed a bucket line to the nearest well, — the representative of nearly every race under the sun, — from Madame Piclou, the wife of the French minister, and Miss Armstrong, the sister of Lady MacDonald, to the last coolie, each helping in a common cause.

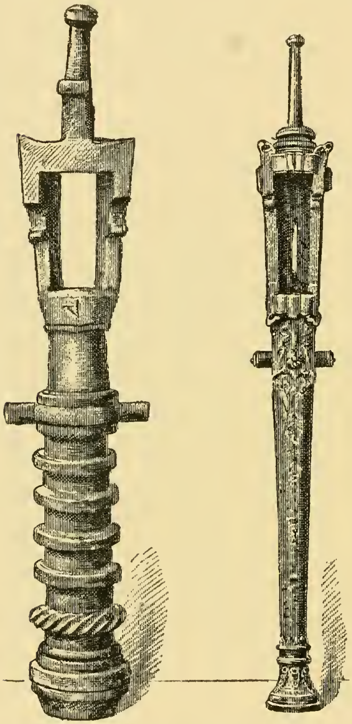
The days and weeks dragged slowly away, one after another of the besieged parties falling before the fire of the enemy, until eight weeks had passed without bringing any sign of relief. There was no murmuring,

THE GRAND TEMPLE AT POO - TOO, CHUSAN ISLANDS.

but all looked hopefully forward, while prepared to meet the result, should the Chinese eventually prove victors, in a manner both heroic and tragical. Doctor Martin relates how he overheard a young and beautiful woman say to Captain Myers: "Remember, if the Chinese are successful, that it is your duty to shoot me." It is believed that every woman there looked forward to this end, should the worst happen. Many of them carried revolvers with which to shoot their children and then themselves, in case their husbands could not reach them. And these were Christian people, preparing themselves for this fate, rather than to fall into the hands of captors who

would make their captivity so horrible that in comparison to it death held no terror.

In most cases this was the reward for years of patient sacrifice and labour. There were those in that band who had given the best years of their lives to the cause of education, science, or government, and such was the ingratitude of those whom they had endeavoured to raise to a higher standard of enlightenment and morality, that the latter were now thirsting for their lives.



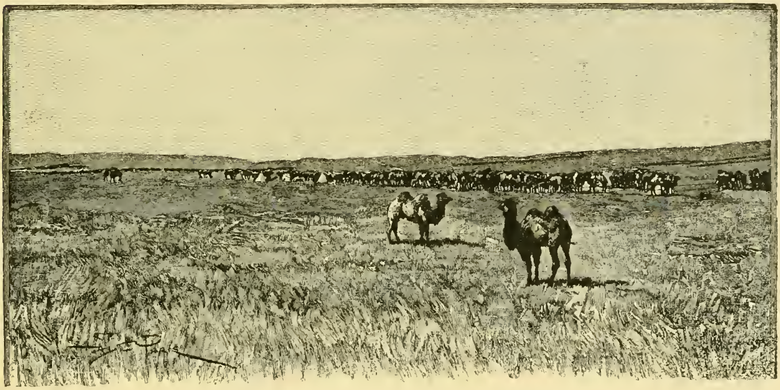
ANCIENT BRONZE BREECH-LOADING CANNON COREAN.

If evidence had been wanting to show that it would be the height of folly for the foreigners to surrender, expecting to save their lives, this was furnished when, under cover of a painted board intended for a flag of truce, the Chinese asked for a conference. Then they stated that they had killed all of the Boxers, and were anxious to settle the matter amicably, promising not to fire upon the besieged any more. At this very time, while they believed they were holding the attention of these people, Chinese soldiers were creeping up to build an intrenchment nearer to them on the west. Fortunately these were discovered by the British and routed in season.

On July 7th the Chinese made two loopholes in the Imperial City wall, which looked down upon the foreigners like the big eyes of some terrible monster, and mounted on the top of the wall a big gun. As this commanded a sweep of the moat, it made it dangerous to pass over to the Fu. The largest weapon that the besieged had was a one-pound Italian piece, and the ammunition for this was nearly gone.

At this time one of the Christian Chinese announced that there was an

old, muzzle-loading cannon among some litter in a storehouse. This proved to be capable of use, and as the Russians had some shells, and the Italians a gun-carriage, the ancient weapon was mounted upon the last, and loaded with bomb-shells. It was tested, to be found equal to sending a ball through four walls. An American named Mitchell, who had been gunner of the smaller Italian piece, now assumed charge of this, which was most appropriately named "The International," for it was a Chinese gun on an Italian carriage, carrying Russian shells, and fired by an American. It made a tremendous noise at each explosion, which carried perhaps as great terror to the enemy as did its ill-adapted ammunition.



CAMEL CARAVANS ON PLAINS OF MONGOLIA.

As difficult as it was to handle, it was looked upon as a prize by those who had charge of it.

Ten days after the finding of the above gun, or on the evening of July 17th, a messenger brought a letter to Major Conger and a telegram in cipher, which caused considerable wonder and trouble. The despatch, which was in the code of the State Department, seemed to be incomplete, and read: "Washington, Conger, send tidings, bearer." The letter was for Sir Claude MacDonald, and stated that in reply to his of the 15th more Chinese troops were on the way to help protect the legations. This was signed by Prince Ching and others. But its friendly tone was discounted by the firing of seven shells almost simultaneously with the

arrival of the messenger, who was at once looked upon as a spy sent to observe where the shells fell.

The following day Major Conger sent to "Prince Ching and others" for a completion to the telegram, and to know where it had come from. The explanation clears up the mystery, as it proved to have been included in a cablegram from the Chinese Minister Wu to his government, and the date belonging to that had not been taken in sending to Major Conger. The cablegram in full read: "United States gladly assist China, but they are thinking of Major Conger. Enclosed is message inquiring for his health. Please deliver and forward reply." Major Conger's reply was as follows: "Surrounded and fired upon by Chinese for a month. If not relieved soon, massacre will follow." This message was entrusted to the Tsungli Yamen upon the promise that it should be forwarded at once.

The last mail went out of Pekin June 14th, and only the most meagre information as to what was taking place outside reached the legations. Naturally the desire for news of any kind was very great, and the sight of a paper on July 20th created intense interest. It was a copy of the *Court Gazette*, the government official organ, and the oldest newspaper in the world. The copy was obtained and brought in secretly by an agent sent out by Rev. Elwood G. Tewksbury, who had been principal of the college at Tung Chau, fifteen miles east of Pekin. This man reported many Boxers hanging about the Ha-ta gate in friendly conversation with the Chinese soldiers.

Among other bits of news, the *Gazette* contained an account of the death, by order of the empress dowager, of four ministers in the Tsungli Yamen, who had been influential friends in their behalf. They felt keenly this loss, knowing it was so much against them as regarded their own fate. In this connection it should be said that without doubt Prince Ching, who, it will be remembered, was associated with the telegram received by Major Conger on the evening of the 17th, was a secret but powerful friend to them. It is true he was not able boldly to defy the empress, but as commander of the City Guard, numbering fifty thousand Manchu soldiers, with his tact and determination he managed to keep in check this furious mob, which if it had been allowed to obey the will of the female tyrant at enmity with all foreigners, the most terrible consequence must have speedily followed.

Finally the ominous day came when the supply of provisions ran low, and starvation stared the ill-fated garrison in the face. All of the horses had been eaten, and mules to the number of eighty, leaving only four to share the fate. Relief must come soon or it would come too late. In this matter of food supply unstinted praise should be bestowed upon a Swiss innkeeper by the name of Chamot. This noble man and his wife, both young, had recently opened a hotel, and out of pity for the beleaguered legations began to furnish them with bread. It was no small task to feed

PAVILION AND GARDENS OF A MANDARIN.

so many mouths, and his bakery was run night and day with all the help available. He delivered the food himself, and scarcely ever was he allowed to cross the bridge with his bread-cart without being the target for many rifles. His cart was marked with numerous bullet-holes, and at one time his little flag, so dear to the gaze of those he was endeavouring to succour, was shot away. His visits were made twice a day, every morning and again at evening, and even though his bread was poor, as it must have been under the circumstances, he was hailed as a delivering benefactor. It is pleasant to know that the French minister will endeavour to have his name placed on that roll of fame, the Legion of Honour. In the hearts of

the survivors of that awful siege in Pekin his name is enrolled among the heroes of that ill-fated summer.

It was estimated that during the two weeks following the 10th of July nearly three thousand cannon balls or shells were sent into the legation

COREAN LANDSCAPE, COUNTRY HOUSE.

quarters, as many as four hundred dropping among the besieged in a single day. Fortunately, for a time the Chinese fired so high that many of their shots flew harmless, but a Norwegian, crazed by the ordeal, escaped among the enemies, to warn them of this failing of their marksmen. After this untoward affair the fire of the Chinese was more disastrous than before. The dangerous madman was later recaptured by the legations, and

kept under close surveillance, though it took seven men to look after him.

On the 23d of July the hearts of all were cheered by the report that the Japanese minister had received word that a relief might be expected soon. During a so-called truce that followed, Chinese bullets continued to fall like hail among the hopeless men and women, who were to learn that this intelligence was not reliable.

The first actual announcement which reached the besieged was brought by

CHAPEL IN THE GREAT TEMPLE, MACAO.

a heroic Chinese boy, who had been sent with a message to Tien-tsin some time before. He started with this precious letter wrapped in oiled paper, and placed at the bottom of a bowl of porridge. Upon breaking the bowl before getting out of the city, the brave boy wound the letter around one of his fingers, and then covered it with a rag. He failed to escape the Boxers, and he was put to work by them. After eight days of this captivity he succeeded in escaping, to eventually reach Tien-tsin. How gladly his message and appeal for help was received may be imagined. But he stopped here less than two hours, barely long enough to get a reply from the British consul to Sir Claude MacDonald, when he set forth on his

perilous return. His adventures would fill a whole chapter, but it is sufficient for us to know that he made the journey successfully, his appearance being hailed with joy at the legation. The letter he brought told without any chance for suspicion that troops were at last getting in readiness to start to their relief. Then the question uppermost in every mind was:

"When will they get here?"

The principal disguise assumed by this intrepid Chinese youth of sixteen was that of a blind beggar. That the letters he carried might not be taken from him, he sewed them in between the soles of his shoes, and thus saved them from being found by the enemy, though he was searched three times. Without professing to be a Christian, he proved his fidelity to the cause of those whom he had chosen as his protectors by highest faith and efficiency.

The number of killed and wounded, as shown by the rolls on the 1st of August, was as follows, with the legation to which each belonged specified:

LEGATION.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
Austria . . .	4		10	(one civilian)
France . . .	11	(two civilians)	24	(four civilians)
Great Britain . .	5	(two civilians)	22	(seven civilians)
Germany . . .	11	(one civilian)	13	
Italy	7		12	
Japan	10	(five civilians)	16	(five civilians)
Russia . . .	4	(one civilian)	13	(one civilian)
United States . .	7		10	(one civilian)
Total	59		120	

This account would do scanty justice to the leaders of the different divisions if special mention were not made of the serious wound of the intrepid Captain Halliday of a British regiment, and the death of his successor, Captain Strouts, at the hands of the Chinese sharpshooters. Mention has been made of the shooting of Captain Myers while he was leading his gallant charge on the wall, and another brave officer, Captain Wray, was shot in the head while urging on his men to capture a Chinese gun, but his wound did not prove fatal. The captain of the French marines was shot dead, while Captain Riley, of the United States Navy,

fell to rise no more while directing an artillery attack on the palace gate. The manner in which Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was treacherously slain, and the shooting of Professor James on the bridge, have both been described. Toward the close, Mr. Knobel, the Netherlands minister, was shot in the knee, while the redoubtable Mitchell, the American gunner of the gun International, was wounded at his post of duty.

The number killed among the Chinese is not known, though they acknowledged a large number slain, among them several officers, one a

COREAN TYPES.

brigadier-general. The small number who died of illness among the legations was surprising, considering that the siege lasted through the summer months, when the heat of Pekin is usually intense. Fortunately for them, the time of their siege was marked with uncommonly cool weather for the season of the year.

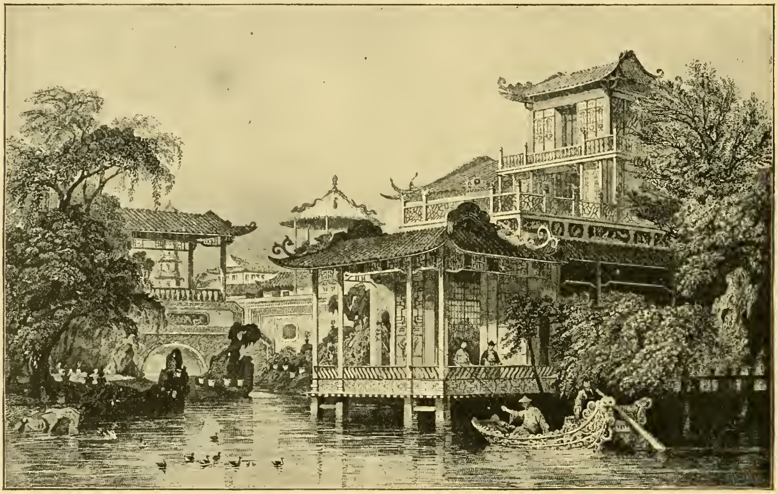
The suspense continuing to grow more and more unendurable as day after day passed without bringing the expected relief, it seemed on the night following the 13th of August, when the Chinese kept up one of the worst cannonades they had made since the beginning of the siege, that the end was near. Nobody could sleep, and the horror of the morrow

was too dreadful to contemplate. But rescue was nearer at hand now than the sufferers dared to think.

A little past midnight a sentry gave the joyous cry:

"They come! The troops are here!"

Men rushed out into the open air before the words were fairly uttered. There was no delay in dressing, for no one thought of laying aside his clothes during such a time as that. The good news spread rapidly, and soon the women appeared on the exciting scene. The playing of the guns on the outside of the city made glad music to the overwrought men and



HOUSE OF A CHINESE MERCHANT NEAR CANTON.

women and children. Those who were present will never forget that hour.

One of the participants, Doctor Martin, in writing of the event says: "Overwhelmed with joy, some impulsive ladies threw themselves on each other's necks and wept aloud. As the women of Lucknow listened to the bagpipes of Havelock's Highlanders, so the ladies of the long-besieged legations listened to the playing of the guns on the outer walls. The next morning, at ten o'clock, the great gates of the legation were thrown open, and in came a company of mounted Sikhs, perhaps the finest cavalry that I ever beheld, and with their long spears and high turbans

they appeared the handsomest men on whom my eyes had ever rested. So, perhaps, by the magnifying effect of time and circumstances, they appeared to all of us as the vanguard of the army of relief. They had come in through the water-gate, by which the passage would have been impossible but for the occupation of the wall by our marines."

The other troops of the allied forces entered a little later by the front gate, the Chinese giving way on every hand. Thus at last the release was effected, though not without many hardships and the cost of many lives, on the part of the rescuers, who had been obliged to conquer a large city before starting upon their memorable march to Pekin.

The various divisions of the allies took possession of respective sections of the subjugated capital, and above the public buildings floated the flag of the power holding the place, until everywhere the eight flags of the Manchus gave way to the eight[1] flags of their allied conquerors. Thus, her gate-towers dismantled and burned, her public buildings in ashes, her treasures looted by unscrupulous foreigners, and everywhere greater havoc wrought by the infuriated Boxers, the pride of the haughty Babylon of the Far East was humbled in the dust. It will take a cycle of Cathay to restore anything like its former splendour.

If charged with plundering and looting to an extent which is disgraceful, — the American troops held aloof from this, — yet the allies in a large measure returned good for evil. Forgetting the outrages of Tai Yuen, where ninety-three Protestant missionaries and Catholics were murdered in cold blood at the instigation of its infamous governor, and of Pao Ting fu, the scene of another brutal atrocity, they spared the imperial palaces and left the empress dowager to her seclusion. It was enough for them that they entered the Forbidden City in armed array to convey to the cowering Chinese the fact that they came as conquerors.

[1] It is a singular fact that the ruling race of China was made up of the same number of clans.

GATE OF SEOUL, COREA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINA AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

THE siege in Pekin raised by the allied powers, and her capital the armed camp of foreign troops, the Chinese Empire enters upon the new century under influences and conditions likely at last to awaken the ancient sleeper to a new order of things of which he has never dreamed. China is in fact a country of gigantic possibilities confronted with dwarfed realities. The situation is looked upon by many as "the break-up of China." Colonel Yule disposed of this idea in a few words as a foot-note to his book, by saying:

"It has broken up before!"

So it has. In fact, the glory of its long career has consisted chiefly of breaking up. The mending, such as it was, has always been done by outside power. Its present plight is a bad one, viewed in whatever light it may be; but it was in worse shape when Confucius went from district to district rousing the leaders and the masses to a new life. It needs now only a modern sage, with modern ideas of development, to bestow upon the long-lived empire a splendour before which all past glory will be

dimmed, a splendour in keeping with the progressive spirit of the twentieth century.

Having described diverse portions of the great empire and commented upon the condition of the people, it is proper that our parting glance should be focused upon this singular standpoint of the unhappy race at the present time. It is expected to find a people at their best in their native land, under such environments as they have builded about them. This rule does not apply to the Celestial race. In Hawaii the Chinese, who have become a large percentage of the population, are prosperous, progressive, industrious, and peaceful. Here they build them comfortable homes, and rear around them the attractions of a civilised life. They do this easily, quickly, and as if "to the manner born." In the Philippines they move along a plane not altogether against their future happiness. They show an apt tact in business and accumulate wealth. We see them thus, in varying stages, according to the civilisation and advantages surrounding them, wherever they have found their way. They do this, too, everywhere they appear, whether in the North or South, East or West, as business men in Hawaii, or coolies in Australia, as ambassadors to foreign governments, or as sightseers in strange lands, without losing those peculiar characteristics which mark them as a distinct race of human beings, wearing always the same clothes, eating the same food, imbued with the same inner qualities of industry, as have distinguished them for thousands of years.

At home we should expect to find the Chinaman at his best. Alas! he there appears at his worst. Whether in the gilded mansion of the mandarin, or in the filthy den of the narrow alley of the crowded city, or in the bamboo hut in the wilderness, we find the highest and the lowest of the race fettered by tradition and handicapped by customs instituted thousands of years before their day. The best are steeped in corruption and superstition. The poorest, circumscribed in their energies, are confined to the narrow orbit of their own sphere. Their superiors allow them no liberty; their ceaseless toil brings them but slight reward; they are chained to the soil.

In the ignorance and bitterness of heart of the masses, hating the more fortunate, they unite in guilds and unions, which eventually work them harm rather than good. The paramount object of the *congsee*, or guild, is

identical with that of the rich man, namely, to rule or monopolise whatever comes in its way. They try it in trade; they try it in society; they try it in government. One class combines to oppose those higher in power; another, a scale lower, unites to baffle them; the peasants of the outlying districts associate in iron-clad unions to limit the power of the local officials. In their efforts these clans cause dissensions and disturbances, to quell which the government, with reins that hang loosely over them, attempts to keep them under subjection by its police. To meet these, local

TERMINATION OF THE GREAT WALL, GULF OF PE CHI LI.

bands of men called *Sam-sings*, whose avowed purpose it is to fight the officials, are organised to effect this purpose. These troublesome factors have been described by one who has seen evidence of their work as follows:

"The Sam-sings live by looting, and are on the watch for any excuse for exercising their talents. Each *hoey*, or society, must have so many of them, but I do not know any means to ascertain their numbers. They are a regular fighting people, and are paid so much a month." Painful evidence of their work is everywhere apparent in the province of Yunnan.

Living a monotonous life, a family in moderate circumstances has for

food an almost unvarying diet, consisting of a bowl of rice washed down with a bowl of soup. In some localities salt fish, and cabbage, well seasoned, are also eaten. Those in better condition display rich soups, oysters, or shell-fish, fish boiled or roasted, pork, cooked in various ways, roast duck, and vegetables. On the whole, the diet of a Chinaman is far better than the accounts commonly given would have us believe. Some of the very poorest in the great cities do at times eat such viands as cats, rats, and dogs, but these are exceptional cases, and denote exceedingly straitened circumstances in the family.

The Chinese drink warm, with their meals, *shiu-chiu*, or heated rice wine, which is very healthful, and not disagreeable when a person has become used to it. Rice wine is the national drink, boatmen being especially heavy drinkers. Still, it is left for the literary class to excel in drinking capacity, it being considered a part of their "gifts" to be able to partake of a liberal quantity without letting the liquor interfere with their locomotion. A literary celebrity esteems it a high compliment to be told that his "drinking powers show great genius." The Chinese consider cold water fit only for barbarians to drink, and thus hot beverages are everywhere in vogue. If water is drunk it is first warmed. No doubt this custom originated from the impure condition of the water supply in the cities.

A Chinaman never allows his profile to be taken, as he believes it is not good taste to have one eye hidden; his portrait therefore must possess two eyes and as many ears. Neither will he willingly allow any shadow to fall on his features or figure, claiming that it is contrary to nature, as the sunlight falls fully on an object. Though only a few of the Chinese have beards, and they profess to despise the growth characteristic of foreigners, their pictures of heroes and great men of the past always have this adornment, while the chances are that the individuals in question had smooth faces.

A ludicrous story is told of the jinrikisha man and the American sailor, which illustrates the superstition attached to the wearing of the pigtail. A Chinese gentleman, riding in his favourite carriage, unwittingly allowed the end of his long queue to get caught in one of the wheels. He was soon apprised of his mishap, as the rope of hair wound round and round the axle, growing tighter at each revolution of the wheel. The victim shouted for his human horse to stop, but mistaking his cries for an order to go

faster, the jinrikisha man broke into a smart trot, thus adding to the terror and pain of his master, who fairly shrieked in despair. What the outcome would have been is hard to conjecture had not a third person

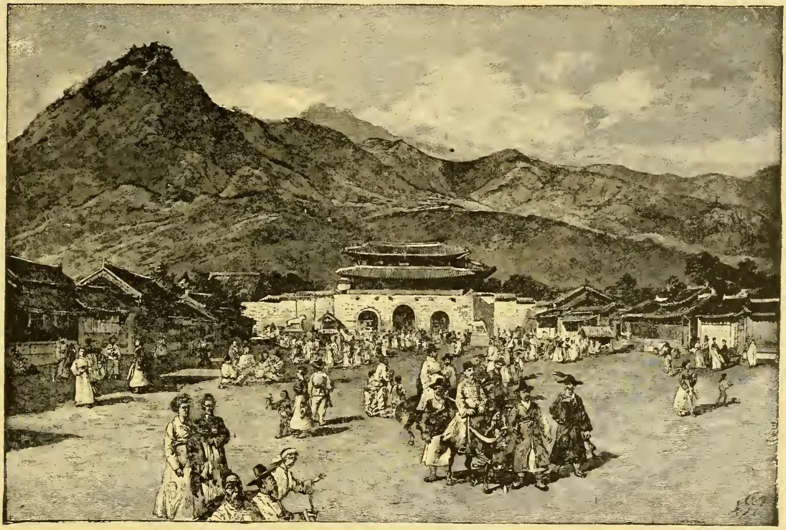
COREAN MANDARIN.

appeared upon the scene. A sailor passing at that moment discovered the plight of the Chinese noble, and whipping out his knife cut off at a single stroke the insignia both of a slavish custom and the dignity of his high rank. If the almond-eyed gentleman was freed from his peculiar and painful situation, it was at a sacrifice which made his howls of rage outdo

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

his previous yells of suffering. His friends saw what had been done, and understanding only the insult which had been done their countryman, made a furious dash for the surprised seaman. Seeing his predicament, he fled for his life, with a mob of shrieking Chinese at his heels. This rabble, not disposed to abandon the pursuit at the shore, began to swarm out toward the vessel, which was compelled to put out to sea as soon as the sailor got aboard, in order to escape the warlike uprising.

Having described the origin and purpose of the Boxers in fomenting



SQUARE IN SEOUL, COREA.

the recent struggle of the Chinese against the combined forces of the foreigners, and having seen them replaced by another power, it is necessary that we review this power before we leave the subject. To understand fully the real situation, it is necessary to take into consideration the three parties forming the political powers at work in the empire previous to the outbreak of 1899. The first of these, because the most worthy, was the party of progress, headed by the emperor and most ably encouraged by Viceroy Li Hung Chang; second, and older than the other, the party of non-progress and Chinese seclusion, with the empress dowager as its

astute leader; last, the foreign haters, represented by the Boxers and their associates.

Three elements entered into the struggle of these parties. The second became politically jealous of the first, and through the skilful manipulations of the empress dowager managed to seize the reins of government from the hands of the emperor. Religious fanaticism called into existence the third party, which gained strength upon the mistaken idea of foreign industry ruining the prospects of the labouring class, whose sole privilege it seemed to be was to toil for the bare sustenance of life. The party of the empress soon fell in with this foreign antagonism.

The emperor, who is neither physically nor intellectually strong, has a slender figure, and a countenance with little expression of firmness. It is an oval face, the features being regular, and the dark eyes expressive of greater personality than the rest of his countenance. He may be, as he looks, a weak person; his course of action in some respects has shown it; in others he has given ample proof of both a high intellectuality and a determination of purpose worthy of emulation. As a child, Kwang Su showed marked desires for foreign toys and inventions, until his apartments at the palace became a veritable museum of the most ingenious and wonderful productions of the Occidental world. Eventually foreign toys and playthings were exchanged for foreign books and a knowledge of foreign affairs. The effect was remarkable and widespread. Not only at Pekin, but throughout the empire, every one seemed to be seeking the mastery of other languages, especially the English. The result of this could not be other than of vast benefit to China. Among the other notable acts that the emperor did was to issue a series of edicts which favoured the establishment of seats of learning, the encouragement of art, science, and agriculture, the building of railroads, the adoption of Western drill for the Tartar troops, the introduction of patent and copyright laws, Boards of War and Foreign Offices, the encouragement of trade, the establishment of school boards, the abolishment of useless offices, a Bureau of Mines and Railroads, the encouragement of political writings, the making of commercial bureaus, the instruction of tea and silk raisers, the abolition of slow courier posts and the establishment of the Imperial Customs Post, the publication of newspapers. This does not complete the list, many items of which may have been impracticable at the

time, but well to be discussed, while many of them were actually carried into effect.

The magnitude of this reform movement cannot be estimated, or the result foreseen, except that it must redound to the everlasting good of his empire and the benefit of the rest of the world. One of the noblest results has been to develop among the young reformers of this imperial leader a patriotism and regard for native land which until then never existed in China in the sense that it has in the West.

PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

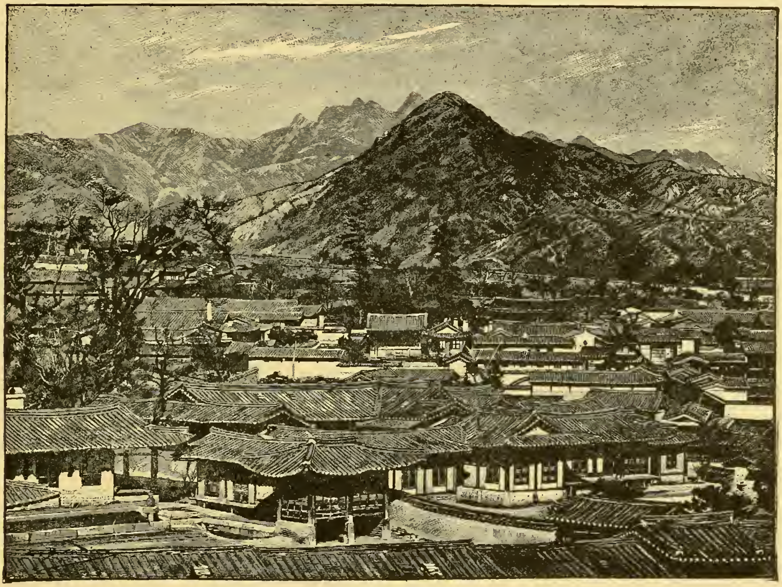
Naturally such a radical revolution, coming with a breadth and rapidity unknown in the empire, would arouse intense opposition. Quite as naturally, she who had been the wife of an emperor half a century ago became the leader. Of high birth, she came from one of the southern provinces to become the wife of Hien Fung, who became ruler in 1850, and ten years later, his capital wrested from him by the British and French, died an exile in Mongolia. This remarkable woman accompanied him, and

when he died, soon after, she returned to begin her extraordinary career at the Chinese court. Her son Tung Chi, only five years of age, became the successor of her husband, and he reigned thirteen years, during which period she virtually ruled. At his death she selected a young brother of her late husband as the titular sovereign, under the title of Kwang Su, or Illustrious Successor. As he was only three years old at the time of his accession to the throne, she reassumed her regency, on the ground of his immaturity. When he became of sufficient age to assume the government, she still retained her power, on the claim that he was incapable of ruling. If a weak monarch, his weakness was of a kind that is not altogether undesirable. It is certain that he was too weak to cope with the strong mind of her who sat behind his throne, concealed by a curtain, but able to see those who sought audience with the emperor, — literally the power behind the throne.

In justice to her it should be acknowledged that in the early days of her regency she was not the bitter enemy to foreigners that she has since become. It was she who encouraged the young emperor to study the English language, and actually started him on his way of enlightenment and reform. Perhaps this fact gave a bitterness to her heart and caused her to become the implacable opponent to those outside her dominion. Few women in the history of the world have swayed a greater power or held it longer. She is now a little over sixty, and one of her proud, imperious nature must feel with an intense disappointment her final overthrow. She knows she is hated by the more progressive of her people, and that they exult in her downfall, but she gives no indication of failing strength in mind and body, while she is capable of reasserting her independence where few if any could succeed. Like her imperial kinsfolk, she is a Manchu, and has at heart the interest of her race, and not that of those who still pride themselves upon being descendants of the learned and powerful Mings, who left some of the noblest monuments of their greatness that China possesses. Her nephew, the Emperor Kwang Su, is now in his thirtieth year, and it has been twenty-seven years since the empress dowager, with the consent of the leading princes, made him the nominal ruler of the Chinese Empire.

In the late uprising in which this famous, or infamous, woman has taken such an active part, she and her supporters have much to answer

for. But theirs is not all the blame. There is not a nation on earth which must not in a certain degree share it with them. We have shown the record of Great Britain and France in the disgraceful Opium War. The wrong did not stop here. When France wanted to dispose of her goods at a high profit in China, she stole Tonquin, causing the loss of many lives and much property in the struggle. Again, in 1884, in the words of Rev. C. M. Cohen, "a French vessel steamed into a Chinese port,

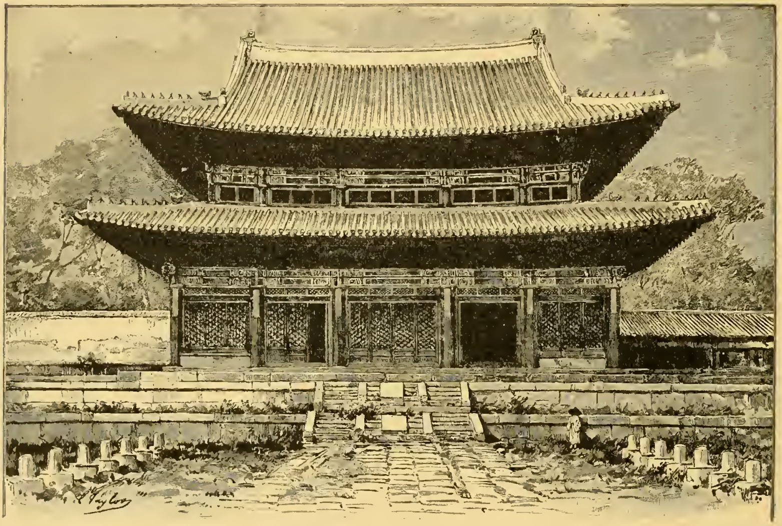


ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER IN SEOUL, COREA.

and, without even a declaration of war, blew up the entire Chinese fleet, killing three thousand Chinese soldiers and marines." This is not all of which France is guilty.

Not long since, two German Jesuit priests — never peace factors — were killed in the interior of China. As Li Hung Chang justly remarked, "In any other country such a case would have had a fair trial, the guilty would have been arrested and punished." All of this would have been done by the Chinese, and far more quickly than we settle such cases in our courts, but China was not allowed to do so. Germany saw her oppor-

tunity, and sent her gunboats and soldiers, and *stole* Kiaochau, and miles and miles of territory! Doctor Cohen, whom we have already quoted in regard to the French injuries, says of the Germans: "Only three years ago a private party of Germans sailed up a Chinese river with the German flag floating at the masthead of the vessel, landed, and began digging up the tombs of the Chinese kings, hunting for treasures!" Imagine a party of foreigners sailing up the Potomac or the Hudson, and despoiling the tomb of our Washington or Grant. No people think more of their



KING'S PALACE, SEOUL, COREA.

dead than the Chinese, and with feelings of horror they rallied against the destroyers, and killed every man of them. As soon as the news of this "outrage" reached the ears of the German consul, a war-ship was despatched up the river, and the inhabitants of the ill-fated village were put to death and their homes burned.

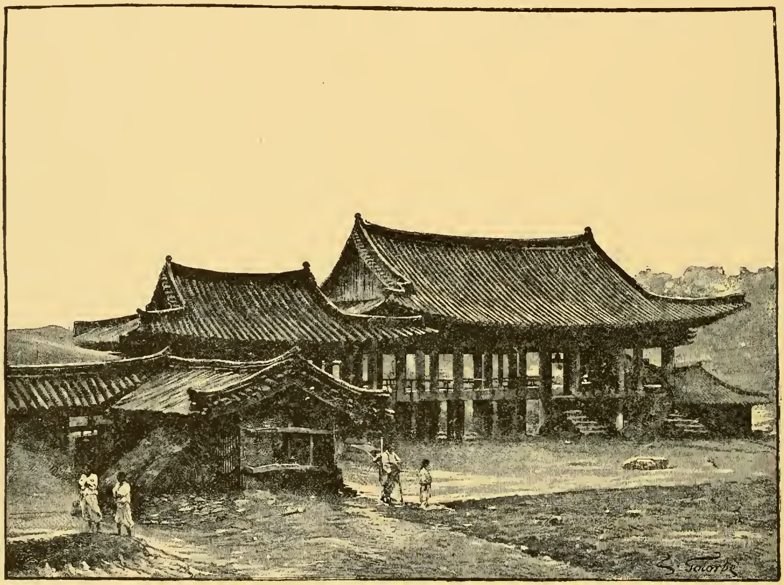
Our own record is not a clean one. If we have not blackened it in their land with useless deeds of violence, we have at home denied the Chinese what we have accorded to the most disreputable immigrant of Europe. Nor have we stopped there, but our newspapers have from time to time contained accounts of lynching, shooting, or burning alive some

hapless immigrant from the Far East, whose greatest crime was his stubborn determination to remain a quiet and peaceful citizen. As many as fifty Chinamen have been made to suffer death in our Western cities, within an hour, where no hand has been lifted to bring the perpetrators of the fiendish massacre to justice. All these horrible proceedings eventually reach the friends and relatives in the home land. Is it a wonder the foreigner is looked upon as a "devil?"

In atonement for her conduct toward the Chinese at home, America has acted a magnanimous part with the Chinese in their own land. In the recent Christian crusade to rescue the legations and missionaries, she has performed a noble work. She will no doubt stand firm and honourable in the settlement of the present difficulties. Russia has been getting slice after slice of territory on the northern frontier, until the Russian bear has become hungry for the whole. The British lion has stalked along the Great River, until he felt to him belonged the lordship of its broad and fertile valleys. The French tiger has crept stealthily forth upon the southern provinces with the same greedy, insatiable appetite. But American intercourse with China has been of a higher nature. Only a fair return for the investment made has been expected. She has helped to raise the standard of agriculture and manufacture and make it redound with greater profit and benefit to them unto whom it belongs. At this time there is contemplated a railroad by an American syndicate which shall connect the provinces of Kwang-si, Kwang-tung, and Hunan with Canton, thus making available the great resources of this rich region. All the higher institutions of learning and enlightenment of the Chinese are maintained with an American at the head. Is not this glory enough for one nation? It shows conclusively that the interests of the two countries are fast becoming mutual. Perhaps the greatest good to come out of the sudden appearance of the United States in the Far East is the fact that she is there, if not an outspoken, the silent monitor of affairs in which not only the peace of China is concerned but that of Asia and of Europe. Who is bold enough to predict what the result would have been but for the presence of this young Queen of the West, Columbia? Under the existing condition a satisfactory adjustment is looked forward to with confidence.

In making a comparison of the Chinese with other governments, it

should be borne in mind that the former is still in its clannish condition, having never passed beyond that secondary form of feudalism from which Japan has so recently emerged. Professing to hold a great central power, the so-called empire has never been able to control its many inland provinces. This has been shown over and again in its inability to suppress the numerous rebellions of the tribal population, or to stay the ravages of the pirates upon the seas and the brigands amid its mountains.



COREAN TEMPLE.

Ay, further than this, it has been proved by the fact that these outlaws of the interior have often banded themselves together, formed so-called military bodies, met in pitched battle the regular soldiers, and in the flush of triumph dared to set up a government of their own.

In Manchuria, Russia has had to keep a standing force of men to protect her railroads. The Germans, in the province of Shan-tung, have had even more difficulty in maintaining commercial interests. On the West River and the Yangtse Kiang the British have had to patrol their pathways with armed men to protect their interests, government being help-

less to do so, had it shown any desire to that end. Along the latter river the people are more peaceful than anywhere else in China. France, gaining the power of magistrates for her bishops, has posed as the protector of priests and the Catholic Church. The advent of the Americans into the Philippines has placed them in the midst of this great beehive of clannish races.

Chinese rule has been based on the aphorism that "whatever is, is best," and that it is better to let matters alone so long as they offer no serious disturbance at the head. Again, the government, or rather its officials, are corrupt from the highest to the lowest. There is no office without its price, or its "perquisites," which mean riches for him who has laid his plans and invested his means so as to secure it.

We have shown that the country is rich in its natural treasures, one of the richest in the world, — a virgin wealth actually beyond estimation in value. The individual riches of the empire are great, — how great no statistician can tell, — though the masses of the inhabitants are extremely poor. In this connection there is a sort of satisfaction in believing that the population of China, as it has been given, is far too high. Divide the number, claimed for those who are grovelling in want and hopeless misery, by two, and the safer side of truth will have been found in estimating the population of the Chinese Empire.

If an object of scorn and ridicule, the ancient empire in the weakness of its extreme old age deserves the respect due to the aged, and it becomes the allied powers to act cautiously and with mutual agreement for the good of China. That they can ultimately overpower the crumbling dynasty is a foregone conclusion, but the rivers will flow crimson to the sea, and the rain of lead will fall like pebbles on the shores of the ocean of people. Then, the victory of conquest secured, another question will confront the triumphant nations that will be of deeper and broader significance, and more hazardous to settle than war itself.

The open door seems at present to be the policy of the allies, and it is the true policy for all concerned. Let the Flowery Kingdom remain intact, but do not let foreign influence and progress be checked. It is their duty as the representatives of modern thought and teachings to meet half-way these followers of the Confucian light of olden times in this matter of the adjustment of the rival systems of acquired and inherited govern-

ment. Let the missionary continue his good work; the scholar his labours of education; let the business agent extend his trade; the manufacturer

GATE OF COREAN WALLED TOWN.

build his mills; let foreign ships of commerce fill the harbours; let the empress dowager be removed from all possible meddling with the political code of government; and, above all, let the Emperor Kwang Su return to

his throne; and then, when China shall no longer be governed by haters of foreign races or the ally of ungovernable rebels, we shall see the rejuvenated empire rise from the ashes of her nineteenth century dissolution, to enter upon the twentieth century a progressive and prosperous kingdom among the great powers of the world.

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

PASAGE HOTEL, HAVANA.

THE FAR EAST.

CUBA.

CHAPTER I.

THE VIRGIN ISLAND.

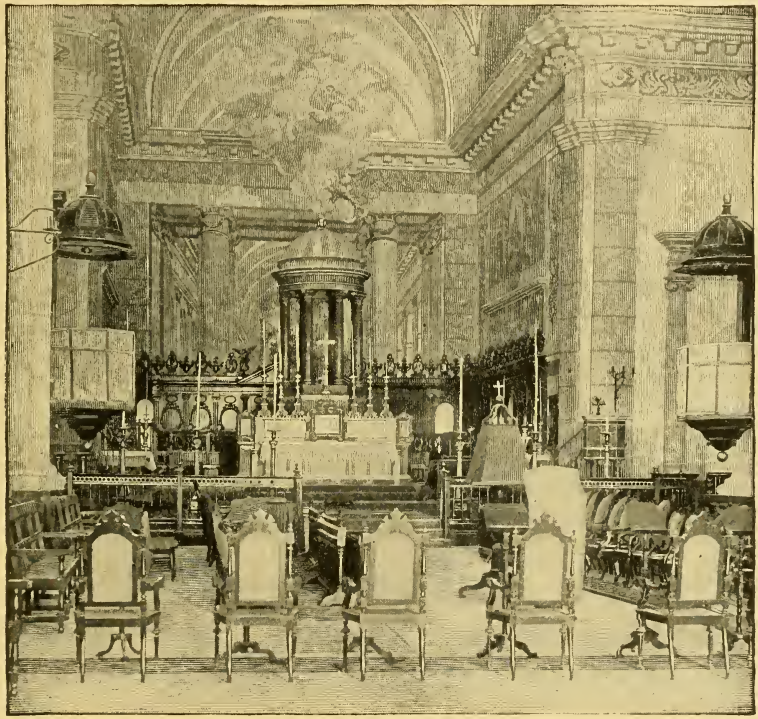
DAY was breaking over the darkness of the Middle Ages. The power at the head of the world was Spain. Europe already stood awed before her haughty presence, and all that Rome had done to dazzle the civilised people of the globe Castile promised to repeat. The zenith of her power and prestige, her civil and military glory, was soon to flash upon the awakening beholders, when in art her Murillo, Velasquez, and Ribera should stand among the great painters, and in literature her Cervantes and Lope de Vega should contribute to the list of renowned men of letters; while among discoverers and explorers at that moment there was ploughing the unknown seas of the West the man who was to lead the long roll of triumphant navigators, the immortal Columbus, to be

speedily followed by his ambitious associates, Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa, De Soto, De Leon, and Magellan, until the banners of Castile and Aragon should not only command respect at home but should wave proudly over the Pacific and the coast of the Indian Ocean; until her galleons, sailing in every sea, should bring home to her the richest tributes of these far-away climes; until, her soil yielding the unrivalled harvests of yellow corn and golden wine, her manufactories producing the finest silks and velvets, her warriors proving themselves worthy descendants of the gallant Charles V., and her cities palaces of luxuries and refinements, she was to become in reality the court and camp of Europe, the acknowledged leader of chivalry and grandeur. It seemed impossible that from the very land she was then giving to the world should rise a nation that was to trail in the dust her proud insignia. But in this she was only following in the pathway of Rome, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Persia, and the ancient empires of the Far East.

Explorers were pushing out into the unknown parts of the globe. The Mediterranean had just been thoroughly traversed, and as a result the Italians built up a respectable maritime trade. More venturesome than any of the others, the mariners of Portugal were pushing farther and farther out into the trackless sea, until men looked on wondering what was coming next. Printing had been invented, to proclaim the results of discovery, and yet the world was believed to be a vast plain, and the ocean a boundless space of water, until the Genoese navigator declared that the earth was a huge spherical body, and that by sailing westward one could reach the golden gate of the Indies in the East, then the Eldorado of all men.

The story of Columbus is too familiar to be repeated here. After many trials and disappointments, he finally enlisted a powerful queen in his favour, and we find him, October 28, 1492, standing on the lookout of his caravel, watching intently the watery expanse ahead. San Salvador, a mere speck on the sea, noted now as being the first land discovered by this great navigator, had been found the day before. Now a bluish line on the distant horizon gave the mariner hope that he was about to sight a larger and more important shore. His ambitious soul was exultant with the thought that he had already planted the royal standard of Spain upon virgin soil, and had proclaimed himself, even if only to his handful of

followers and the solitude of an unknown shore, the viceroy and high-admiral of a new world. It was well for the hero that he could not read the disappointments and disgrace in store for him; the desertion of friends, the displeasure of kings. The proud acclaim of this day of discovery belongs to him and to Spain, the grandest either ever knew.



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL OF THE VIRGIN.
(On the right of the altar is the tablet to Columbus. Here his bones were laid in 1796.)

The blue on the horizon deepened into green, and then the three ships came to anchor in the silvery waters washing the shore. Boats were lowered with feverish impatience, and the great admiral, with the colours of his adopted land rising and falling in the languid breeze, approached the newly discovered realm, which he named before reaching, in honour of the son of Ferdinand and Isabella, "Juana." Later it was the king's pleasure to rechristen this fair virgin of the sea in the feminine of his own

name, "Ferdinanda." Again it was changed to "Santiago," and yet once more to "Ave Maria," in honour of the Holy Virgin. But none of these remained any great length of time, and it became known by that name which rightly belonged to it, "*Cubican*," the native baptismal, shortened to "Cuba."

Columbus was so struck by the beauty of the country and the salubrity

IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

of the climate that he could find no language too effusive for its description. "It is the most beautiful land that eyes ever beheld," he says at one time. At another he writes, "Its waters are filled with excellent ports; its rivers are magnificent and profound." Once more he declares, "As far as the day surpasses night in brightness and splendour, it surpasses all other countries." The spot where he is supposed to have first landed is a little west of Nuevitas. "The grandeur of its mountains," says Irving, "reminded him of Sicily. He was struck with the magnitude

COLUMBUS MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

of its fertile valleys, and long, sweeping plains, watered by noble rivers; its stately forests; its bold promontories and stretching headlands, which melted away into the distance." His exploration into the interior more than confirmed the sight presented from the shore, and the fertility of the soil was shown everywhere by the wealth of vegetation, of flowers and fruits, of maize and wild cotton growing in abundance.

Like nearly all the habitable quarters of the globe that have been found by civilised races, it was already peopled. Later investigations have shown

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE IN WEST INDIES. A CUBAN PLOUGHMAN.

the aborigines to have possessed characteristics similar to those of the inhabitants of the Bahamas. They met the newcomers with open arms, and hailing them as superior beings, gladly welcomed them to their shores. How easy it would have been for them to crush the handful of worn explorers, and in what different lines might history have then been written!

But they were a peaceful people, and there being no wild beasts in this Eden, they possessed no weapons of defence or offence, not even knowing the use of the bow and arrow that so distinguishes the primeval races almost everywhere. It was natural that such people should yield easily to the dictates of the newcomers, whom they were soon to know as

possessing less than human qualities, to say nothing of divine. Columbus described them as tall and straight, like the natives of North America, of tawny complexion, and gentle disposition, being easy to influence by their masters. Evidently the race had come originally from the mainland of America, or *Amarca*,[1] as it was then called, but whether from north or south of the Isthmus of Panama is not known.

This race was naturally indolent, as all people are where the soil and climate combine to assure a living without work. The warmth of the

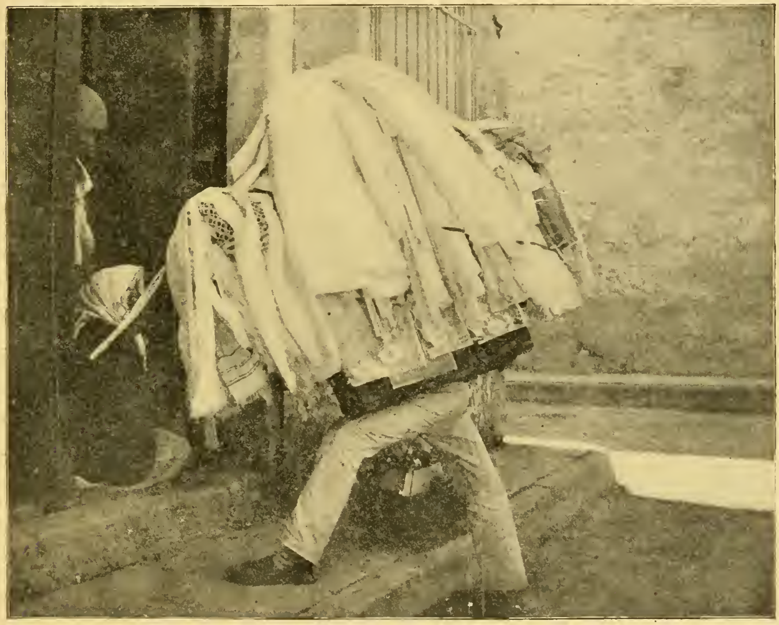
[1] Research among the ancient archives and the sacred book of the Peruvians explains the origin of the name America, and throws much light upon the condition of the inhabitants of the western world before the appearance of the Spaniards. Central America is not the only portion of this continent which holds in its half-buried ruins evidence of a high order of civilisation. At the time of the explorations of Columbus the Peruvian empire was the mightiest power in the New World. It was a nation of marked civilisation, whose dominion extended from the equator on the north, to Buenos Ayres on the south; from the Atlantic Ocean on the east, to the Pacific on the west. On the latter ocean they had a seacoast of 2,500 miles, extending from Pastos to the river Maule. The inhabitants grew cotton, spun fine clothes, made pottery, refined silver ore, and manufactured bronze. They had highways that were marvels of engineering feats. The road from Cuzco to Quito, 1,506 miles in length, was forty feet in width and as level as a floor. This broad thoroughfare was paved with stone and earth, the mountains tunnelled, the marshes made passable by solid masonry, and the streams spanned by suspension bridges very similar to those of modern times. This vast dominion was supposed by the Spanish to contain fabulous riches, and was known then as *Amerca*, but originally Amarca. Then an *i* was inserted after the *r*, and it was spelled according to the present style.

During the explorations of Columbus, Albertigo Vespucci — there was no Amerigo Vespucci known at that time, as some historians would have us believe — made his three voyages of discovery, in 1499, 1501, and 1502, following the coast of America from north to south; he learned of a fabled Golden City, the Norumbega of South America, situated somewhere in the region of the Orinoco, and called by the Peruvians Cundin-America, or Paradise of America. Therefore he knew this country as America. It could not have been otherwise. He visited the New World not only to behold with his own eyes its wonders, but to describe them that others might know them. Thus while Columbus was trying to solve the problem of a passage to the East Indies, this Florentine merchant was writing vivid accounts of the new country. The publication of his works not only made him rich and famous, but it also attached his name almost inseparably with that of the new-found continent.

In those days it was customary to link a man's name with any object or deed accomplished by him which was deemed worthy of perpetuation. In this way the Italian author became known as the American Vespucci, or in Latin, Americus, in Italian, Amerigo. Perhaps he first applied the name himself, just as business men in later times applied some cognomen which speaks of their calling. It is easy to see how those who read his works should come to consider him the one for whom America was called. Not only were the common readers deceived, but one so high in learning and the affairs of the day as Waltzemuller, monk of St. Die, accepted the current belief and perpetuated it in print.

The word Am-ar-ca, or Am-eri-ca, is formed of three roots. "Am" is found in many American names, as in Amagansett, and Amatitlan, and means *great*. "Ar" meant, in the language of the Incas, *the sun*, which was their emblem of God. The last syllable, "ca," means land. It is the same as the Greek "ga," and is to be found in Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavian, and American dialects. Taking the word as a whole, we find that we have "Am," great; "ca," land; and "ar," or "eri," of the sun: America, *the great land of the sun*. — G. W. B.

climate made clothing unnecessary, though the natives were described as chaste in their conduct, and living peacefully and happily until the dark shadow of their conquerors fell across their lives. It is generally so. More and more does it become certain to him who looks for the truth that the natives of all countries were peaceful and contented. The cannibals of the older writers, who for the most part wrote far from the subjects they claimed to describe, were seldom, if ever, found in real life.



CUBAN LACE PEDDLER.

In the present case no one has asserted that these natives were other than peaceful, having only to cultivate in a simple way maize and fruits to be certain of a good living. This limited their ambitions and their agricultural and industrial pursuits. Such meats as they wished they easily obtained by fishing the prolific waters along the shores of their island empire, or by hunting a small creature somewhat resembling the rat in appearance, but with the flesh of a rabbit. This creature the newcomers, for some unknown reason, designated as the "voiceless dog."

Their only arms were lances tipped with sea-shells, and a grotesque imitation of a sword cut from wood by means of sea-shells. They caught fish by nets, and hooks made of bone, or speared them. Their arms were for boyish display rather than for use, as they did not dream of an enemy in the world. In their passage along the coast they used boats dug out from trees, some of which, notwithstanding the effort it must have cost the makers in digging them out with their rude implements, were of sufficient size to carry fifty men at a time. They moved them with paddles, the rowers standing upright, while sending the unwieldy craft along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The *cazique's*, or king's boat, was usually made of mahogany. One of these has been described as being five feet in width and over seventy-five feet in length. It took twenty-five oarsmen on each side to propel this craft, while a steersman occupied the stern, and a lookout the prow. The cazique and his retinue were seated in a prominent position near the centre. One of these equipages, moving majestically along the shore, must have presented a picturesque appearance.

The reception accorded Bartholomew Columbus by these island rulers, while he was acting as deputy governor, was in every way most flattering to the imperious impostors. Gold was heaped upon the distinguished visitors, and those who had not gold brought cotton.

One cazique tendered a grand state reception, receiving the newcomers with great display and pomp. Upon approaching the seat of native government, the wives of the patriarchal ruler, thirty in number, "carrying branches of palms in their hands, came forth to greet the guest with song and dance. These matrons were succeeded by a train of virgins. The first wore aprons of cotton, the last were arrayed only in the innocence of nature, their hair flowing long and freely about their shoulders and necks Their limbs were finely proportioned, and their complexions, though brown, were smooth, shining, and lovely. The Spaniards were struck with admiration, believing that they beheld the dryads of the woods and the nymphs of ancient fables. The branches which the natives bore were delivered to the strangers with low obeisance, indicating entire submission. When the Spaniards entered the rural palace, amid songs and the rude music of the people, they found there a plentiful and, according to the Indian mode of living, a sumptuous banquet prepared for them."

Games, dancing, and singing followed the feasting, while the honoured

OBISPO STREET.

visitors were waited upon with fascinating willingness by these graceful beauties of the wilds. The last game played, the last dance acted, the singing done and the music over, the guests were conducted to separate lodges, each provided with a cotton hammock, that proved a delightful couch after the day's bewildering pleasures. When this reception had been kept up for four days, and the Spaniards were about to depart, they were liter-

OLD STREET IN HAVANA.

ally loaded with gifts of gold and cotton. It is painful to record that this open-hearted treatment was repaid by seizing some of the youngest, strongest, and most beautiful of their entertainers and bearing them away to Spain, where they were paraded before the vulgar gaze of a jeering crowd and sold into slavery.

The characteristics of this innocent race cannot be better described in a few words than by giving a speech made to Columbus on his second voyage, by one of these venerable caziques, who presented the great navigator with a basket of luscious fruit:

"Whether you are divinities or mortal men, we know not. You have come into these countries with a force, against which, were we inclined to resist, it would be folly. We are all therefore at your mercy; but if you are men, subject to mortality like ourselves, you cannot be unapprised that after this life there is another, wherein a very different portion is allotted to good and bad men. If, then, you expect to die, and believe, with us, that every one is to be rewarded in a future state according to his conduct in the present, you will do no hurt to those who do none to you."

This aged king may not have lived to see the quality of his haughty

CUBAN CANE-BRAKE.

visitors proved, but the proof was to come speedily — too speedily for the unsophisticated natives. A decade opened their eyes to the fact that the ruling passion of the Spaniard was his insatiate greed for gold. They became so alarmed that in 1511, when Diego Columbus sent an armed force of three hundred men to begin colonisation of the island of Cuba, they resisted their landing. But naked savages, unused to warfare and defending themselves with their frail spears and wooden swords, were ill fitted to cope with the warriors of the old world, trained on many a hard-fought battle-field, armed with deadly weapons, protected by plate armour, and abetted by bloodhounds. The result was disastrous to the natives,

hundreds of whom were killed in cold blood, while the others were spared to fates worse than death. From being freemen they became, henceforth, the slaves of one of the most tyrannical races on the globe.

The former were naturally a light-hearted people, exulting in the dance, which was very graceful, and enlivened by sweet music and singing. Having no need of houses, they dwelt mainly in the open air, swinging lazily in their hammocks, woven from cotton growing wild and spun by their simple methods. The only luxury, as we understand the term,

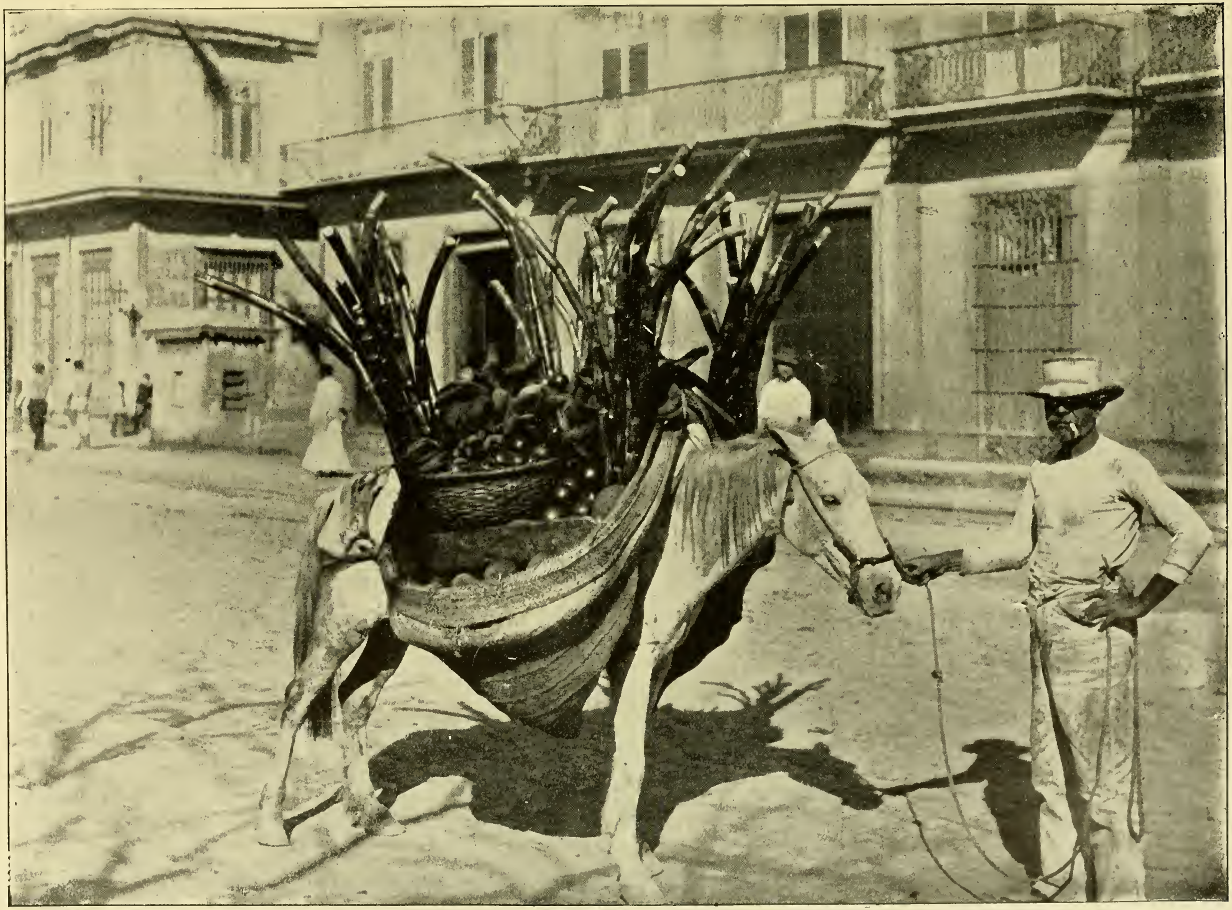
PLOUGHING IN CUBA.

which they enjoyed was the smoking of tobacco, a weed growing spontaneously in that country, which they cultivated after their rude fashion. They had domesticated certain birds, which they fatted and ate.

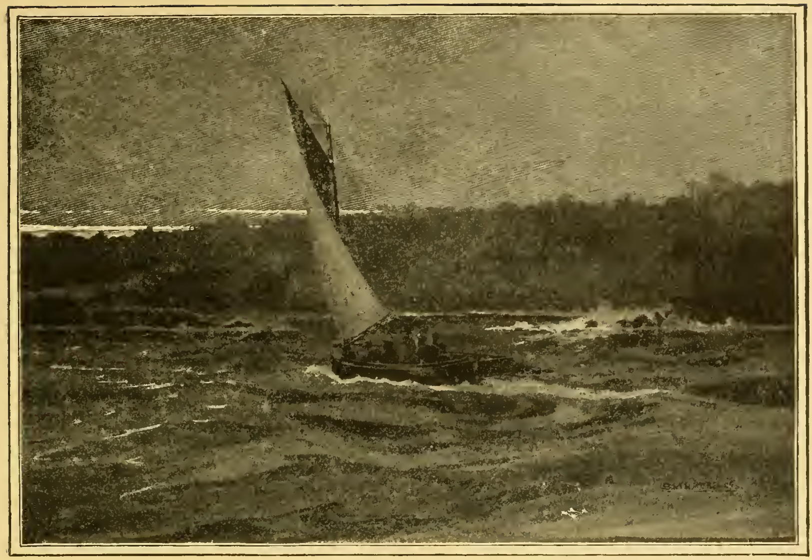
They had a simple faith in an overruling power governing the affairs of their lives, and believed in a future existence. They were ruled by the oldest members of their families, and the word of these patriarchs was their only law, implicitly obeyed. They reared no sacred temples, bowed down to no altars, but lifted their heads proudly to the blue-domed sky where they believed dwelt the god of their people.

This race, living in nudity and innocence, were abused by the adventurers seeking the spoils of their fair island. Not only were they violated at home, but hundreds of them were taken to the Old World, to be sold in the markets of Seville for slaves, the proceeds to replenish the depleted treasury of their conquerors.

Strangely carved images, graven from stone into most grotesque shapes, have been found on the island, but they evidently belonged to some race that occupied the land in the misty ages long passed before the modern historian came. These people may have been the precursors of that race which left such monuments in Central America, or they may have existed anterior to them. Some, who have delved deep into this matter, maintain that this region was anciently inhabited by Egyptians, Hindus, and other races belonging to the more civilised population of that era.



NATIVE FRUIT SELLER.



THE CUBAN COAST, NEAR MATANZAS.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHORES OF CUBA.

THE dawn of the twentieth century saw a second great change in the condition of Cuba. The Spanish war-ships have disappeared from the waters of the sunny island, and in their place steam into the ports the huge craft of a commercial nation. No more does the inhabitant of the Gem of the Antilles look back to Seville for his code of government, but forward to Washington and independence! Not only has a new republic been reared on the ruins of the aboriginal races of America, but a cosmopolitan race of people rule the domain once theirs. Those who go to Cuba to-day have but a few hundred miles of sea to cross, and in ocean palaces which make the passage with an ease and rapidity that might be compared to the moving of the caravels of Columbus across some narrow arm of the sea.

But, although we have reduced the distance to a mere fraction, and the time to a few days, we still find that, in the customs and habits of the people, we have been carried backward centuries, back to the days when the successors of the early discoverers laid that form of government

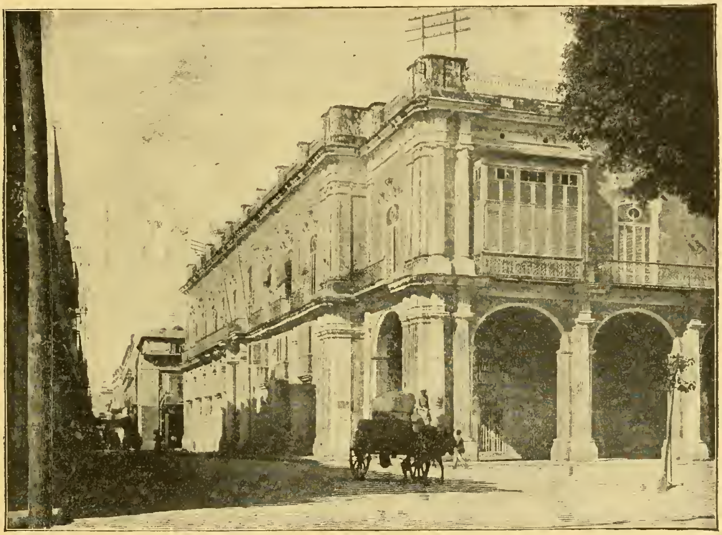
wherein no man was his own master, and where the strongest owed his life and power to that autocrat on his throne beyond three thousand miles of sea. But the light is breaking on benighted Cuba, and who goes hither a few years hence will find a mighty stride has been made toward catching up with modern progress.

Leaving at our stern the almost innumerable Bahamas, with a population in round numbers of forty thousand, a gentle breeze, permeated with the fragrance of shores fringed with bananas, cocoanuts, and stately palmettos, woos the voyager toward the sunny waters ahead. Winged creatures, resembling our northern swallows at first glance, skim the surface of the sea, and, darting upward into the air, suddenly plunge into the water instead of rising as we had expected. These prove to be a species of flying-fish enjoying a sun bath, or driven from their true element for a brief while by some enemy lurking in their native domain.

As the steamer sweeps majestically forward, we see rise in the distance the hazy tops of the Haytian mountains. And now we are in sight of the second island in size of the West Indies. It is historic ground, too, the seat of the first Spanish colony founded by Spain in the New World. Its soil does not contain a grain that has not been bathed and made crimson by European blood during the three hundred years when it was the scene of constant strife between the French, British, and Spanish governments, coming under the tyrannical dominion of each alternately, until, during the civil war of 1804, it finally won its independence. Its capital, San Domingo, is the oldest settlement founded by Europeans in the Western continent. It has a population of about seven thousand.

Leaving this historic republic on its right, the steamer glides into the Windward Passage, and the pathway of the great discoverer. The waters that bear it up now form one of the tributaries of that mighty river of the deep, the Gulf Stream, whose mystery has not been solved by man — a giant river without banks or substantial boundaries, but which keeps its floods within its course with greater certainty than the land-bounded streams of the earth. This is the gateway of the Caribbean Sea. We are approaching the southern point of Cuba, which lies at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, and divides the passage into two channels about midway between the coast of Florida and that of Yucatan, being about one hundred and thirty miles from the first, and a few miles less from the latter.

It lies between 74° and 85° west longitude, and 19° and 23° north latitude. On the north lies Florida, 130 miles away; on the south Jamaica, eighty-seven miles distant; on the east Hayti, or San Domingo, forty-eight miles; and on the west Yucatan, separated by the Strait of Yucatan, 125 miles wide. In extent of territory, Cuba is the largest of the West Indies; is, in fact, larger in extent of territory than all of the other islands of the Antilles combined. Its greatest length, following a line along its curved centre, is 730 miles, while it has an average breadth of eighty miles. Its



GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, OBISPO STREET, HAVANA.

area is 43,319 square miles. It has a coast-line of over two thousand miles, or, including all of its indentations, something like seven thousand miles.

In shape, Cuba has been aptly compared to the blade of a Turkish scimitar, the handle on the southeastern end, whither we are bound, and the north shore the curved back. It is pointed westward, and rests on the heaving bosom of the Atlantic like a huge knife thrust into the Gulf of Mexico, held back by an unseen power, but for ever threatening whoever tries to enter the huge, landlocked basin of the two Americas. It has also very appropriately been denominated the "key" to the lock of the gulf,

and its position must be of paramount value to the American republic when the Nicaraguan Canal shall have been completed.

The approach to the coast from the Windward Isles is marked by acres of floating vegetation, called gulf weed. This singular growth propagates itself on the waves of the ocean, and supports, on the undulating surface, the myriad of mollusks abounding in these latitudes.

The shore of Cuba is low and rocky, but the land rises so as to form respectable mountains — mountains that are old both in tradition and geological formation. Under their benign protection, beneath skies of poetical beauty, and with a temperature that is ideal, a vegetation of primitive richness and delicacy, fruits of prodigal abundance, a flora that calls forth the wildest praise of the beholder, and bubbling water springing up in all the clearness and limpidity of the fabulous fountain of youth, give to this island world its claim to the term of being the lost paradise of the children of the East.

Still, with its verdant hills, teeming with considerable mineral wealth, — iron, silver, and gold, — as well as its valleys of tropical verdure, these bordered with long reaches of milk-white beaches, or broken links of brown rocks, that show conclusive evidence of their volcanic formation, the first view of the island is not wholly pleasant. We are reminded here of portions of the Hawaiian Islands of more recent volcanic birth.

But we soon recover from this impression. Though the winter has not flown from the New England hills, we find ourselves here in midsummer, beneath skies of cerulean blue, and upon waters as placid as a mirror, reflecting on the one hand the Southern Cross, and on the other the star of the north. Seeming the moving centre between these widely separated points of the heavens, we double Cape Maisi, face the west, and move along the southern coast, where four hundred years ago sailed the restless discoverers. We do not wonder they went into ecstasy over the transparent sea, reflecting a thousand beautiful tints and pictures of magical loveliness. The wonder is they were not satisfied to stop here. On our port, the glassy sea stretches away to the sky; on our starboard, the mountains rise higher as we progress, until they reach their greatest altitude in the blue-tipped dome of Pico Turquino, or "Blue Mountain."

The alternating coves of water and points of land give the coast the appearance of the rim of a huge saw. We are able here to verify the

statement, as singular as it seems, that oysters do grow upon trees! But the interest lessens when we find that it is upon their roots, and not their branches that the eccentric bivalves exist. The tree in question is the mangrove, which flourishes so close to the edge of the water that it thrusts its roots out into the sea, and upon these a small species of oysters cling and thrive until plucked by the greedy fishermen.

The variation of the tide on the southern coast of Cuba does not exceed two feet. It has, therefore, no regular ebb and flow that is discernible,

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

except in case a furious land-breeze is blowing, when a slight tide sets out from the harbours.

Speaking of harbours, no other coast of its length in the world has so many and such fine harbours as Cuba. There are twenty-nine on the northern shore worth naming, and only one less on its southern line, fifty-seven in all. Where there are no harbours, deep channels indent the shore, along which the small craft of the natives may ply in safety, though the sunken reefs, which are so numerous here, are a continual menace to strangers.

We are told that we are now off the most notorious piratical rendezvous

in the days when the buccaneers of the Caribbean carried terror to the seamen of these parts, and when the Empire of the Blue Water was as real as that of the White Empire of Russia is to-day. Nearly opposite the Isle of Pines are rare reaches of sunny beaches, over which the surf rolls and murmurs as if overburdened with its secrets of the blue waters and the sunny mains. To him who could translate the language of these messengers, many blood-curdling tales would be retold to the listener, for,

CUBAN LAUNDRY.

as restful as they seem, the placid seas of this region are filled with dreams of a very vivid sort, and hold a record of daring and suffering scarcely equalled anywhere else under the sun. Over these same enticing pathways have sailed unnumbered outlawed craft, manned by fierce crews, and steering into harbour here, laden with treasures of many a peaceful merchantman. From these quiet bays has sailed haughtily away, its bristling armament concealed and true character disguised, many a swift-sailing brigantine bent on the conquest of some richly laden vessel bound

for her northern home; and here, the wild cruise over, the same saucy brig has returned months later, disabled and distorted, it may be, by some savage encounter with a foeman that had fought desperately for treasure, life, and honour dearer still, but weighted to the gunwales with the spoils of the unlawful chase; and yet into these same waters have stolen, under the stars and the shame of a dishonoured career, some cunning slaver guilty of bearing to the sunny isle, whose smile seemed a mockery to them

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

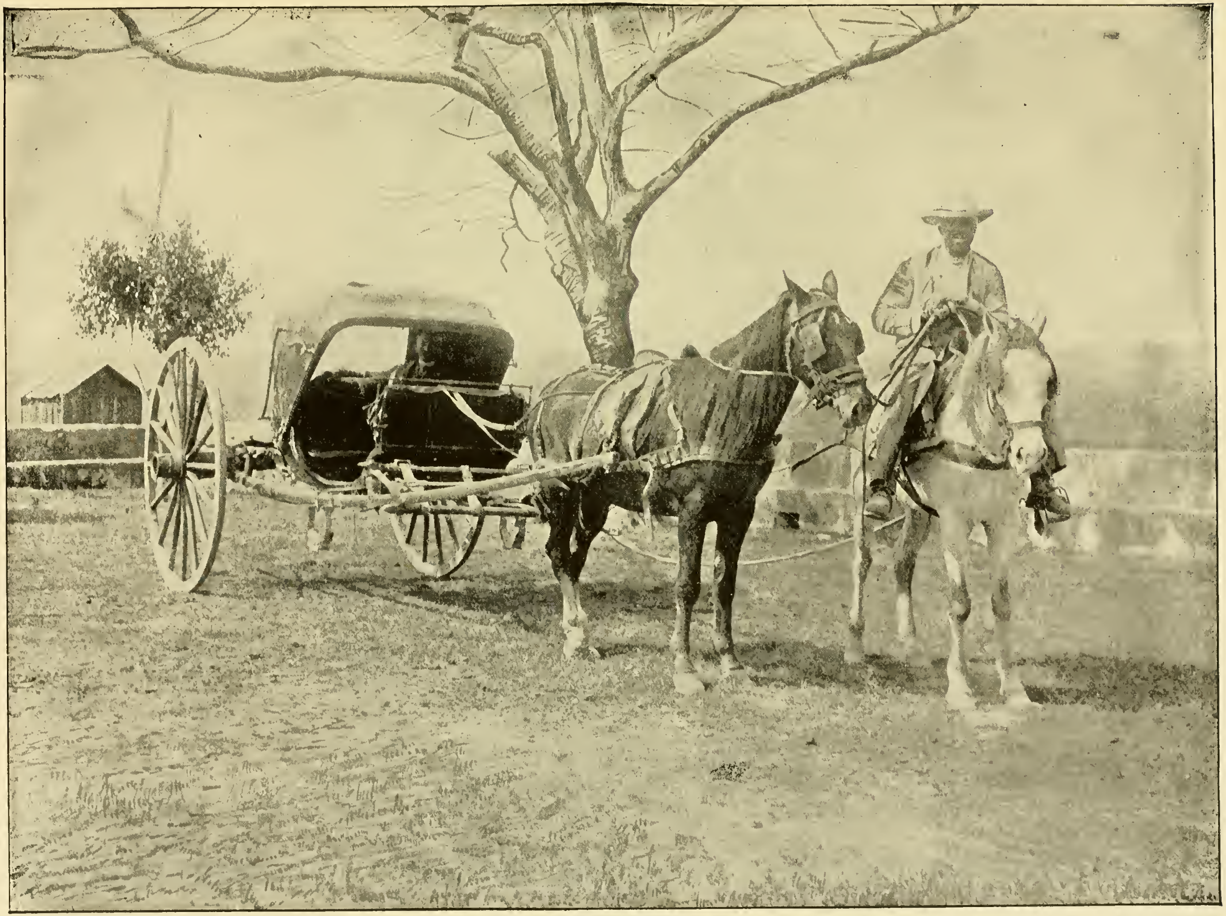
in their despair, a human cargo of men and women kidnapped from their homes and relatives to become slaves for life to masters that were strangers to mercy. Truly, however bright the sun may shine on balmy shores and fair landscapes, it affords no balm for the bleeding body or the broken heart.

Stretching between Cuba and Jamaica nearly to the Bay of Honduras, is the valley of the deepest water in the world, reaching for over seven hundred miles with a width of eighty miles. The southern rim of this

huge ocean basin, three thousand fathoms deep, forms the submarine Alps of the world, culminating in the island of Cayman, which thrusts its head but a few hundred feet above sea-level. Still the summit of this gigantic mountain-peak is over twenty thousand feet from its base, an altitude exceeding that of the highest mountain on the continent of North America. Add the height of this ocean mountain to that of any of our highest peaks on land, and we are offered startling figures as to the actual ascent of land.

We are again reminded of these half-wild ocean outlaws by the sight of an antique castle of the Moorish style of architecture outlined on the crest of a brown ledge, and commanding the narrow entrance to the harbour within. This is Morro Castle, built to defend the town just beyond from the depredations of these identical buccaneers, and then breaks upon our vision that island kingdom so vividly pictured by Miss Jeanie Mort Walker:

"O Cuba! rarest, brightest gem
That decks Atlantic's diadem!
O star of constellation bright
That beams upon our ravished sight!
When yet the earth was fresh and young,
And stars their matin scarce had sung,
And still the heavenly echo rung
A shower from her richest store —
Which on her breast and brow she wore —
Of gems that ransomed kings of yore,
Which fell beside the western shore
Of green Atlantic's swelling flood,
And there begun to grow and bud,
Till soon was seen a group of isles,
Which wear their mother Nature's smile;
Cherished and blest beyond the rest
Of those who calm the mother's breast!
As parents still love most the face
Where their own features they may trace,
Of this fair islet galaxy,
Which studs the fairy summer sea,
Most grand of all, my theme is seen —
Lo! Cuba — great Antilles' queen.
Here zephyrs whisper through the palms,
With odorous breath of spice and balms;
The orange, rich in golden hue,



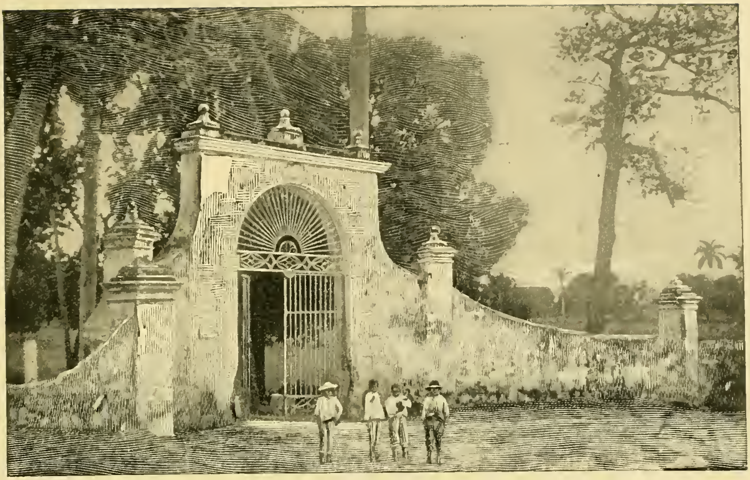
A VOLANTE.

Hangs ripe and tempting to the view;
The bulbul, from his fragrant nest
Upon the green acacia's crest,
With quivering wing and swelling throat,
Pours forth his rippling, pearly note;
And as he calls his absent mate
From 'mid the stately feathery date,

A CONVOY CROSSING THE HILLY COUNTRY.

He weaves, with silvery voice and strong,
For her a wreath of gems of song.
Its massive elephantine leaves
The staid banana here upheaves;
And far above the garden wall —
Adobe-built, and stout and tall —
Its verdant banners wave on high,
In rhythmic bend to zephyr's sigh;
While from the distance-softened height,
With vines and cocoa-plumes bedight,

The mellow tinklings faintly sound,
As though in light and fragrance drowned.
The train with bells and trappings gay
Toils up the steep and devious way;
While sauntering idly in the rear,
Lags slow the swarthy muleteer.
The warm, voluptuous tropic day,
Which knows no fall nor year's decay,
With sense-intoxicating power,
Bids all enjoy the golden hour,
Unchecked by thoughts of future woe,
Of blighting blast, or field of snow;
For here the summer knows no death,
The gentle spring no dying breath,
No early grave engulfs the bloom,
Nor hides their sweetness in the tomb.
Like fair twin souls, from sin set free,
And radiant in eternity,
The favoured children of the year
All reign and live immortal here.
Here find they what vain mortals seek,
And all of which the poets speak —
A heaven on earth; 'tis here it lies."



GATEWAY OF A RUINED SUBURBAN RESIDENCE AT MARIANAO.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLUE WATER ROVERS.

THIS Morro Castle of Santiago is older by more than a hundred years than the fortification by that name which is so familiar to us in connection with the history of the capital of Cuba, of which I shall speak farther on. It is difficult for us to realise in the twentieth century the danger which threatened these islands of the Antilles for a period long enough to call for the building of this fortification terraced on the steep sides of the cliff. But maritime history has left no such record written in blood, nor has sea life in all its phases afforded a parallel to these desperadoes, the corsairs of the Eastern seas being their nearest approach. Not only were they composed of Spanish adventurers, but among the most unscrupulous and successful were outcasts of the society of French, British, and Dutch. In truth, the original of these ocean outlaws were French, who fell under the ban of moral law in their attempt to obtain possession of the Antilles soon after their capture by the Spanish.

Thwarted in this purpose by St. Christopher, the defeated seamen sought refuge on Santo Domingo, or, as it was then known, Hispaniola, at that time one of the most savage and desolate islands of the West Indies, and swarming with hordes of wild cattle. The massacre on St. Christopher's

Island by the Spanish took place in 1630, and the French outcasts, with a few Englishmen of similar character, began to obtain their sustenance by hunting these untamable animals through the tall, rank grass of the valleys and the forests covering the mountainsides and overhanging the streams, until these hunters of Hispaniola became almost as wild as the beasts that before their coming had driven all others from the island.

They dwelt in rude huts in pairs, two men together, never knowing the softening companionship of women or children. They went forth in pairs at daybreak to hunt their prey, not satisfied until they returned with the hide of some fat bull, which had cost them a fierce encounter, and in many cases the life of one of the couple, and with as much of the meat as could be carried. But it availed them little to reap the fruits of these perilous hunts unless something could be realised from the trophies thus obtained. Accordingly they began to open a trade with the ships of Holland, which had somehow got word of what they were doing and of the profit likely to accrue from such traffic. It mattered not if Spain was opposed to this singular trade, for it grew, and with increasing frequency the ships of other nations entered the waters of the West Indies whether the Spanish willed it so or not.

Then the hunters of Hispaniola began to have vessels of their own, however they obtained them, and gradually they made excursions into the surrounding seas, soon finding a new source of revenue in seizing the cargoes of merchant-ships, then plying a thriving trade with the West Indies, making Spanish galleons, supposed to be loaded with treasure, their especial objects of attack. The name of buccaneers had already been applied to these freebooters, from their associations with the native Caribs, who had divulged to them a secret method of curing meat by a smoking and drying process.

With the memory of their defeat at the hands of the Spanish still rankling in their bosoms, a long and terrible war was waged against the galleons of Spain, and incidentally against the merchant-ships of the world. A hundred years of the carnival of cutlass and firearm, of cruelty and capture, of piracy and pillage, of ransom and massacre, of wild victory, disaster, and revenge, succeeded until the Spanish main was ravaged with fire and sword, sunny waters ran red with blood, and the promising com-

merce of Spain was swept from the Western seas. Already had the haughty court of Castile begun to reap the harvest from the seed that she had sown.

One of the earliest strongholds of these piratical bands was the island of Tortugas, which they seized from the Spanish and fortified, between 1630 and 1640. From this place they began to sally forth in crews rang-

BRIDGE AT PUENTES GRANDES.

ing in numbers from fifty to one hundred and fifty, sparing no vessel that crossed their path, but still especially seeking the galleons of Spain.

One of the most noted of these rover chieftains was known by the name of Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who began operations by capturing Portobello in 1670. Fortifying himself here, he next began to prepare for an expedition to Panama, where he enriched himself and his followers with an amount of treasure which seems almost fabulous. Whole cities were laid in ruins, men and children slaughtered like creatures of the forests, and women sacrificed to the wild passions of their conquerors, whose

names were bathed in blood and whose victory was a synonym of cruelty in its most awful guise.

Another buccaneer of dishonourable distinction was named Van Horn, whose name would lead us to believe he was a native of Holland. He sailed from his rendezvous on one of these islands in 1683 to capture the city of Vera Cruz. As he led an armed force of twelve hundred men, the city soon fell a prey to his freebooters. Some of the captured citizens were afterward ransomed for a vast sum of money, and the ocean outlaw departed in triumph, carrying with him nearly two thousand slaves. An expedition of this kind, numbering four thousand men, pillaged the

A TYPICAL CUBAN RANCH.

coast of Peru, destroying town after town, and carrying death and desolation wherever they went. The last of these great foreign forays was conducted by one La Pointe, in 1697, when he sailed with a fleet of seven ships and a force of twelve hundred men to attack Cartagena, one of the richest cities in the world. As usual, these buccaneers were successful, and not only was a terrible blow struck at Spain, but they also secured a booty amounting to over $8,000,000. The hand of a retributive justice, however, was already closing upon them. The marauding league was overtaken by a fleet of British and Dutch vessels, that completely routed them, killed many of them, captured or sunk their ships, and scattered the few survivors so that they never rallied sufficiently to reëstablish their out-

lawed confederacy. This was thus the greatest and last of those terrible exploits abroad, which carried terror to the entire maritime world.

If objects of such dread, thousands of miles from their base of operations, how much more must their presence have been feared at the ports on the neighbouring islands. Among the chieftains of the rovers were men of marked ability, whose daring and audacity were equalled by their skill and executive ability. They held their positions as leaders by the sheer force of their iron will, and woe to him who dared to murmur against them, however great might be the reason for doing so. A few such men held in control the wild rabble that increased as the accounts of their exploits attracted kindred spirits. Besides the rendezvous mentioned, others were made among the Bahamas, and one at Nassau was a favourite resort for a long time.

Yet another, nearer and more to be dreaded by the inhabitants of Cuba, was the Isla de Pinos, or Isle of Pines in its Englished form, which lies less than forty miles south of the large island, and properly belongs to it. This isle is forty-four miles long and about forty miles wide, with an area of nearly thirteen hundred square miles. It is claimed to have had at this time in the vicinity of two thousand inhabitants, according to Spanish statistics. It has a mountainous interior, though the highest altitude is not much over two thousand feet. Surrounded by innumerable rocky islets or keys, with a coast deeply indented by bays that are, in the main, good harbours, it was peculiarly well adapted to the requisites of the lawless men who so long made it the source of terror to law-abiding citizens. Except that these outlaws live now only in memory, the island has changed very little since those days. Its climate is pronounced fully equal to that of Cuba at her best, which is praise enough, while it is rich in its virgin soil, its precious woods, its mines of iron, silver, sulphur, quicksilver, and quarries of marble of wonderful tints and variegated hues.

Amid this tropical environment revelled the lawless followers of a Brazilian adventurer, said to be of royal blood, who claimed the name and title of Conrad, the Emperor of the Blue Water Empire. It is due him to say that no emperor, however strong his government, ever ruled with such an iron hand, or commanded closer fealty from his subjects. Unlike those leaders that have been named, he scorned to extend his depredations

beyond the limit of his self-bounded dominions, where it was held that the water took on an uncommon tint of blue distinctive enough to mark it from the sea outside. Thus the vessel, however rich her cargo, or however feebly protected, was safe from Conrad, the Emperor of the Blue Waters, the moment she could succeed in crossing the magical border.

One of Conrad's successors, and the last of the blue water rovers, was an ocean king whose career reads like romance, and whose deeds, at one

THE MARTI THEATRE, HAVANA.

time fraught with the densest darkness, were lightened in later life by the sunshine of better motives; this was Captain Marti, who made the Isle of Pines his stronghold, where he defied all attempts to capture him. In desperation for his attacks upon both sea and land, Spain offered enormous rewards for his capture dead or alive. Sums sufficient to make a man independent for the remainder of his life, and the guarantee of a full pardon for all past offences, were offered to any of his followers who should divulge the whereabouts of the rendezvous of this outlaw. But

CUBAN METHOD OF SERVING MILK.

among the great number of the followers of Marti there was not one with the courage or the inclination to betray his chief, and the lawless acts of the wild horde went on with increasing frequency, until a most unlooked-for end came.

Of late the King of the Isle of Pines had been smuggling with rare audacity and rare good fortune, and he and his men had just returned from an expedition flushed with triumph. In the midst of the rioting

CUBAN MILK PEDDLER.

which usually followed these forays upon the sea, Captain Marti was observed to become pensive as he watched the wild orgies of his followers, and finally to break forth into stern words, saying that never again should this scene be renewed.

A few nights later, as Tacon, the captain-general of Cuba, was alone in his private apartment, trying to devise some plan whereby he might rid the island of its scourge, he looked up without any warning, to find himself confronted by a tall, commanding person, clothed in a long

cloak, and his features muffled by a silken scarf. A low laugh on the part of the newcomer answered his start of alarm, but before his hand could reach for the ever handy weapons lying on his table, the stranger said:

"Be not alarmed, Tacon. I come from friendly motives."

"Who are you that enters here unannounced at this unseemly hour?" demanded Tacon, sternly, while his mind was mystified as to how this unknown visitor had escaped his watchful guards. The night was stormy without, and this seemed ample reason why the stranger should come so closely muffled, but the captain-general was both puzzled and vexed to be thus caught off his guard.

"I come with valuable information for Cuba's great ruler. Am I right in thinking that I have the honour of addressing him?"

"I am Tacon. Who are you?"

"One whom you will be glad to know, Tacon, when you have listened to my errand."

"But how did you pass my guards?" demanded Tacon, to whom this seemed the paramount question at this hour.

"We will speak of that when we have disposed of more important matters. Tacon, I understand that you have offered a handsome reward for information of Captain Marti and his rovers."

In a moment Tacon's countenance lightened, and he fancied he understood now the mystery about this unexpected visitor. He said, quickly:

"What know you of that scourge, Marti?"

"Excellencia, I must speak with prudence, lest I sacrifice myself and you. You offer both reward and pardon for evidence which shall lead to the possession of Marti, the smuggler, and the rendezvous of his band?"

"I do. The reward has been doubled recently. More than that, you may speak out boldly and fearlessly, for I promise on the word of Tacon that you shall not be harmed if you will give me the information I need concerning the whereabouts of this dreaded Captain Marti."

"I have your knightly word for this?"

"You have, sirrah. If you will fairly pilot our ships to his retreat, and reveal the secrets of him and his gang, I swear that you shall be protected."

"Even if I have been a leader among them?"

"I will keep my pledge, only I warn you that the least dishonesty on your part will sign your doom."

"I understand, excellencia, and I know your character well enough to feel that I can trust you. You know me well enough to believe that I, too, will keep my word, though you do not recognise me in this garb. Tacon, you are looking upon the man you have offered your reward to obtain, dead or alive. *I am Marti!*"

A FOLLOWER OF GOMEZ.

The usually cool and complacent Tacon was for the moment startled, but, as he drew back, and then glanced at his brace of pistols lying on the table, Captain Marti laid his weapons beside the other's, saying:

"I shall not need them any more."

"And I will keep my promise," said Tacon, after a short pause, "though I shall be censured for doing so. But remember, this is for all past offences, and not for any misdemeanour you may do hereafter."

"I understand, excellencia."

The following day, with this redoubtable Marti for pilot, a man-of-war was sent to disperse and destroy the power of the outlawed band. Their quondam chief faithfully carried out his pledge to the government, reveal-

ing every secret haunt of the rovers, but, singularly enough, each time one of the places was visited, it was found that the former occupants had flown a little while before, taking with them most of the valuables. By some means, Marti had conveyed information of his coming, but so well did he cover his work that no complaint could be made. When it was certain that the reign of the smugglers was over, Tacon prepared to pay over the reward to him who had earned it. But Marti, to his surprise, declined it, saying:

"Let me have my pardon, Tacon, and your government may keep its

TACON THEATRE, HAVANA.

money. It needs it more than I do. But I do wish for the privilege of fishing in the waters near the city, and to be protected from all others fishing there, except my men. In compensation for this, I will erect a public market-place of stone, which shall be an ornament to the city, and, at the expiration of my term of fishery, it shall revert to the government, together with the other right of fishing."

Tacon gladly agreed to these terms. Marti entered at once upon his fishery, and he soon grew rich from this enterprise alone. When his term expired, and he had turned over to the government the fine market-place he had built, he asked that he might have a monopoly of theatricals in

PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

Havana, in consideration that he build one of the largest and grandest theatres in the world. Again he was favoured, and he erected the theatre just outside the city wall, and entered on his new career with the same spirit and determination that he had shown in his previous undertakings.

CHAPTER IV.

SANTIAGO AND ITS STORY.

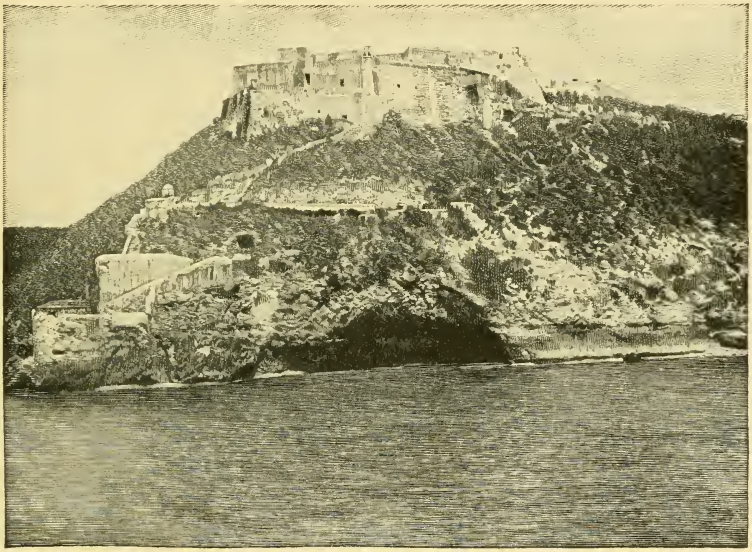
BUT not all the tragedy in the history of Cuba can be attributed to the merciless rovers of the Spanish main, for, from the landing of Columbus off the shore of Nuevitas, on that balmy October day in 1492, to the destruction of Cervera's fleet in the land-locked harbour of Santiago, on the 3d of July, 1898, the fair island has been the stage of stirring scenes, fraught with calamity, and too often with crime. Seeming to labour under the hallucination that it was her divine mission to rear upon the ruins of heathen and heretic races a vampire dominion, Spain made of Cuba a footstool for her stubborn usurpation in the Western world, which cost her and her opponents over thirty millions of lives and an untold loss of property.

Naturally our interest is first awakened by thoughts of those events which are nearest, because more recent, and dearer because they concern our own fortunes. Thus, as we look with close scrutiny upon the weather-stained, battle-scarred walls of the fortification, built by Governor Pedro de la Rocca, in 1640, we recall the scenes of the first great battle fought in Cuban waters during the recent war with Spain. We can imagine with what feelings the proud Spanish admiral, humbled by the knowledge of his inability to cope with the war-ships of the new naval power, led his little fleet along these winding channels into the fancied safety of the harbour beyond, as a drowning man catches at the proverbial straw. Very much like a straw did this retreat prove to him in the supreme struggle that followed, when the rumour reached our squadron, assiduously hunting for him, that he had sought shelter here under the protection of the battlements honeycombed with age, whose frowning towers appeared more grotesque than fearful.

Morro Castle, a name calculated to inspire lofty thoughts, had in reality fallen into disuse, following the disappearance of the buccaneers, except as a prison for political offenders against Spanish cruelty. Its must-

covered walls have echoed to many a heart-rending tale, and from out of its dark dungeons have been marched to death upon its ramparts the hapless victims, whose greatest crime was to possess in their bosoms a longing for freedom that would not be curbed. How many partisans of liberty met here the fate of martyrs only the recording angel knows.

Convinced that the dreaded fleet of the enemy had thus been placed in a trap of its own contriving, precaution was taken by the Americans to see that it did not escape by running out under cover of darkness



MORRO CASTLE.

As it appeared after the buffetings it received from the American fleet.

or in the midst of a storm, which must necessarily drive our war-ships far enough from the shore to allow the Spanish to get away. In this dilemma, Naval Constructor Hobson came most gallantly to the rescue, by offering to attempt the hazardous undertaking of running the collier *Merrimac* up under the guns of the enemy to the narrowest place in the channel, and there sinking her so as to make a passage out impossible for the entrapped fleet. Admiral Sampson, upon listening to the plan, consented that it be undertaken, and the signal was given to the other

ships of the squadron to furnish a volunteer from each one to accompany the daring leader.

That men were not wanting for the work was shown by the fact that as many as 150 on two of the ships begged for the privilege, though it was like going to certain death. Of such heroes was the American force composed. The crew finally selected consisted of the following persons:

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor.

Osborn Deignan, a coxswain of the *Merrimac*.

George F. Phillips, a machinist of the *Merrimac*.

John Kelley, a water-tender of the *Merrimac*.

George Charette, gunner's mate of the flagship *New York*.

Daniel Montague, a seaman of the cruiser *Brooklyn*.

James C. Murphy, a coxswain of the *Iowa*.

Randolph Clausen, a coxswain of the *New York*.

Seven men, including the leader, had been the number decided upon, but the last named, who had happened to be at work upon the *Merrimac* when the time for starting came and had refused to leave the boat, became the last but not the least of the eight heroes.

It had been the original intention to take advantage of some dark night to make the dangerous trial, but a full moon gave small promise of yielding such an opportunity, and knowing that delay was not longer advisable, between two and three o'clock on the morning of June 3d, the moon partially hidden by a thin veiling of clouds, the gallant little crew headed their doomed craft in toward the objective point, where the channel was not over four hundred feet wide. They were about twenty miles east of Santiago, and left behind them Admiral Sampson's fleet, forming a crescent on the Cuban waters, and consisting of the battle-ships *Vixen*, *Brooklyn*, *Marblehead*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *New York*, *New Orleans*, and *Mayflower*. In the harbour ahead lay the flower of the Spanish navy, Admiral Cervera's fleet of four armoured cruisers, *Cristobal Colon*, *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, and *Almirante Oquendo*, with two torpedo-boat destroyers, *Furor* and *Pluton*. Between these fleets, menacing the lives of all strangers who should have the hardihood of trying to pass the channel, looked down from the frowning ramparts the guns of Morro Castle, flanked with the three batteries above.

THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF SANTIAGO.

The night was calm, and the straggling moonbeams, that ever and anon darted out from under their cloud-drapery, illuminated with a soft light the low shore and the distant hillsides flaunting their graceful plumes of palms and Southern laurels. As if endowed with a human curiosity to witness the deadly drama being enacted below, the queen of the tropical night now flings aside her covering and looks plainly down upon the scene. Then she suddenly withdraws herself behind a black patch of cloud, and the searchlight from the Morro watch-tower gleams with

VIEW OF THE HARBOUR OF SANTIAGO.

increasing brightness across the pathway of the undaunted adventurers, while farther away glisten the city gaslights, and here and there a faint star marks the home of some anxious inhabitant.

Careless alike of the moon or the lighthouse, but with gaze constantly on the watch, the crew of the clumsy craft, resting low on the water, steer her straight toward the spot where they expect to terminate their perilous trip. Their discovery by the foe is shown by the firing of a gun from the Morro. This is quickly followed by a belt of fire from the batteries, and it seems as if everybody must be killed. But the aim of the Spaniards is no better than it had proved in the bay of Manila, and

the collier still steams ahead with its daring crew. And now the spot selected for the last desperate act in this exciting war-play is reached. The match is applied which shall ignite the charge that is to end the career of the *Merrimac.* Almost instantly the brave fellows on board leap for their lives into the water, half lifted in this flight by the shock of the heaving ship. Sending up a loud hissing noise, as she trembles for a moment in the trough of the sea, the doomed vessel goes down, and only her masts appear above the surface.

STREET SCENE, SANTIAGO.

Meanwhile the gallant men had escaped to the float which they had been provident enough to tow with them. But quickly as the work had been done, the Spaniards were already flying here and there in their boats, looking for the mysterious foe that had dared to come under their fire in this audacious manner. After clinging to the raft until morning, Lieutenant Hobson and his crew were captured and taken as prisoners of war to the grim prison on the heights.

At this time Cuba was sentineled on every side by the most powerful fleet of war-ships ever collected in these waters. These formidable agents

of war consisted of seventy-seven men-of-war, mounted with modern, high-power guns, and worked by gunners of trained marksmanship and undaunted courage, all under the command of Rear-Admiral Sampson.

The feat of Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant crew, now known to be in the hands of the enemy, called for further action on the part of the war-ships standing off the shore of Santiago, and on the morning of June 6th, the bombardment begun on May 31st by Commodore Schley, from the *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans*, was resumed. At eight o'clock, the *New York* sent a shell from one of her eight-inch rifles, and less than a minute later the *Brooklyn* followed suit. Then followed a cannonade that not only amazed the Spanish leaders, who had so long claimed their fortifications as impregnable, but which also dazzled the world with the skill of the marksmen. The venerable Morro then felt the wounds that leave still such fearful scars. Dust that had been undisturbed for centuries was shaken from its turrets and towers, and the Moorish walls which had successfully defied the buccaneers of the seventeenth century, tottered and crumbled before the well-directed fire of modern cannon.

After a cannonade that lasted two hours and fifteen minutes, doing great damage to the Spanish fortifications, the American fleet withdrew. Among the other information they had obtained, it now became apparent that it was time to begin operations on the land. This was the more evident from the fact that the Spanish forces had opened fire upon them from a mountain ten miles inland. While this attempt had resulted in no harm to them, it was certain that no slight resistance was likely to be met away from the shore. The damage done the fleet was slight, as compared to that which they had inflicted upon the enemy.

On the 11th of June, 620 marines from the transport *Panther* were landed on the shore of Guantanamo Bay, near Caimanera, under the protection of the *Marblehead*. These were the first American soldiers to effect a landing in Cuba, and that afternoon the Stars and Stripes rose above the Cuban soil, and at last the freedom of the insurgents became more than a promise. If the Spanish had failed thus far to offer the threatened resistance, it was not because they were not in close proximity, and within a few hours the whistle of the deadly Mauser rifles came from the Spanish bushwhackers concealed everywhere in the thickets that surrounded the newcomers.

The fighting became so intense that Commander McCalla, of the *Marblehead*, sent his marines ashore to lend their aid, and the foes were finally driven back. The Cubans now began to join the Americans, and here at least did good service. Camp McCalla was established on the summit here, and scouting parties sent out to reconnoitre the country. A Spanish fort a little less than a mile to the southeast, having opened fire on the *Texas*, and proving a constant menace to Camp McCalla, was reduced by the *Texas* and *Marblehead*, and the occupants fled in wild disorder.

THE OLD CHURCH AT EL CANEY.

The organisation of Camp McCalla was succeeded, on the 21st of June, by the arrival of General Shafter on the scene of action with sixteen thousand troops; the force was landed at Baiquiri without the loss of a man, though the Spanish made some resistance. The landing was effected the more easily from the fact that at the time the battle-ships opened fire upon the town of Juragua, six miles west of Baiquiri, and thus distracted the attention of the Spanish, who were trying to guard against another invasion. At this moment the troops were being put ashore from the anchorage near the long trestle pier at Baiquiri, and while it was difficult work to make

PANORAMA OF THE PRADO.

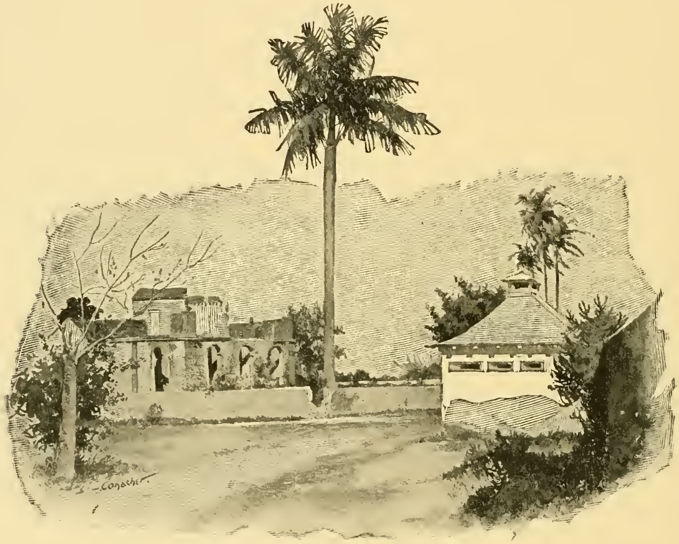
the passage through the surf, loaded with three days' rations, two hundred rounds of ammunition, and one's rifle and shelter tent, it was performed without mishap, the forward squads always moving quickly on out of the way of those following them.

On the 24th, these troops began their fighting, the First Volunteer Cavalry, more widely known as "the Rough Riders," displaying on this occasion that bravery and intrepidity which instantly won for it the praise of all. But the American troops found themselves environed with an enemy that was skilled in Indian tactics and favoured with a country perfectly adapted to this uncivilised mode of warfare. Every inch of this region was familiar to them, while it was entirely strange to the newcomers. Nor was this all, for the climate was against the soldiers from a more temperate zone.

The order was quickly given to move on, and a forced march through the high, dense grass and chaparral was begun. When eight miles from Santiago, the sound of woodchoppers felling trees reached their ears, and an order to charge was given. This charge was led by Col. Leonard Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, who covered themselves with glory.

The Cuban insurgents under General Garcia did good work in warding off the Spanish. The campaign that followed was one of the hottest fought during the war. The situation is succinctly described by the report of Col. John H. Church, who says: "The army of invasion comprised the Fifth Army Corps under Major-General Shafter, and was composed of two divisions of infantry, two brigades of cavalry, and two brigades of light, and four batteries of heavy artillery. General Lawton commanded the Second Division, operating on the right, where the capture of El Caney was the principal task, and had the brigades of General Chaffee, the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry; General Ludlow, Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry, and Second Massachusetts Volunteers; and Colonel Miles, First, Fourth, and Twenty-fifth Infantry. In the centre, General Kent commanded the First Division, consisting of General Hawkins's brigade, the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers; Colonel Pearson's brigade, the Second, Tenth, and Twenty-first Infantry; and Colonel Wikoff's brigade, the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth Infantry. General Wheeler's cavalry division contained two brigades — Colonel Sumner's, the Third, Sixth, and Ninth

Cavalry; and Colonel Young's, the First, and Tenth Cavalry and First Volunteer Cavalry. The cavalry operated at both the two principal points of attack, but fought dismounted, no horses having been shipped. At the end of the first day's fighting, General Kent was reinforced by General Bates, with the Third and Twentieth Infantry, coming up from the coast. On the left, General Duffield engaged Aguadores with the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and a force of about two thousand Cubans. Grimes's and Best's batteries of artillery were with the centre, and Capron's and Parhouse's



A BLOCKHOUSE AT BUENA VISTA.

were with General Lawton on the right. General Shafter, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and General Young were all too ill to be in the field, though General Wheeler did go out in an ambulance. Headquarters were at Sevilla."

In addition to being strangers in a country particularly adapted to the Indian-like attacks of the enemy, it should be added that our volunteers were armed with the old-fashioned Springfield rifles, which were scarcely capable of carrying a bullet one-half the distance of the Mausers in the hands of the Spanish. These weapons burned ordinary black powder,

which sent up a dense smoke that not only betrayed them to the enemy, but disclosed the position of the regulars as well. For this reason this part of the American forces was several times ordered to desist from firing. The Spanish, on the other hand, used smokeless powder, which, if not according to the strict etiquette of warfare, at least afforded them a great advantage. With all these conditions in their favour, concealed in the dense shrubbery skirting the pathway of the advance of the Americans, or stationed in the tops of tall trees with foliage capable of effectually screening them from our soldiers, the Spanish sharpshooters continued to pick off our men at every opportunity, without any regard for the conduct supposed to be consistent with the rules of civilisation.

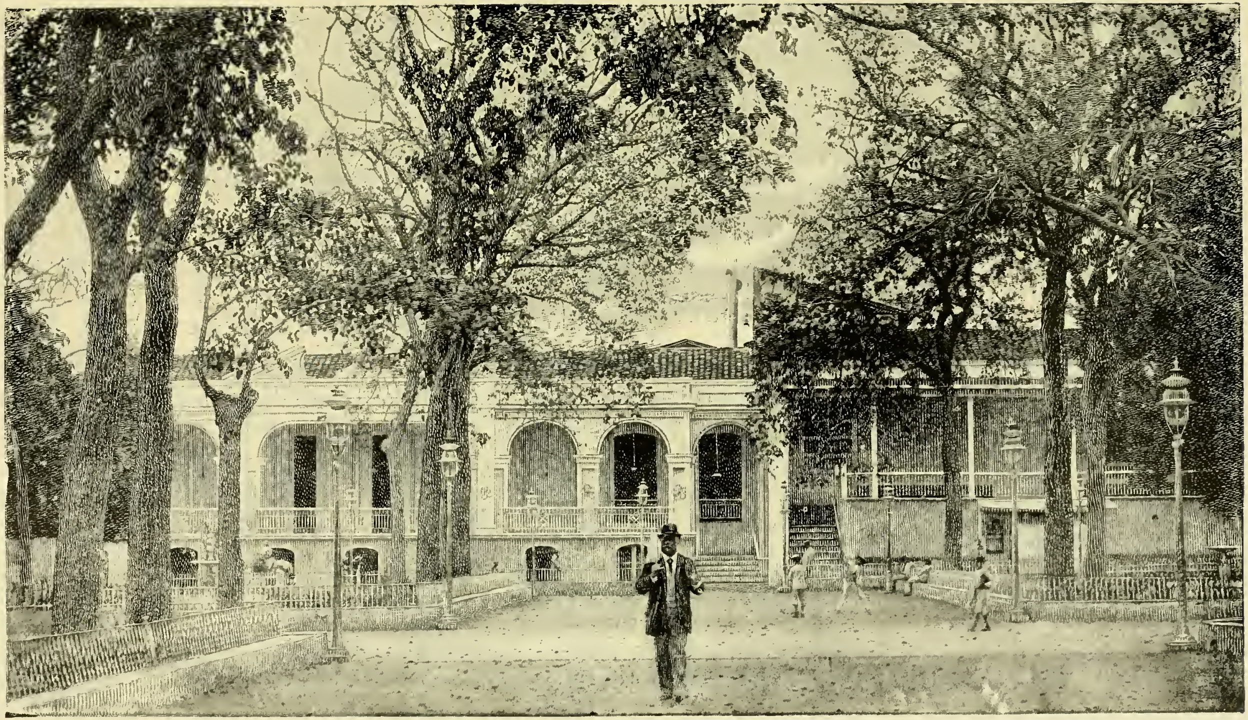
Against such odds as these our troops continued to advance, driving the Spaniards back, step by step, until they were forced to seek the temporary shelter of Santiago. Had our commander then ordered a decisive and prompt advance upon the capital, it must have fallen into our hands. General Shafter, while he demanded the surrender of Santiago, created alarm in Washington by cabling that he might be obliged to retreat, when government ordered him to hold his ground. Here the authorities at Washington repeated the mistake made by the general in not ordering an immediate seizure of Santiago, when the conflict might have been shortened. Shafter was told to treat with the Spanish in regard to a capitulation of the city. This necessitated a delay, and this delay, at that season of the year and in that climate, meant the loss of many lives, and the shattered constitutions of many of those who lived to escape the horrors of the epidemic of yellow fever which soon broke out in the camp. In connection with the generally brilliant conduct of this stirring campaign in Santiago, it is not pleasant to face this disastrous mistake, but excuses and explanations cannot wash out its stains, and the blood of brave men needlessly sacrificed remains on this page of its history for all time.

The reports concerning the movements of the American forces on land and sea are somewhat confusing, and do not clearly show the actions leading on to the grand climax, when Cervera's fleet was vanquished and Santiago captured. But the main facts point to one of the most furiously fought battles of the war. Santiago, standing on the bay six miles from the sea, is surrounded by high hills, which rise with abrupt shoulders from the very water's edge. Between two of these ridges lies the city. Two

and one-half miles in a southerly direction is Aguadores; a little farther on the northeast is El Caney, "The Grave," surmounted by its historic stone fort; and between these, on the southeast, rises the now noted hill of San Juan. If deterred from attacking the defences of the Spanish city, General Shafter consented to join in a joint assault by the fleet and army

CUBAN GUIDE AND ESCORT.

on Aguadores, but this movement was finally abandoned, as the place was considered too strongly fortified. General Lawton, however, was sent north to attack El Caney, while General Wheeler's cavalry, he being too ill to lead, was entrusted to Sumner, and led the centre of the line up the valley overlooked by the small town of San Juan; the latter stands west of the hill already mentioned, which later became the scene of one of the fiercest charges.



THE SPANISH CASINO AND DON CARLOS CLUB, SANTIAGO.

Operations were begun early on Friday morning, July 1st, when General Lawton moved up the El Caney road, and General Wheeler, in defiance of his illness, rode up the valley mentioned and planted Captain Grimes's battery of four pieces within a little over a mile of the forts of Santiago. The guns of our artillery proved ineffectual in trying to drive the Spaniards from the earthworks and stone fort of El Caney. In order to obtain a position where this fire could be made more effective, it was necessary to cross the valley between the ridges on which our forces and those of the enemy were stationed, and this valley was divided by a river which must

THE CHURCH AT EL CANEY.

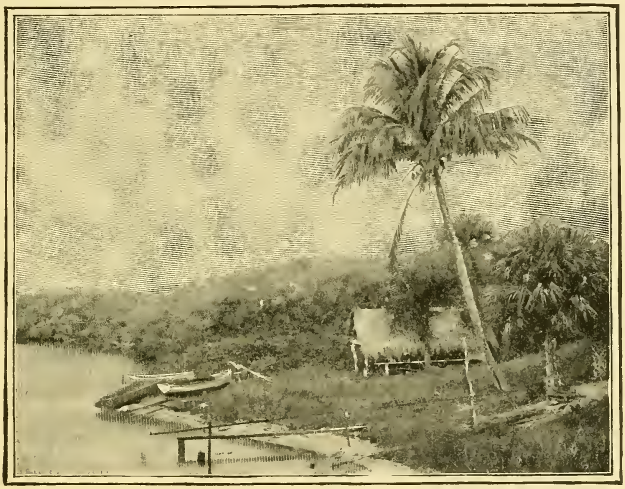
be forded directly under the fire of the enemy. From four in the morning until two in the afternoon the infantry continued to advance from post to post, suffering heavy losses. Then, finding the fort on the heights could not be carried by a storm of shell, Chaffee sent an order for the troops to charge up the hill and capture the works at the point of the bayonet.

Notwithstanding that they had already buffeted the storm of battle for over ten hours, and were feeling the exhaustion of this arduous struggle, the brave men did not hesitate, now the decisive time had come. In full view of the enemy, whose raking fire had done and was doing such terri-

ble work, up the steep ascent made slippery with the wet grass, and difficult of passage from the long, ropy vines that coiled about their limbs like serpents that would not let go, hindered by the thorny bushes that ever and anon slapped them unmercifully in the face, up the long hill crested with its fiery sheets of death, in the very teeth of the storm of leaden hail, their ranks growing rapidly thinner, struggled the gallant fellows, forgetting their pain, their hunger, their fatigue, in that grand effort to gain the top, that they might grapple hand-to-hand with the power trying to keep them at arm's length. Now the firing on the part of those who had been stationed to bombard the Spanish works over their heads ceased. They were too near to risk another shot, lest friends, and not enemies, be the victims. Now the barbed wire surrounding the works is reached. But they pause here only long enough to cut away this last obstruction, when they leap into the trenches of their foes, to find themselves in the midst of the dead and dying soldiers of the enemy. Those who could lift an arm raised it in supplication for mercy. Expecting still further opposition from the defenders who had so fiercely resisted their attack thus far, the Americans swarmed over the breastworks, that had stood so long as a bulwark between them and the enemies behind it. It was wet and slippery now with blood, and there was not an opponent left to defy their advance. In the fort, or blockhouse, they were met by an officer and four wounded soldiers, while all the rest, who could, were at that moment flying toward Santiago. The Spanish flag was already down, and the victorious Americans, receiving it with cheers, ran up in its place the Stars and Stripes, and were able at last to look down into the crowded and panic-stricken streets of the Spanish capital.

The desperate charge upon El Caney was not the only proof of American valour at this time. The attack on San Juan Hill closely resembled it. But the victory here was somewhat marred by the lack of entire unity or competence of its leaders. To give the mildest excuse possible, it would seem as though some one blundered; if not, there was a criminal lack of understanding among the chiefs. However, letting that pass, it was a heroic undertaking, and was accomplished against such overwhelming odds as must have deterred less brave and sanguine spirits. Grimes's battery had been planted on the summit opposite San Juan. Hawkins was sent forward with the First Brigade, to be met by such a galling fire that he

tried to turn to the right to avoid somewhat its range, only to find himself met with a worse storm of shot. Orders came to let the cavalry go ahead, but this body of troops had been delayed by having to ford the river San Juan. A balloon, sent up by order of Shafter to observe the works of the enemy, served to draw the fire of the Spanish upon the advancing men. The delay in waiting for the cavalry to get ahead, the fall of some of the leaders, the excitement of the situation, all combined to create a confusion among the soldiers, and an utter lack of unison in the com



THE UPPER SAN JUAN RIVER, BACK OF MATANZAS.

mands of those who were looked upon to lead. Finally, seeing his men dropping around him like leaves from the tree that has been frost-bitten, General Kent resolved to hazard an advance, and the brigade under Wikoff, made up of the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth regular infantry, was sent forward over the stream, a portion of them passing over the battalion of the Seventy-first, that had been ordered to lie down. The Second Brigade followed them, the Second and Tenth Infantry following in the footsteps of Wikoff's men. In the midst of this, the gallant Wikoff fell.

Out of the storm and confusion then sprang the Third Brigade, joined

by Hawkins's troops on their right, and followed by a part of the Seventy-first Volunteers; and regulars and volunteers started up the steep hillside together. The position of the Spanish had been well chosen and strongly fortified, so that it seemed like madness for the American troops to attempt to carry it by assault. But regular and volunteer alike dashed up the difficult slope, comrade after comrade falling beside those who kept on, undaunted by dead friends they were leaving behind, or the enemy ahead pouring down upon them their galling fire. What if the brick fort, bristling at every loophole with a deadly firearm, was surrounded by a deep trench, and fenced in by barbed wire! The gallant men who climbed San Juan Hill on that afternoon of fierce fighting carried the spirit of victory on their banner. All glory then to the intrepid Hawkins and his dauntless followers!

The victorious charge was made between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and was performed by the Seventy-first Volunteers, and the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-fourth Regiments of the regular infantry. This movement was quickly followed by the capture of the hill on the left by the Third Brigade, under Colonel Pearson. The Spanish were now obliged to retreat to their rifle-pits, beyond their first position, and our troops intrenched themselves on San Juan Hill, with the exception of the Thirteenth regulars, who were sent to reinforce Colonel Wood, of the Rough Riders, and General Sumner, whom the enemy was giving a sharp battle.

It was three days before the fighting ceased, and our loss in round numbers was sixteen hundred men, one-half of whom fell in the attack on San Juan, and about four hundred in the assault on El Caney, the remainder falling in the skirmish and the desultory attacks of the Spanish. Thus the victories of those trying days were won at a fearful cost. Nor was the worst encountered yet, for an enemy more to be dreaded than the Spanish, armed with their smokeless Mausers, seized upon our men, and, before they were taken north, nearly five thousand fell prey to fever. It is the deepest stain on our otherwise clear record that the incompetence of some of our officers should have been succeeded by the neglect and the slow process of removal of our men by those in charge of this part of the campaign.

On the 3d of July, the surrender of Santiago was again demanded,

PASÁGE HOTEL.

but almost simultaneously with this was accomplished the conclusion of that brilliant naval victory, upon which rests no cloud of mismanagement, or of shirking of duty, and which, taken in conjunction with that of Manila, forms the finest exhibit of personal valour and skill ever shown in a single war.

Tired of waiting for an enemy that showed slight intention of either getting away or of fighting, but vigilant as ever, the fleet of war-ships already named, with the exception of the *Massachusetts*, that had run down to Guantanamo to coal, and the *New York*, which had gone to take Admiral Sampson to meet General Shafter for a conference, remained on duty. So closely had these watchful war-ships kept track of their enemy,

TOBACCO PLANTATION AT MARIANAO.

that each time the fire was replenished on one of the Spanish vessels, it was known to them by the change in the smoke. And now a mass of black smoke, showing plainly against the soft blue background between Morro Castle and La Socopa, telegraphed to the lookout of the *Texas*, stationed squarely in front of the channel leading to Santiago Harbour, that the enemy was at last moving. In a trice, the vari-coloured flags of the different ships flung to the wind the signal:

"The enemy is trying to escape!"

At the same time the *Texas* rushed forward to intercept the approaching foe, followed by the *Brooklyn*, *Iowa*, and *Oregon*, nearly two and a half miles away. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, was the first to come into sight, and behind this came in order the

Vizcaya, the *Almirante Oquendo*, and the *Cristobal Colon*, the *Pluton* and the *Furor* bringing up the rear. The foremost opened the battle by sending a shell harmlessly toward the American vessels. The *Texas* made reply in no uncertain tone, and the battle royal was fairly on!

Evidently hoping to escape by flight, the Spanish ships, keeping up their firing, headed toward the west with all steam possible. But they did not separate. It was expected that the Spanish ships were capable of greater speed than the more ponderous battle-ships of the Americans. The *Brooklyn*, carrying Commodore Schley, the second in command, swung around so as to intercept the fleeing fleet. The *Texas*, commanded by Captain Philip, steering in as near shore as possible, singled out the *Vizcaya* as its prey. The *Oregon*, commanded by Captain Clarke, who had been summoned at the outset of this campaign from San Francisco, and had made the trip of over fourteen thousand nautical miles in sixty-eight days, was not likely to remain idle on an occasion like this. Captain Clarke stood on the bridge personally directing every movement, until the location became too hot to hold him, and he had barely deserted his post at that place before an enemy's shell crashed through the pilot-house, sweeping everything before it. This ocean greyhound swept past the heavier *Texas* and joined with the *Brooklyn* in heading off the leader of the escaping ships. The *Iowa*, commanded by Captain Robley D. Evans, was doing its best to mingle in the fight. Besides these, the auxiliary cruiser *Gloucester*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, one of the survivors of the *Maine*, was on hand to do all in its power. Spared from the shots of the enemy as if by a miracle, this dauntless craft and her officers and crew come in for a goodly share of the honours of that Sunday morning's work. The din was terrific, while the dense clouds of smoke at times concealed everything from the gaze of the earnest watchers.

It was a little past ten o'clock, and the *New York*, with Admiral Sampson, came rushing upon the scene from the eastward. The *Indiana*, owing to her position and to her slower speed, had been left out of the race, but was pounding ahead as best she could, ready to be on hand in case of an emergency.

The *Vizcaya*, under the terrific fire of the *Texas*, was the first to run up the white flag, when Captain Philip gave the order to cease firing.

The *Infanta Maria Teresa* was already in flames, and her companion sharing the same fate, the two vessels made a hopeless dash for the shore. The remaining vessels of the Spanish were fleeing along the shore under every ounce of steam that could be raised. The *Iowa* joined the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* in the pursuit of the *Colon*, the *Texas* being left to the task of looking after the *Almirante Oquendo*.

The last-named vessel was already on fire, and its flag flying at its

CUBAN COUNTRY ROAD.

stern was hauled down. Of all the Spanish fleet, it now looked as if the *Cristobal Colon* would alone escape. The destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*, trying in vain to keep under the cover of the larger war-ships, finally endeavoured to return to the harbour. But the alert *Gloucester* joined her fire with that of the *Indiana*, and one of the torpedo-boats soon displayed a flag of truce. Her guns silent, the battered craft ran ashore, which was barely reached as an explosion took place. The other soon beached, and its crew took to the land for safety.

It was a stern chase now, the sternest and grandest of the war, in which not only the *Brooklyn*, famous for her speed, and the *Oregon*, not one whit less spunky, joined, but also the magnificent *Texas*, which made a record then. The *Brooklyn* led at first, and then the doughty *Oregon* ran neck and neck, until, getting on the inside, she came next to the *Colon*. This chase royal, from the time that the foremost of the Spanish fleet thrust her prow into sight at 9.30, lasted until 1.15, when at last the *Brooklyn* overhauled the fugitive, and the *Cristobal Colon* yielded up the race. Commodore Schley himself went on board to receive the surrender of the Spanish commander, signalling at the same time to Admiral Sampson that the victory had been fully won.

If the *Oregon* had finally dropped behind so as to allow the glory of this capture to fall to the *Brooklyn*, it was claimed to have been done because "the commodore was on board of it." But in justice to the former ship it should be said that it was her heavy guns which so dismantled the fleeing *Colon* as to compel her men to haul down the flag.

Naturally general rejoicing reigned on the part of the victors, and the ships cheered one another, while the band on the *Oregon* played "The Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic airs. In the midst of this loud acclaim the devout Captain Philip called all hands to the quarter-deck, and baring his head, said, in a voice fervent with intense emotion:

"I wish to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I ask that all you officers and men lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty," and every hat was removed, and every head bowed in glad assent to the wishes of their commander. After a brief moment of impressive acknowledgment of their gratitude to an overruling power, unable to restrain their enthusiasm longer, three hearty cheers were given for their gallant leader.

Another act of tender chivalry in the supreme moment of victory was shown by this humane commander when the *Almirante Oquendo*, enveloped in a fiery shroud, and seeking safety toward the shore, was suddenly convulsed by a terrific explosion that threatened to end every life on board, and as his exultant men, flushed with the thoughts of triumph over an enemy, prepared to cheer, Captain Philip quickly hushed the crowd with a wave of his hand, saying, in a husky voice:

THE PLAZA, SANTIAGO.

"Don't cheer. The poor fellows are dying!"

This sentiment is finely expressed in the following tribute, that seems to us worthy of preservation here. It was written by C. A. S. Dwight for the *New York Ledger*:

"When down the gallant *Texas* steered
Abreast her Spanish prey,
Three hundred voices would have cheered,
But Philip said them, Nay!

A CUBAN PREFECTURA.

"'Don't cheer!' for on those scorching decks,
Convulsed with dying throes,
Lie scores of quivering human wrecks—
Once proud, now conquered foes.

"No knightlier deed was ever done
Than that they did not do;
No braver triumph e'er was won
By wearers of the blue,

"Than when, fired, flushed with victory,
Our Jacktars held their breath
And paid, on distant Cuban seas,
The honours due to death.

"The bold are the compassionate,
And clement are the brave,
E'er quick to offer love for hate,
And yielding, foes to save.

"True courage hastens to relieve
A wounded captive's care,
And for a dying foe will breathe
A tender, pitying prayer."

This victory at Santiago was almost as remarkable for its small loss of lives to our side as that at Manila. The Americans had only one man killed and two wounded. The loss on the part of the Spanish was six hundred men killed and wounded, with twelve hundred made prisoners, besides the loss of every vessel. Had they scattered as soon as leaving the harbour, going both up and down the coast, it is possible that one or more might have escaped, though that is doubtful when the work done by the heavy ships of war is taken into account. But they kept together as long as was possible, and even then the wrecks of the doomed vessels were strewn along the shore for fifty miles, the distance the *Cristobal Colon* ran before she finally succumbed.

Again, had the Spanish admiral attempted to escape on one of the dark nights that had intervened between his entrance into the harbour and his exit on this fair Sunday morning, July 3d, it is possible some portion of his fleet might have eluded their vigilant watchers. But he wisely refrained from attempting this, as the *Merrimac* lay in such a way across the channel as to make a passage out with his big war-ships during the darkness extremely hazardous. For this reason the exploit of Hobson and his brave companions might be said to mark the crisis of the conflict. The Spanish commander selected what looked to him an auspicious moment. Some of our war-ships were away from their posts, others were too far removed to be of speedy assistance in the struggle, though it proved to be an opportune time for our vessels. The result as depicted was one of the proudest victories of modern warfare, and Admiral Cervera should not

be censured for the spirited resistance he made, or for the failure of what may have looked to him at the outset as a promising undertaking.

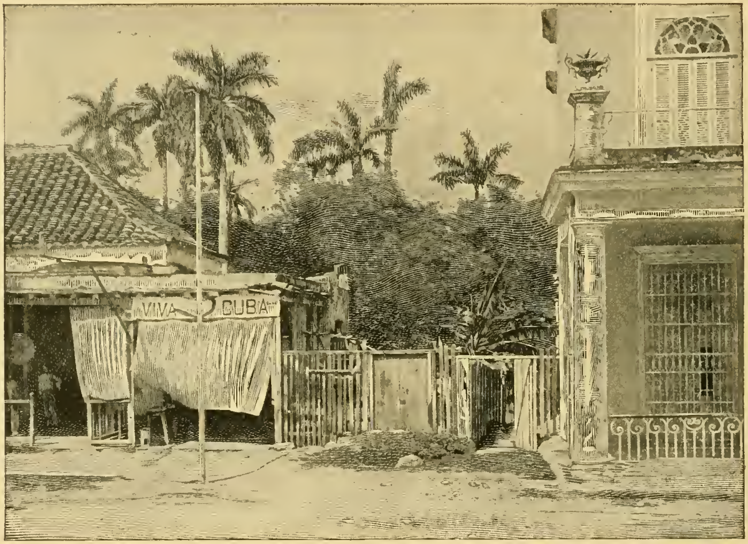
If it had been declared that good fortune had simply smiled upon the American ships at Manila, the statement was disproved now. This fickle bird seldom perches on the same roof twice. How they escaped with such a small loss of life is a question to be answered by him who seeks to inquire into it. Nor will he have far to look. The Spanish were desper-

CUBANS FIRING IN THE BUSH.

ate, determined men, believing their very lives hung in the balance, and they fought like old regulars, with no panic in their midst. If they failed to send their shots with the precision of their contestants, it was not their fault. Rather it was absolute proof of the greater effectiveness of the most exacting military school in the world over the methods of other days. The American gunners were trained to pick off men at long range as they would hit flies on the hand, trained in a discipline that made men cheer at the raking fire, laugh at the roar of shots and burst of shell, while they

pumped shot after shot into the enemy with an accuracy that made every one count. Later investigation showed that the *Cristobal Colon* was hit eight times, the *Vizcaya* twenty-four, the *Infanta Maria Teresa* thirty-three, and the *Almirante Oquendo*, worse than all the others, sixty-six times.

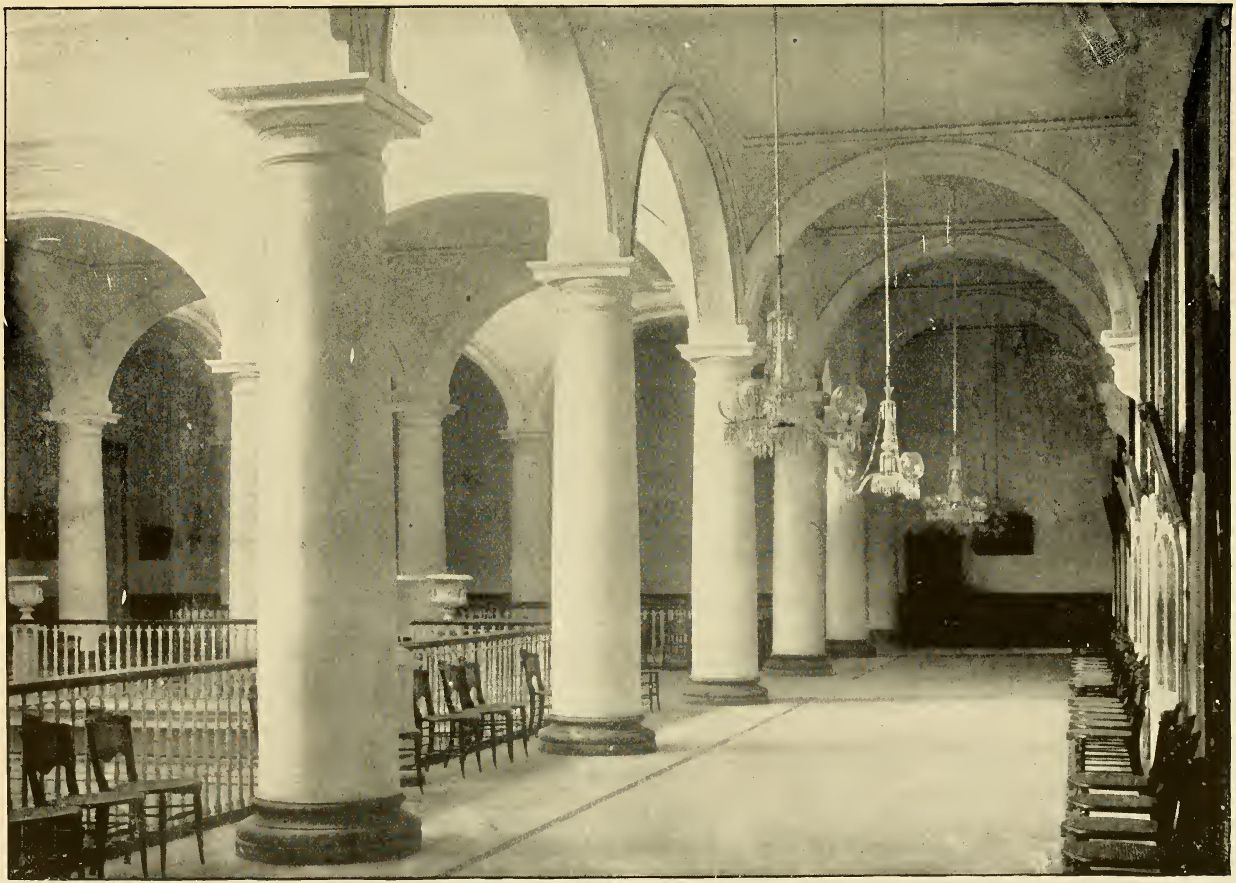
No, Admiral Cervera, although waiting until he was ordered to leave Santiago by command from Madrid, does not demand censure for his unfortunate retreat![1] It was a magnificent manœuvre, well carried out,



PLANTER'S MANSION AND PEASANT'S HUT, AT EL CERRO.

but what was more magnificent still was the manner in which it was met. If Commodore Dewey had attacked ships of an inferior size at Manila, it was giant against giant here, armour-clad against armour-clad. If in the first case our ships surprised the enemy, the enemy here surprised them, as far as a watchful and alert force could be surprised. With the utmost confidence and swiftness the American blockaders closed in upon their foes, and as they swept down upon them, in spite of the storm of

[1] The last message from Madrid came on July 2d, saying in no uncertain words: "Leave port at once, no matter what the consequences, and engage the fleet."



INTERIOR OF THE SPANISH CASINO.

leaden hail showered upon them, reserved their own fire until each shot was sent with a deadly certainty which left no room for doubt as to the ultimate outcome. The *Cristobal Colon* was the fastest ship of the two fleets, and but for this terrible bombardment might have escaped. As it was, at the end of fifty miles of terrific racing, she was the only Spanish vessel that voluntarily lowered her colours as she went ashore. All in all, it was one of the most extraordinary naval battles in history, and it was a victory which paved the way to American triumph and Spanish downfall.

CHAPTER V.

THE AMERICAN VICTORY.

THE next day was that historic anniversary in American history, the 4th of July. It is easy to understand that it was made more memorable by the officers and crews of the American fleet off Santiago, jubilant over their recent victory. The newest and largest of their flags were displayed from the tops of the vessels, and at midday a national salute was fired.

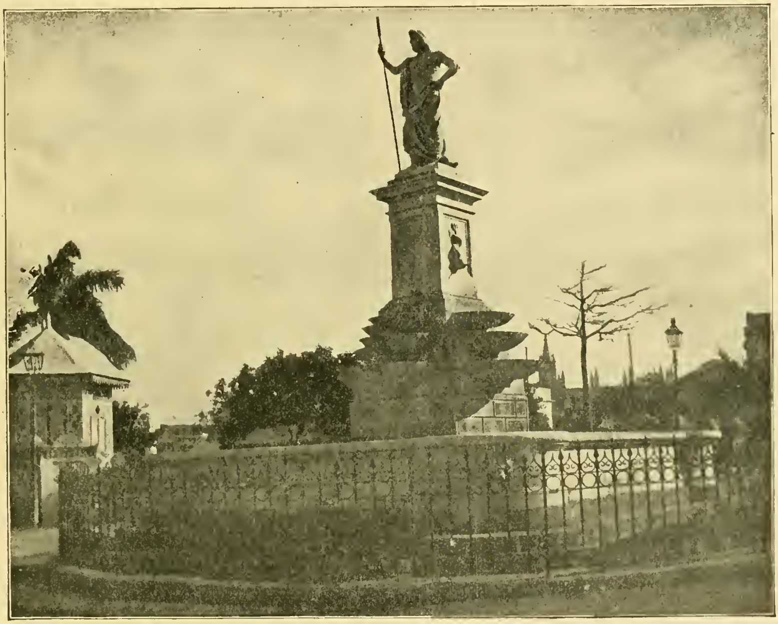
Meanwhile great excitement and anxiety reigned in the Spanish capital. Eager to save the city from an entrance of the American fleet into the harbour, the Spanish resorted to the same artifice carried out by the daring Hobson and his comrades. Early on the morning of the 4th of July, they ran the *Regina Mercedes* ashore near where the *Merrimac* had been sunk. If Hobson had failed to accomplish his purpose, this attempt on the part of the enemy was not more successful.

A two days' truce was entered upon between General Shafter and General Toral, — the latter officer being in command of Santiago since the disability of General Linares, received from wounds in the desperate fighting of July 1st, — and early in the evening of July 4th, the following notice was posted on the walls of the city:

"Having received no further word from the American forces, and being anxious to save the lives of the women and children and all non-combatants, the authorities order that, between five and nine o'clock to-morrow morning, all who cannot carry arms shall leave for El Caney by any of the city gates. No passports are necessary. All pilgrims must go on foot; carriages are forbidden. The crippled will have stretchers provided for them."

On Tuesday morning, at an early hour, a long line of pilgrims wound out of Santiago on their way to a place of fancied safety, though in an enemy's hands. It was no ragged rabble straggling through the gates, but to all appearance a respectable company, the majority of whom were

well dressed. Many of the poorer women wore large crucifixes, and some were telling their beads as they marched along. The larger number of the fugitives were children, and next to them in number were the women, while there was a generous sprinkling of men. All showed sublime confidence of safety. Nearly four hundred persons were borne in litters, and among them an old woman with a parrot in her lap, the latter scolding over the loss of its cage. There were also in this train, under the guise of



IN ZULUETA PARK.

common citizens, the mayor, governor, and president of the upper court of justice, who were received at the end of their humiliating journey with utmost consideration.

The Catholic church of El Caney stands in the middle of a square, and as the crowd approached, presenting such a sight as the ancient place had never before witnessed, the doors were flung wide open for the pilgrims to enter. American surgeons had taken possession of the porch for a temporary hospital where they could treat the wounded. The pews of the

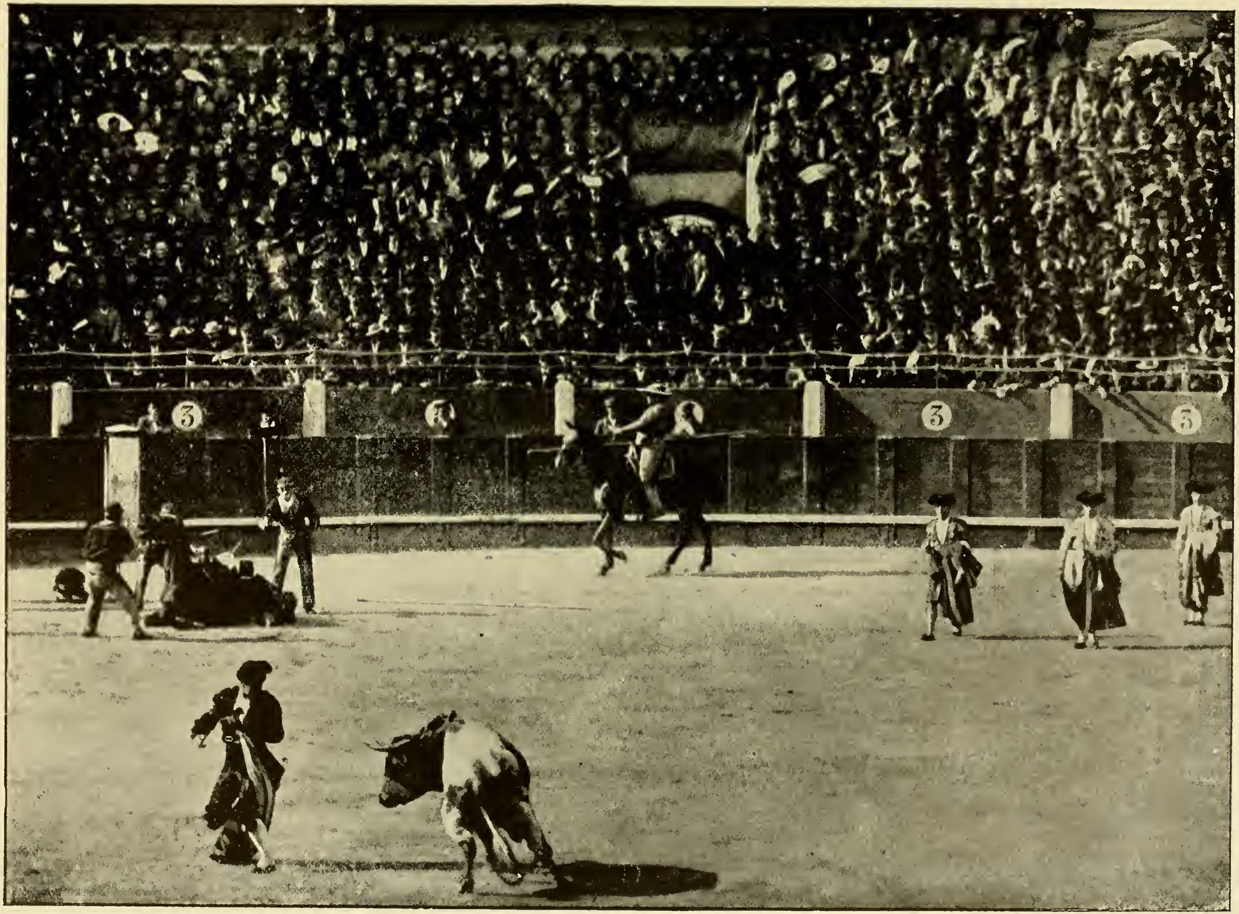
church were converted into couches, and the refugees began at once a search for missing friends. One of these, an old woman, found a son, and another a husband, both severely wounded. Those of the women who could, volunteered to act as nurses, and so in many ways the sufferers were made as comfortable as possible.

July 6th, after a long parley between Generals Shafter and Toral, an exchange of prisoners was effected, when Lieutenant Hobson and his companions were restored to their friends for an equal number of Spanish prisoners. These eight Americans had been well treated while at Morro Castle, thanks very largely to Admiral Cervera, and now as they approached the American lines, vociferous cheering rang on the air, thousands of hats flew overhead, while the regimental bands played with a royal will that old but glorious strain, "The Star Spangled Banner." Between the cheering lines thus formed the heroes advanced, returning the compliment paid them with modest bows.

Though the time of the truce had really expired, the Americans were surprised to find the familiar flag still waving over the city. But it was not long before a smaller flag was seen coming up the hill, borne by a man in the Spanish uniform. As the Spanish general had declined to capitulate, General Shafter had intended to renew his bombardment of Santiago, but a message from Washington had advised him to wait for reinforcements. He now waited at his headquarters to receive the bearer of the flag of truce.

A lengthy message from General Toral contained a request that the armistice might be extended until he could communicate with the Cortes at Madrid in regard to what he should do. It was requested that American operators should take charge of the telegraph cable between Santiago and Kingston. Both of these requests were granted, and the armistice, which had ended the day before, was extended until Saturday at four o'clock in the afternoon. The British telegraphists were willing to give way to the choice of the Spanish, so the whole affair was settled without friction.

The delay caused by the armistice was improved by both sides. The Spanish continued to intrench themselves, while General Shafter went on with his preparations for a bombardment by land and water, and, if it was found necessary, for the battle-ships to enter the harbour at all costs.



BULL FIGHT. CAPARILLA WORRYING THE BULL.

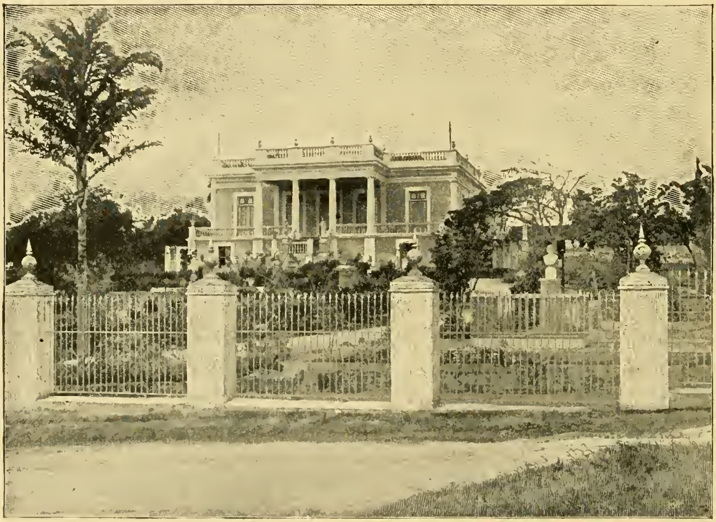
On the last day of the armistice a flag of truce from General Toral brought an offer of surrender, upon the condition that he be allowed to leave Santiago with all the arms, artillery, and impedimenta, and on the further condition that no destruction should be done to the city. Perhaps it should be said here that the commanders of the Spanish fleet, after they had struck their colours, sought to destroy their ships rather than to allow them to fall into the hands of their victors, an action not countenanced by

ON THE ALMENDARES RIVER, HAVANA.

the rules of modern warfare, it being held that vessels at that stage of battle belong to the conquerors. General Shafter had been instructed from Washington not to accept any terms other than "unconditional surrender." He therefore declined the terms, and at a few minutes before five o'clock the batteries of the American forces opened fire on the city walls.

The bombardment at this time was short, on account of the approach of darkness, and a dense vapour concealing the scene from view the follow-

ing morning, delayed the work for that day. But as soon as the sun had dispelled the fog, an intermittent attack was begun, and kept up with a remarkable display of marksmanship on the part of the American gunners and an equally remarkable display of utter lack of marksmanship on the part of the Spanish gunners, so called. But even this work did not accomplish immediately the desired effect, for when General Shafter again conferred with General Toral, the latter finally asked for another armistice, that he might again confer with Captain-General Blanco and the govern-



VILLA NEAR MATANZAS.

ment at Madrid. This was granted, and the final outcome was the following highly satisfactory message received at Washington:

"PLAYA, July 14th.

"TO SECRETARY OF WAR AT WASHINGTON:—Before Santiago, July 14th. General Toral formally surrendered the troops of his army, troops and division of Santiago, on the terms and understanding that his troops should be returned to Spain.

"General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up the conditions of arrangement for carrying out the terms of surrender. This is very

gratifying, as General Shafter and the officers and men of his command are entitled to great credit for their sincerity and fortitude in overcoming almost insuperable obstacles which they encountered.

"A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those free from it, and to keep those who are still on board ship separated from those on the shore.

"Arrangements will be immediately made for carrying out further instructions of the President and yourself. NELSON A. MILES,

"*Major-General of the Army.*"

By the conditions of the capitulation, the Americans were to obtain possession of a third of the province of Santiago, including the military jurisdiction of the Fourth Corps of the Spanish army, its most important division. But, with their customary way of meeting each proposal with some opposition, a delay in the negotiations succeeded, until finally General Shafter notified the Spanish commander that he should positively take possession on Sunday morning, July 17th. This was an imposing scene, as, accompanied by Generals Lawton and Wheeler, Colonels Kent, Ames, and Ludlow, with eighty other officers, General Shafter rode down the hill to the gate, where, under a tree, the preceding meetings had been held. This was the signal for an outburst of applause from thousands of throats, and a salute from the guns within the city; and scarcely had the boom of cannon died away on the hills before they resounded with the cheers from the American lines, extending for eight miles.

As this eight miles of applause ended, General Toral, in full uniform, left the city, and approached the group of Americans under the tree, accompanied by two hundred officers. The leaders saluted each other gravely, and an introduction followed, when General Toral, speaking in his native tongue, said, in a voice that grew husky as he continued:

"I am compelled to surrender to General Shafter of the American army the city and strongholds of the city of Santiago."

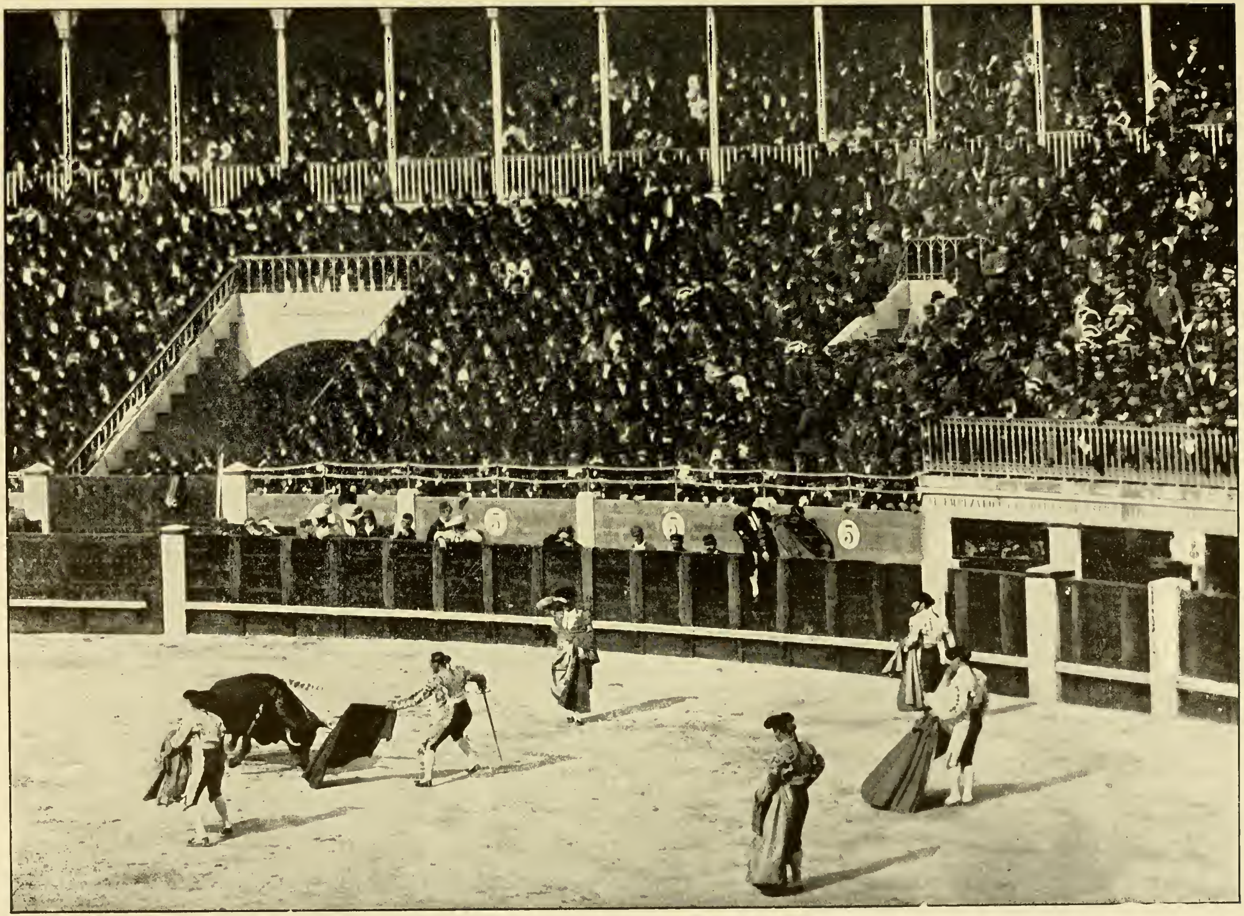
In response to this, as the Spanish commander presented arms, General Shafter said:

"I receive the city in the name of the Government of the United States."

A little later, a lunch having been served before the formal giving up of the city was made, just as the cathedral bell was striking its first boom for the hour of noon, Lieutenant Miley, assisted by two others, bent the American flag to the halyards of the flagstaff of the palace, when the Star-spangled Banner was run to the top, and, swinging gracefully to the tropical breeze, it flung out over downtrodden Cuba the opening of a new era of life. The ponderous bell of the cathedral had barely finished

THE ZANJA REAL, HAVANA.

its last resonant note when the military band struck up that inspiring song, that had already awakened the sunny waters outside the harbour, and which now fell within with soulful melody. Then, with the last strains trembling upon the vibrant air, prolonged cheers were given for the "Red, White, and Blue." A vast concourse of spectators stood with uncovered heads, while housetops and windows were thronged with curious, anxious, and often exultant lookers-on, while thousands of them cried wildly:



BULL FIGHT. MATADOR ABOUT TO KILL THE BULL

"*Viva los Americanos!*"

Outside the city, demonstrations greater than even these were being made. From Captain Capron's battery, near the centre of the American line, a national salute was fired, and more than twenty thousand men flung their hats into the air, while they shouted for joy. And this mighty wave of rejoicing, rolling down the lines, was met by another — the applause of the American infantrymen on the hills at Morro Castle, and the batteries below.

Though the navy had not attempted to enter the harbour, Admiral Sampson, understanding the inexpediency of doing so until the channel should be cleared of the mines, three small boats had been sent cautiously into the bay, and these were on hand to participate in the glad acclaim. General Shafter and his officers returned to their camp, leaving the city under soldier patrol.

The news of the surrender spreading rapidly, thousands of Spanish soldiers marched out of the city, stacked their weapons at the rifle-pits, and went into the American camp with a show of relief and thanksgiving that the siege was over, while many others, who had been refugees, came plodding into town to seek at last the safety of their lives, which had been denied them so long. Thus ends one of the most interesting chapters in the story of Santiago.

Colonel Wood, promoted from his command of the Rough Riders (his office there being filled by a promotion for Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt) to the rank of brigadier-general by General Shafter, was made military governor of Santiago. He proved to be the man for the place, and he set himself about cleaning the city, improving its sanitary condition, which was usually of an indifferent character wherever Spanish rule prevailed, and governing with a firmness and justice which resulted in benefit to the Spanish as well as to the Americans.

CHAPTER VI.

SANTIAGO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

AMPLE evidence of the terrific pounding the ancient fortification glowering down upon us received from the American war-ships, is seen as we follow the winding channel in from the open sea, past level meadows teeming with the rank vegetation of the tropics, and over-topped with groves of cocoanut-trees, or along the base of low hills decked with the graceful plumes of palms and southern laurels. Here and there the picture is enlivened by the sight of a dwelling in the midst of the flowering shrubs of a Cuban garden.

Passing the end of this ridge of hills, we come somewhat suddenly into the broad, land-locked bay, making one of the most beautiful and safe harbours in the world. But, all breeze cut off here, on a hot, tropical day in midsummer, it is like an oven. Ahead looks shyly out upon the water from amid its dark green setting of foliage, the olden town of Santiago de Cuba, its quaint, old-style houses, scattered over the hillside, looking down upon the placid waters of this retired spot as they have done for over three hundred years. The first structure to catch our sight is the ancient cathedral, the largest in Cuba, with its twin towers rising above the roofs and trees. The antiquity of this sacred building may be better understood when it is known that it was built in 1522, only thirty years after the discovery of the island by Columbus, and is only four years younger than the oldest cathedral on the island.

Santiago was founded in 1514, by Velasquez, so it is next in age to San Domingo, the oldest town established by Europeans in the New World. It is probable that it has more history to claim the narrator's attention than any other spot of its size on the Western continent. This same founder of Santiago, Diego Velasquez, was the first governor or captain-general of Cuba, and he proved to be extremely harsh upon the natives. It was not many years before the unfortunate race began to vanish under tasks they were incapable of performing and abuses that must have proved

fatal to a stronger people. Bitterly now they realised their mistake in allowing the foreigners to gain a foothold at a time when, by a single decided action, they might have destroyed them all. An example of the cruelty of the Spaniards may be found in the terrible fate visited upon one chieftain who, for no more serious a misdemeanour than defending his own, was burned at the stake. His last words are said to have been a terrible truth hurled against his inhuman captors:

"If there are Spaniards in heaven, then I seek hell."

COCOANUT-PALMS.

The old saying, that "Justice may sleep, but she never dies," applies most aptly to the conquerors who made of this fair island their headquarters, and from whose shores, reeking with blood, they set forth to discover new realms, that these, too, might be ravaged by their blighting touch. Foremost in this semimartial train we see the first navigator, Columbus, led in chains before his king, and dying without knowing the real result of his discoveries and without a friendly sympathiser in his closing hours of humiliation. Hernando de Soto, who was the first mayor of Santiago, came here with a thousand armed men to rule the island, accompanied by his fair wife, Dona Isabella dè Bobadilla, noted for her beauty and virtue. When her warrior husband set forth on his visionary and unfortunate journey into the New World, she was left as governess of Cuba, the only woman who has ever held the reins of government over the island. She became very popular, but the long-continued absence of her husband, without any word coming from him, wore upon her until she "pined and languished and fell into a lethargic state, and her life was despaired of." History leaves us in ignorance of her fate. Ponce de Leon

left these shores in his vain search for the fabled Fountain of Youth, falling at last, a broken-hearted old man, under the bane of those who should have been his friends. From this port the haughty Cortez, flushed with his triumphs, set forth, in 1519, to conquer Mexico; after ruining another race, he died in obscurity, without a hope of rescue, a victim to his own heartless ambition. Pizarro, falling by the hand of an assassin after he had conquered the Peruvian empire, helps swell the list of the unfortunate

HAVANA BAY AND CABANAS FORTRESS.

and misguided leaders. But turn aside the magical mirror. It is enough to know that, of all these provinces gained at such fearful cost, not one remains to the fallen sceptre of Castile and Aragon.

A small village near Santiago enjoys the distinction of having among its residents the only living descendants of the Caribs or Aborigines, who were found here by Columbus. But this is disputed by what seems to be a substantial proof that the last of the race died more than a hundred years ago.

WASHING HORSES AT THE PUNTA.

Though founded by Velasquez, Santiago was not selected by this ruler as his capital, but Baracoa was chosen instead. This ancient capital of Cuba is situated about eighty miles northeast of Santiago, near the eastern extremity of the island, and has a deep harbour. It soon proved to be poorly located for the seat of government, which, after remaining here for five years, was removed to Santiago, whence it was in turn removed, in 1589, to the more modern city of Havana. Baracoa, now nearly four hundred years old, notwithstanding its auspicious beginning, has not over five thousand inhabitants at the present time. These are engaged principally in raising and selling cocoa and bananas, with a small trade in sugar. Among the ruins of this town is the original house of Velasquez, which remains a monument of olden times.

Not far from the seedy town are the remarkable stalactite caves, noted for their human fossils. The road winding over the crests of the Cuchillas to Santiago leads through one of the most romantic and picturesque scenes that can be imagined. It is small wonder that the early explorers went into ecstasy over the beautiful and fragrant panorama, describing Cuba as the fairest gem in the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella. Had they shown a better appreciation of this treasure, it would have redounded far more to the pleasure and the profit of its foster-mother. Under a more benign influence, Cuba might have shone resplendent in its clear atmosphere and endless summer, where Nature for ever dons her best attire and laughs in the face of sorrow.

The flora of this island paradise was found to be not only bountiful but of a decidedly marked variety. Foremost among the species which greeted the eyes of the explorers was the lofty, regal *frangipanni*, its almost leafless stalk made fragrant and beautiful with abundant white blossoms. Just apart from these was the *peta*, with flowers of golden hue, in close companionship with the wild oleander, aglow with its myriad of bright blossoms, and set in a bed of cacti and aloes. Here the newcomers found grand specimens of the night-blooming cereus, and, of greater interest to them, the passion-flower, in which they fancied was evidence of the Saviour's passion. More to be avoided than these others, although attracting with its beauty, was the manchineel, that repelled the touch by emitting a milky juice which burned the human flesh like vitriol.

An abundance of fruit was discovered, embracing nearly all of the varieties with which the strangers were familiar, and many others unknown to them, among which were the mango, zapota, banana, and custard-apple, all abounding in a luxuriance that amazed the beholders. One of their historians says truthfully: "We can well conceive of the pleasure and surprise of these adventurous strangers, when first partaking of these new and delicate products. This was four hundred years ago,

CUBAN FRUIT PEDDLER.

and to-day the same flora and the same luscious food grow there in abundance. Nature in this land of ceaseless summer puts forth strange eagerness, ever running to fruits, flowers, and fragrance, as if they were the outlets for her exuberant fecundity."

Coming back from this imaginary flight to Santiago, the present capital of the province by the same name, we are reminded that it is the most southern place of note on the island, while Havana, six hundred miles northwest, is the most northerly city of importance. The former

has a population of about 42,000, and is the second city in size, Havana being larger. It is a centre of quiet commercial activity, lighted by gas, and everywhere, until very recently, showing evidence of the utter lack of proper sanitary care and regulation. The mean temperature of summer is eighty-eight, and of winter but six degrees less. During the months of July and August the heat is suffocating, so, with its lack of hygienic measures, it is little wonder that Santiago has in the past gained the unenviable reputation of being an unhealthful city.

Among its attractive features is the Campo de Marte, a public square overlooking the sea, nearly or quite 150 feet below. Hemmed in by mountains, the city is built on the side of a steep slope, some of the houses at an elevation of nearly three hundred feet. But although possessing such disadvantages as those mentioned, the worst of which can be removed by proper management, Santiago is flanked by a rich agricultural country. The soil is of a volcanic nature, and in most localities is extremely fertile. The raising of cane and the manufacture of sugar are the leading sources of wealth, while coffee and tobacco are close competitors.

In the "good old days" the *cafetales,* or coffee plantations, were the scenes of dazzling luxury, when their owners, the Spanish grandees, occupied them with their suites and retinues. For at least half of the year, during the harvests, these estates would be the scenes of prodigal feasting and merrymaking. Often the grandees from a large circuit would come for many miles in their two-wheeled volantes, to pay their "respects" to a neighbour, remaining it might be for a week or two. Then the whole party, joined by this host, would go to another plantation, to continue their wild and careless feasting and drinking, until the entire circuit would have been made. Under such management it was inevitable that the cafetale, however rich it might be at the outset, should eventually cease to afford an income sufficient to allow this extravagance, and finally the owners of the plantations found themselves poor.

In this dilemma the hidalgos began to borrow money of the crafty French, who had come over from Hayti to form a colony in Santiago. These debts could not be paid by the thriftless Spaniards, and so their plantations passed into the hands of this class, where they remain to-day. As an illustration of the opinion held of these Frenchmen,

who first became money-lenders, then overseers, and then owners, we are told that a certain parasite, which attacks the tough and sturdy mahogany-tree, choking and strangling it, clinging year after year, until this proud monarch of the forest withers and dies, is termed "the French overseer."

Another source of income from this province is the copper mines, the heart of which is El Cobre, less than twenty miles from Santiago. These mines are valuable, and have been worked for about a hundred years. Two companies, an English and an American organisation, undertook to work these rich deposits. But it cost a vast outlay of

A TROPICAL PLANTER'S HOME.

capital, as they are very damp, on account of the great depth. To overcome this difficulty, gigantic Cornish pumps were put in at enormous expense, without bringing the result that was expected. In the midst of these difficulties the companies found themselves in trouble with the Cobre Railroad authorities, so the mines had to be abandoned. But they are far from being exhausted, and no doubt will again be made a source of profit.

Of greater importance than the copper mines are those of iron and manganese, and the large iron mountains of Santiago de Cuba have been objects of especial interest to Americans. Three companies have owned and worked these mines, the oldest and largest being the Juragua Iron Company, which was formed twenty years ago, Major Bent, of the

NATIVE FARM HOUSE.

Pennsylvania Steel Company, being its president. Its output, which has reached an average of forty thousand tons a month, and an aggregate of three million tons, is controlled by American capital. The other companies are the Spanish-American Company and the Sigua Iron Company. The first of these, as its name indicates, is managed by American officers, and had a monthly product of about thirty thousand tons. Of course all of these companies had to suspend operations during the war. The last-named company, the Sigua Iron Company, had a short but brilliant record, by starting in with building a railroad nine miles in length, putting up extensive buildings and works, and sending off shipments to the amount of twelve thousand tons. This was over six years

CRUSHING MILL, ON THE SUGAR PLANTATION.

ago, and it had been four years since operations were begun, to be given up after this short period of work without any known reason.

Notwithstanding that the mines of Cuba promise well for those who have the capital and the ability to work them, the fertility of the soil of this section of the island, as well as that of other parts, claims for it high appreciation on account of its agricultural resources. The raising of cane and the manufacture of sugar should be paramount industries. But it needs most of all suitable roads and means of travel and transportation. In the whole province of Santiago there are less than a hundred miles of poorly equipped railroads, and not a rod of highway deserving the name.

During the reign of Las Casas, beginning with 1790, an era of pros-

perity dawned upon Cuba, when many public improvements were made, among them the building of macadamised roads and the laying out of parks, of which we see evidence to-day. But it will be remembered that the capital had been already removed to Havana, so Santiago de Cuba just escaped this good work.

In the district of Santiago earthquakes have been of quite frequent occurrence, though they have rarely taken place in the western part of the island. The last one which occurred was in 1880, and it did considerable damage in Cristobal and Candelaria, while the shock was felt severely in Havana. There are no volcanoes on the island.

While Santiago has been noted for its association with distinguished men and women, famous in other fields, the city was at one time renowned for its literary celebrities. Among the foremost of these were Padre Luis de Montes, who made a full catalogue of the flora of the island, and another, a learned priest, who became a noted astronomer. The city still cherishes the names of two poetesses, whose writings possess great power and beauty. These are the Doña Luisa Perez de Montes de Oca, who wrote some of the finest sonnets in contemporary Spanish literature, and Doña Gertrude Gomez de Avellanda, whose name is coupled with the best in Spanish letters.

The name which stands highest, however, in Cuban literature, is that of Jose Maria Heredia, who was born at Santiago in 1803, his father an ardent patriot of the cause of the natives, and his mother a refined Spanish lady. She died soon after his birth, and within three years the father was exiled to Mexico for sympathising with the Cubans. Thither he took with him his motherless son, and a dozen years later died an outlaw, to leave the boy to return to his native isle. Jose at once set himself about learning law, and at the age of twenty was admitted to the bar. He was sent to practise at the Supreme Court of Puerto Principe. But he had inherited too much of his father's love for his people, and seeing early the grave injustice constantly done by the courts, he became so outspoken in his contempt for the conduct of the authorities that the leaders of the Spanish government privately advised him to leave the island before he was summoned to answer to charges which were sure to send him to prison, if not to death. He wisely accepted the well-meant advice, and lived for several years in New York. During his voluntary exile there

he wrote his famous "Exiles' Hymn," and that equally famous and beautiful poem, entitled "Niagara," which Bryant translated. He died in Mexico, a young man of thirty-five, lamented as the greatest poet Cuba ever had, and worthy to stand beside the highest in Spanish literature.

Another native of Santiago, whose name stands high as a poet, is Milanes, who had the disadvantage of being of humbler birth, but who had the advantage of possessing a subtle and refined nature. He died younger than Heredia, being but a little over twenty when he fell a victim

THE HILL OF THE JESUITS, AT EL CIEBA.

to quick consumption. His poems were not published until after his death, and on account of the intense melancholy that pervades them, he has been called "the poet of tears."

Santiago has another poet, whose memory it holds even dearer than those of the others, though it cannot claim him as a son, but merely as a temporary resident in the city. He is known most widely under his *nom de plume* of Placido, but his real name was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes. He was born at Matanzas, and under more unfortunate conditions and influences than even Heredia. His father was a half-caste slave,

and his mother a woman of low birth. As if this was not enough against him, in a country where caste counts so much, Nature seemed to hold a spite against him, and he was so ugly in looks that he appeared hideous. As might be expected, he was poor, and his education was sadly neglected. But in the face of all these difficulties and drawbacks, Placido persevered, leaving at his untimely death a name that must ever be revered in Cuba, and which gives it a high position in the literature of Hispano-America. His fate was as pathetic as his life, and in keeping with his devout patriotism. During the revolt of 1844, when the slaves struck for freedom with a concerted action that carried terror to the hearts of the Spanish masters, it was believed that Placido, with his eloquent and patriotic utterances, had fired them to this purpose. He was seized and convicted, on sentiment rather than argument, of being in sympathy with the rebels. He was sentenced to be shot on the 8th of June, 1844. In the early light of morning, he was led forth with nineteen others, accused with him of abetting the negroes. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, but marched with a firm step to the Grand Square of Matanzas, and himself gave the order for the squad to fire. At the first volley, fired with the usual lack of precision marking Spanish marksmanship, he fell only wounded. This awakened the spectators to pity and horror, but the patriot silenced all

THE RIVER FRONT IN THE CITY OF MATANZAS.

AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS.

outbursts by rising to his feet, and, facing his enemies with undaunted firmness, said, in a clear tone: "World, ever pitiless to me, farewell." Then pointing to his heart, he said: "Soldiers, fire here." This volley was fatal, but the name and the honour of Placido, the poet and patriot, will live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as Cuban history endures.

It should be said that his fate was bemoaned by many in Spain, and the queen regent, Christina, openly avowed her indignation over the cruel and unwarrantable deed. Placido's execution having been delayed for some time after his condemnation, he wrote, during the anxious interval, two poems that alone should make his name immortal. The first of these was his sublime "Prayer to God," and the other, unequalled in its pathos and beauty of diction, his "Farewell to His Mother."

CHAPTER VII.

PICTURESQUE CUBA.

CUBA is divided into six provinces or political districts, four of which are denominated as the western division, and two as the southern or eastern division. The provinces contained in the last named are Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe. Those of the western part are Santa Clara, Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio. The capital of each takes the same name as the province. The province of Havana includes the Isle of Pines, which was at first a military post established there in 1828, but which has since become a health resort for consumptives.

The area of Cuba, including the islands that belong to it, is 43,124 square miles, or about the size of the State of Pennsylvania. Its population, according to the closest calculation made in 1894, was 1,723,000. After deducting those portions which are not habitable, such as the desert sand-keys that skirt the island, the swamps of the southern coast, and the unexplored highlands, it is estimated to contain in round numbers 32,500 square miles, according to the reports of the United States Government, and its population, considered in this way, would be about the same density as that of the State of Virginia. Still following this authority, we find the population divided into five classes: natives of Spain, called "Peninsulars;" Cubans of Spanish descent, "Insulars;" other white persons; persons wholly or in part of the African race; eastern Asiatics.

Considering the first three classes together, and leaving out the small number of Asiatics, it is easy to find the actual ratio of the two leading races. In 1804 the whites numbered 234,000; the negroes, 198,000, or nearly forty-six per cent. Both classes continued to increase until 1869, when there were 797,596 whites, and 602,215 negroes, or forty-seven per cent. of the population. Nine years before this, though fewer in numbers than at this time, the negroes averaged more than one-half of the population, but during the period last named the whites increased faster than the coloured race, so the ratio was lowered. In 1887 we find that the

whites have grown to 1,102,689, while the blacks have decreased to 485,187, or to less than thirty-one per cent. But these figures do not exactly express the real situation, for the reason that it has been customary to consider among the negroes those persons having as little as one-fourth of that blood. This, it is easy to see, does not give the true status of the situation relative to the races. However, taking the decrease of this race in the same ratio since the time of the last figure in 1894, it is doubtful if to-day the negro element composes more than one-fourth of the population, and with every prospect of continuing to grow less.

The number of white persons not of Spanish blood has been estimated

THE SPANISH CLUBHOUSE, HAVANA.

at ten thousand. The number of coolies, or Asiatic labourers, imported mostly from the Philippines, is pure conjecture, but those best situated to solve this problem place their number between thirty and forty thousand.

The most recent official census taken in December, 1887, gives the population by provinces, and the number of inhabitants per square kilometer in each as follows: Pinar del Rio, 225,891 inhabitants, with a territory of 14,967 kilometers, and a density of 15.09 to the square kilometer; Havana, 451,928 inhabitants, 8,610 kilometers, 52.49 per cent.; Matanzas, population 259,578, area 8,486, per cent. 30.59; Santa Clara, population 354,122, area 23,083, per cent. 15.34; Puerto Principe, population 67,789, area 32.341, per cent. 2.10; Santiago de Cuba, popula-

tion 272,379, area 35,119, per cent. 7.76. It will thus be seen that the most thinly settled district is the province of Puerto Principe, situated in the northern section of the southern half, while the most densely inhabited province is that of Havana, which contains the capital by the same name.

The only seaport of importance besides Santiago in the province by that name is Manzanillo, situated on the bay of Buena Esperanza, which has a population of about twenty thousand. This city is the market for a considerable agricultural district lying back of it, while here are still kept, for honey and wax, descendants of the bees brought hither by the French immigrants away back in the days of colonisation by France. The river Cautio finds its entrance to the sea here through several mouths, and in the basin formed by this stream is the old town of Bayamo, more famous for what it has been than for what it is. Farther inland is the town of Holquin, which has the benefit of a railroad connecting it, in the way that Spanish roads *dis*connect, with all the other towns of importance in the province.

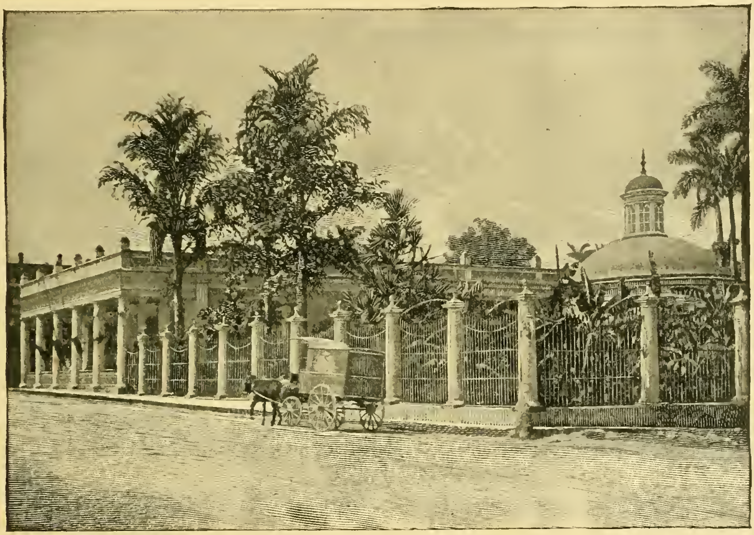
Leaving Santiago by steamer for the ports along the west coast, we are afforded some of the finest scenery in the world, and are continually reminded of a trip along the shore of the Mediterranean. From the city, for miles along a direct coast to the point of land at Cabo de Cruz, a chain of mountains known as the Macaca, or Sierra Maestra Mountains, rises boldly from the water's edge to a height of six thousand feet, culminating in the peak of Ojo del Toro, which is one of the highest summits on the island. Even above this stately dome we see in the distance the sharp crest of Turquino, whose height is variously estimated from seven to ten thousand feet. The sea along this coast vies with the renowned Mediterranean in its blue and placid appearance. In fact, the Caribbean Sea might well have been named the "Pacific," so calm and unruffled are its waters for eight months of the year.

Puerto de Cuba, the bay of Santiago, loses none of its charms on one's departure, but it seems to hold him back with its thousand attractions and fills his bosom with a longing to return. There is no more picturesque bay in the world, unless it be that of Naples, and the enthusiast is not to blame if he goes into raptures over the brilliancy of the landscape blending with sunny waters; he, indeed, who can gaze unmoved upon the beautiful

THE PLAZA, CIENFUEGOS.

panorama must be without a heart and that divine spark called imagination.

A place one does not want to pass without stopping at, is Trinidad de Cuba, situated ten miles from the shore of the province of Santa Clara. It is a quaint, old-fashioned city, which went to sleep many years ago, but which is now slowly awakening. It stands, like Santiago, on the side of a steep hill, called the "Watch-tower." Its houses are protected with iron casings like the dwellings of Italy, and show that they stand under



SUBURBAN HOUSE AT EL CERRO.

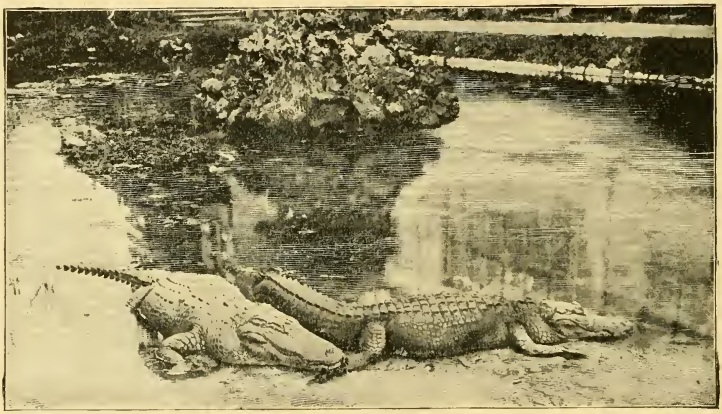
the dust of centuries. Mount Vijia forms the background here, and if Trinidad has nothing else to its credit, it is enough that it is considered the most healthful town in Cuba.

It was here that Columbus, on his second voyage, was met by that wild mysterious king of a wilder and more mysterious race, who communicated with his followers by signs instead of words, and whose advisers were dressed as monks of to-day, while his people were entirely innocent of breaking the rules of fashion by wearing no garb at all.

This is another centre of the sugar-producing industry, and within a limited radius are twenty-five large plantations. Sugar-cane is cultivated

like Indian corn, by being planted in the hill, weeded and hoed until it gets large enough to defend itself against the obnoxious growths that spring up spontaneously. After the first year the crop is renewed by simpler methods.

The next port of interest and importance on this southern coast is the more modern city of Cienfuegos, founded in 1819, though as long ago as the days of Columbus, its harbour was looked upon as one of the finest on the island. It has better sanitary conditions than most Cuban cities, which is accounted for by its more recent building up, but it is the centre of an infectious district, and it has had an annual prevalence of yellow fever for



NATIVES.

sixty years. It was founded by a French refugee named Louis Clouet, who came here from Louisiana, with about forty families, refugees either from Gascony and the Basque country, or from Santo Domingo. It has a population of about thirty thousand.

To get a true idea of a country, one must go overland, and naturally one's first inquiry will be in regard to the ways of travel. In this respect the visitor finds himself at great odds in Cuba.

As long ago as 1834 the first railroad in Cuba was built, connecting a town in the interior of the province by the name of Guines with Havana, a distance of forty-four miles. Three years later, a road was built from Nuevitas to Puerto Principe, to be followed by others, from time to time,

some being permanent, others abandoned or consolidated, until there are to-day, not counting the local roads running to mines or plantations, of which there is no estimate, a little over a thousand miles of track on the island. The main objective point of this system of railroads is Havana, the natural centre for traffic and travel. These various lines, branches, and links in the chains, are owned by several companies. As with other enterprises in Cuba, railroad building has received constant hindrance from the lack of energy on the part of the inhabitants, the isolation of the island from the mainland, and more than all else the insurrections of the people and the financial and industrial stagnation resulting from them.

The road-beds, poorly ballasted and poorly cared for, are everywhere uneven and rough, which, together with a soil ill-adapted to such purpose, and frequent and heavy rains, are uneven and difficult of passage. The building of road-beds in Cuba is accompanied by many difficulties and great expense. On the uplands are many streams and chasms that must be trestled, hills and ridges to be tunneled, with miles of dense forests to be penetrated and cleared of a superabundance of growth. In the lowlands are wide swamps and marshes to be crossed, still denser forests to be pierced, and numerous streams which often overflow their low banks and flood the country for miles. When one considers these conditions, together with the climatic influences, so unfavourable for work, the wonder is not that Cuba has no more miles of railroad, and those that she has in such bad condition, but that she has done as well as she has.

In the matter of highways, the authorities of Cuba have never seemed to think that inland communication was necessary. The numerous harbours and the shape of the island have both tended to cause the transportation to be made by water. In this respect, highways and railroads are built more, as it would seem, to afford a passage to the nearest port than for any other purpose. Thus, the farther one gets into the interior, the poorer the roads become, until one may reach a section where for miles there is no indication of any repairs having been made since the road was constructed. Here is an opportunity for American progress to make its hand felt, as no doubt it will at an early date.

The narrow form of the island does not permit streams of any great length, but most of these become, during the rainy season, torrents of water rushing toward the sea. As a rule they are well stocked with fish,

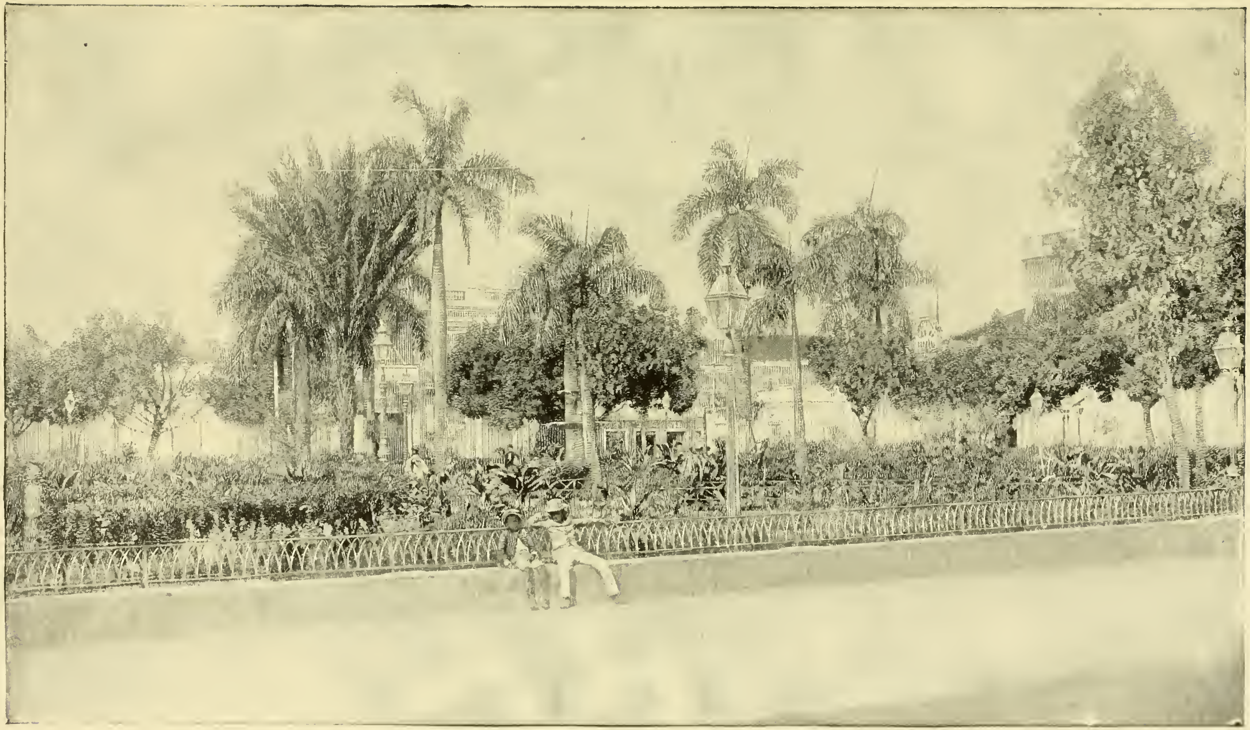
and a spice of adventure is afforded the fisherman by the frequent sight of crocodiles near their mouths. The longest river is the Cauto, which rises in the Sierra del Cobre, and finds the ocean a little north of Manzanillo after a stormy passage of about 150 miles. Small craft ply about half of its length. The falls of the river Ay are perhaps the most remarkable of their kind on the island, the water here plunging over a cliff two hun-

FORD ON THE CAUTO RIVER.

dred feet in height, while the stream is spanned by a natural bridge as wonderful as that of Virginia. This is a picturesque place for tourists.

There are 250 rivers on the island, and so abundant are springs that they gush forth from almost every rock, and with such force that fresh-water fountains play out at sea some distance from the shore. The most visited among Cuban springs are the sulphurous and thermal springs of San Diego; they are a popular resort for invalids from abroad.

The mountain chain, or backbone of the island, is more or less detached, and the peaks gradually diminish in height as they approach the west.



THE TROPICAL GARDEN IN THE PLAZA, MATANZAS.

The most lofty peak rises in sight of Cape Maisi, at the southern extremity. As an illustration of the wonderful geological changes which have taken place in the formation of the island, petrified shells and bivalves are to be found on the summits of some of the mountain peaks. On la Gran Piedra, at an elevation of five thousand feet, is to be seen a huge boulder entirely foreign to any rock in that vicinity. How it came at that high position, or how it came in Cuba at all, is a nut for geologists to crack.

Little attempt has been made to investigate the geological formation of the land, and though a work so old, Humboldt's "Narrative," Vol. VII., affords, in this respect, the best written account to be found. More than four-fifths of the area is composed of lowlands. The soil is covered with layers of gneiss, granite, syenite, and euphotide. The land of the interior is generally undulating, and rises to an altitude of from two hundred to over three hundred feet above the sea.

We have mentioned that the island is divided into two districts, and how near nature came to making this line more distinct is shown on the eastern boundary of the province of Santa Clara, where a sinking of less than three hundred feet would make it into two islands. This is really in the province of Puerto Principe, and an ancient trocha has been transformed into a military road. This province is bordered by lines of reefs on both shores, and hence has but one good seaport. This is Nuevitas, believed to have been the first point of land touched by Columbus, though it is now maintained by some that he really landed near Havana, at Carmello. The bay of Nuevitas is very fine, but it lacks the mountain-setting of Santiago.

The other important town in this province is its capital, and, after Cuban fashion in nomenclature, given its own name. This is similar to all of the old-time towns of Cuba, with their ancient dwellings, narrow streets, poor ventilation and poorer sanitary situation, bright walls covered with the must and mould of years, the broad plaza, rococo church surmounted by its twin towers and flat dome, its tropical flowers and wide-leafed plants, its droning life moving to the tune of languid music.

The larger part of this province is broken and covered with forests. In the fastness of this wilderness are many caverns that have been noted as the hiding-places of revolutionary fugitives, while the mountainous surface

of the province has made it a favourite resort for this class. Many wild stories are current of thrilling adventures amid its mountains.

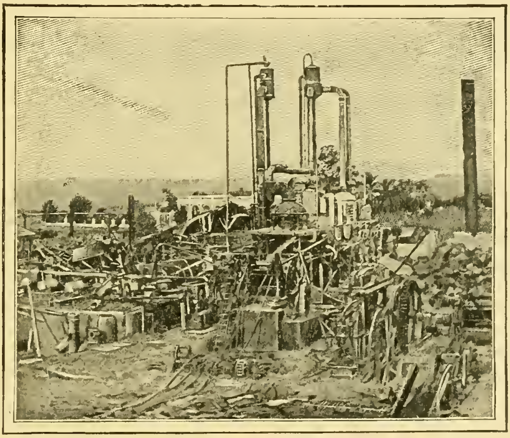
It is estimated that Cuba has over twenty million acres of wild and uncultivated land, of which more than one-half is a virgin forest. The wildwoods of the island, better deserving the name of jungles, are often so dense as almost to defy the passage of a bird; but they are rich in their gorgeous array of colours and of flowers in white, purple, blue, pink,

CUBAN LUMBER CART.

crimson, in fact every tint and hue imaginable, while the foliage of the trees is scarcely inferior to these, and their tops are alive with birds of many kinds of high-coloured plumage. Such a mixture of extravagant colours would be considered out of harmony with nature in a temperate clime, but in the tropics everything seems in attune with nature. In no other country, for example, could the women wear such vivid hues in their dress without appearing gaudy and flashy, but they are endowed with such personal charms as make the gayest costume appear in place.

And the seasons round, year after year, the forests preserve their rich verdure.

The most common of all the Cuban trees, and probably the most valuable, is the palm, in all its varieties. Foremost of these, as regards both its abundance and its value, is the *palma real*, or royal palm, as we should call it in Hawaii. Like the *maguey* of Mexico, it is the mainstay of the natives. The most prominent and valuable of the other woods, some of which are peculiar to Cuba, are the ebony, hard and glassy, capable of a fine polish; the mahogany; cedar; *acana*, a tree of a reddish wood, very hard; *ginebrahacha*, a species of fir; *guayacan; jigui; maranon*, a tree yielding a gum resembling gum arabic; oak; *pino de tea*, or torch-pine; evergreen oak; *sabicu; sabina; nogal; ocuje*, used for purpose of construction; *majagua*, valuable for making cordage; Brazilian wood; *capeche* wood; *fustic;* cocoa, banana, and the beautiful *cieba*.



A SUGAR-MILL WRECKED BY THE INSURGENTS.

The scene is even more inviting when we come where the work of man has transformed the wildwood into cultivated fields, and has fenced off such portions as were desired with stone walls. The warm, russet-brown tints of these stones harmonise better with the shade around them than would the cold blue-gray of our granite. The rough lines of the fences are softened with draperies of clinging vines, and creepers illuminated with bright flowers. The walks and avenues are bordered with orange-trees in blossom and fruit at the same time, their deep-green foliage affording a beautiful setting for the golden globes. This avenue leads us through large tracts of sugar-cane, which grows to a height of ten feet and so thick that it seems impenetrable. At the end of this walk we come upon a collection of buildings with white walls, one

larger than the others, overtopped with a high furnace chimney sending forth a thick volume of black smoke. It does not need the words of the guide to inform us that we are in sight of the engine-house of a sugar plantation. A very busy place it proves to be, men, women, and children, all of the ebony hue of the enslaved race, cutting up the cane, loading it into the carts, or feeding the long stocks into the crusher and grinder. No other country affords a picture like this. It is true that in Hawaii we found these sugar plantations on even a larger scale, but the men doing the work were mainly small, wiry Japanese or Chinese, either race presenting a striking contrast to these muscular, huge-limbed blacks.

Some of these plantations stand amidst a sea of cane, with no other protection from the torrid sun, while still others are reached after threading winding alleys running through groves of palms, mangoes, or orange-trees, some of them noble specimens. These plantations have been the real source of Cuba's growth, and one of them is the heart of the district within which it is located, just as the farms of New England, the country seats of Old England, and the villas of Spain are the hearts of those countries.

THE YUMURI RIVER AT MATANZAS.